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THE

PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. 26.

Fort Augustus. Loch Ness.

EDINBURGH, PUBLISHED 1836, BY ROBERT CADELL, & WHITTAKER & Co LONDON.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. XXVI.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

VOL. V.

SCOTLAND.

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BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

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TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

Third Series.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Plans for the Pacification and Improvement of the Highlands, under the Superintendence of Field-marshal Wade —Highland Roads—Tax upon Ale—Opposition to it in Scotland—Riots at Glasgow—The Brewers of Edinburgh refuse to continue the Brewing of Ale—but are compelled by the Court of Session to resume their Trade—Decay of Jacobitism—The Porteous Mob.

[1719–1736.]

It might well have been expected, after the foundations of the throne had been so shaken by the storm in 1715, that the Government would have looked earnestly into the causes which rendered the Highland clans so dangerous to the public tranquillity, and that some measures would have been taken for preventing their ready valour being abused into the means of ruining both themselves and others. Accordingly, the English Ministers lost no time in resorting to the more forcible

and obvious means of military subjugation, which necessarily are, and must be, the most immediate remedy in such a case, though far from being the most effectual in the long run. The law for disarming the Highlanders, although in many cases evaded, had yet been so generally enforced as to occasion general complaints of robbery by bands of armed men, which the country had no means of resisting. Those complaints were not without foundation; but they were greatly exaggerated by Simon Fraser, now called Lord Lovat, and others, who were desirous to obtain arms for their vassals, that they might serve purposes of their own.

Accordingly, in 1724 a warrant, under the sign manual, was granted to Field-marshal Wade, an officer of skill and experience, with instructions narrowly to inspect and report upon the state of the Highlands; the best measures for enforcing the laws and protecting the defenceless; the modes of communication which might be opened through the country; and whatever other remedies might conduce to the quiet of a district so long distracted. In 1725, a new sign manual was issued to the same officer for the same purpose. In consequence of the Marshal's report, various important measures were taken. The clan of the MacKenzies had for years refused to account for the rents on Seaforth's forfeited estate to the collector nominated by Government, and had paid them to a factor appointed amongst themselves, who conveyed them openly to the exiled Earl. This state of things was now stopped, and the clan compelled to submit and give

up their arms, the Government liberally granting them an indulgence and remission for such arrears as they had transmitted to Seaforth in their obstinate fidelity to him.[1] Other clans submitted, and made at least an ostensible surrender of their arms, although many of the most serviceable were retained by the clans which were hostile to Government. An armed vessel was stationed on Lochness, to command the shores of that extensive lake. Barracks were rebuilt in some places, founded anew in others, and filled with regular soldiers.

Another measure of very dubious utility, which had been resorted to by King William and disused by George I., was now again had recourse to. This was the establishment of independent companies to secure the peace of the Highlands, and suppress the gangs of thieves who carried on so bold a trade of depredation. These companies, consisting of Highlanders, dressed and armed in their own peculiar manner, were placed under the command of men well affected to Government, or supposed to be so, and having a great interest in the Highlands. It was truly said, that such a militia, knowing the language and manners of the country, could do more than ten times the number of regu-

[1] ["When the rents were collected, for the purpose of being sent to Lord Seaforth in France, 400 of his old followers and tenants escorted the money to Edinburgh, to see it safely lodged in the bank. Their first appearance there on this errand caused no small surprise, and strong animadversions on Government for allowing such proceedings."— GENERAL STEWART'S *Sketches*, *App.* vol. ii p. 39.]

lar troops to put a stop to robbery. But, on the other hand, it had been found by experience, that the privates in such corps often, from clanship or other motives, connived at the thefts, or compounded for them with the delinquents. Their officers were accused of imposing upon Government by false musters; and above all, the doubtful faith even of those chiefs who made the strongest show of affection to Government, rendered the re-establishment of Black soldiers, as they were called, to distinguish them from the regular troops, who wore the red national uniform, a measure of precarious policy. It was resorted to, however, and six companies were raised on this principle.[1]

Marshal Wade had also the power of receiving submission and granting protections to outlaws or others exposed to punishment for the late rebellion, and received many of them into the King's peace accordingly. He granted, besides, licenses to drovers, foresters, dealers in cattle, and others engaged

[1] [The *Freicudan Dhu*, or Black Watch companies, "were of a higher station in society than that from which soldiers in general are raised; cadets of gentlemen's families, sons of gentlemen farmers, and tacksmen, either immediately, or distantly descended from gentlemen's families,—men who felt themselves responsible for their conduct to high-minded and honourable families, as well as to a country for which they cherished a devoted affection. They possessed, too, in an eminent degree, the advantage of a commanding external deportment, special care being taken in selecting men of full height, well proportioned, and of handsome appearance." Such were the materials of which the gallant 42d Highland regiment was originally composed, and, with four additional companies, in 1739, embodied into the line. —STEWART.]

in such traffic, empowering them to carry arms for the defence of their persons and property. In all his proceedings towards the Highlanders, there may be distinguished a general air of humanity and good sense, which rendered him a popular character, even while engaged in executing orders which they looked upon with the utmost degree of jealousy and suspicion.[1]

The Jacobite partisans, in the mean while, partly by letters from abroad, partly by agents of ability who traversed the country on purpose, did all in their power to thwart and interrupt the measures which were taken to reduce the Highlands to a state of peaceful cultivation. The act for disarming the body of the people they represented in the most odious colours, though, indeed, it is hardly possible to aggravate the feelings of shame and dishonour in which a free people must always indulge at being deprived of the means of self-de-

[1] [In a letter from Wade to Duncan Forbes of Culloden, then Lord Advocate, dated the 2d October, 1729, the Field-marshal says, "The Knight and I travelled in my coach with great ease and pleasure to the feast of oxen, which the highwaymen had prepared for us, opposite Loch Garry, where we found four oxen roasting at the same time, in great order and solemnity. We dined in a tent pitched for that purpose. The beef was excellent; and we had plenty of bumpers, not forgetting your lordship and Culloden's health; and after three hours' stay, took leave of our benefactors the highwaymen, and arrived at the hut of Dalnacardoch before it was dark."—*Culloden Papers*, p. 111. "The Marshal," says Stewart of Garth, "had not at this period been long enough in the Highlands to distinguish *a cearnach*, 'or lifter of cattle,' from a highwayman. No such character as the latter then existed in the country."—*Sketches*, vol. i. p. 44.]

fence. And the practical doctrine was not new to them, that if the parties concerned could evade this attempt to deprive them of their natural right and lawful property, either by an elusory surrender, or by such professions as might induce the Government to leave them in possession of their weapons, whether under license, or as members of the independent companies, it would be no dishonour in oppressed men meeting force by craft, and eluding the unjust and unreasonable demands which they wanted means openly to resist. Much of the quiet obtained by Marshal Wade's measures was apparent only; and while he boasts that the Highlanders, instead of going armed with guns, swords, dirks, and pistols, now travelled to churches, markets, and fairs with only a staff in their hands, the veteran General was ignorant how many thousand weapons, landed from the Spanish frigates in 1719, or otherwise introduced into the country, lay in caverns and other places of concealment, ready for use when occasion should offer.

But the gigantic part of Marshal Wade's task, and that which he executed with the most complete success, was the establishment of military roads through the rugged and desolate regions of the north, ensuring the free passage of regular troops in a country, of which it might have been said, while in its natural state, that every mountain was a natural fortress, every valley a defensible pass. The roads, as they were termed, through the Highlands, had been hitherto mere tracks, made by the feet of men and the cattle which they drove before

them, interrupted by rocks, morasses, torrents, and all the features of an inaccessible country, where a stranger, even unopposed, might have despaired of making his solitary way, but where the passage of a regular body of troops, with cavalry, artillery, and baggage, was altogether impossible. These rugged paths, by the labours of the soldiers employed under Field-marshal Wade, were, by an extraordinary exertion of skill and labour, converted into excellent roads of great breadth and sound formation, which have ever since his time afforded a free and open communication through all parts of the Scottish Highlands.[1]

Two of these highways enter among the hills from the low country, the one at Crieff, twenty miles north of Stirling, the other at Dunkeld, fifteen miles north of Perth. Penetrating around the mountains from different quarters, these two branches unite at Dalnacardoch. From thence a single line leads to Dalwhinny, where it again divides into two. One road runs north-west through Garviemore, and over the tremendous pass of Corryarrack, to a new fort raised by Marshal

[1] [" The roads on these moors," says Captain Burt in 1737, " are now as smooth as Constitution Hill, and I have galloped on some of them for miles together in great tranquillity; which was heightened by reflection on my former fatigue, when for a great part of the way I had been obliged to quit my horse, it being too dangerous or impracticable to ride, and even hazardous to pass on foot."—*Letters from the North.* A kindred feeling produced the celebrated *naïve* couplet, stuck up near Fortwilliam,

" Had you *seen these roads before they were made,*
You would hold up your hands and bless General Wade."]

Wade, called Fort Augustus. The second line extends from Dalnacardoch north to the barracks of Ruthven, in Lochaber, and thence to Inverness. From that town it proceeds almost due westward across the island, connecting Fort Augustus above-mentioned, with Inverness, and so proceeding to Fort William, in Lochaber, traversing the country inhabited by the Camerons, the MacDonalds of Glengarry, and other clans judged to be the worst affected to the reigning family.

It is not to be supposed that the Highlanders of that period saw with indifference the defensive character of their country destroyed, and the dusky wildernesses, which had defied the approach of the Romans, rendered accessible in almost every direction to the regular troops of the Government. We can suppose that it affected them as the dismantling of some impregnable citadel might do the inhabitants of the country which it protected, and that the pang which they experienced at seeing their glens exposed to a hostile, or at least a stranger force, was similar to that which they felt at the resignation of the weapons of their fathers. But those feelings and circumstances have passed away, and the Highland military roads will continue an inestimable advantage to the countries which they traverse, although no longer requiring them to check apprehended insurrection, and will long exhibit a public monument of skill and patience, not unworthy of the ancient Romans. Upon the Roman principle, also, the regular soldiers were employed in this laborious work, and reconciled to

the task by some trifling addition of pay; an experiment which succeeded so well as to excite some surprise that public works have not been more frequently executed by similar means.

Other measures of the most laudable character were resorted to by the Government and their friends, for the improvement of the Highlands; but as they were of a description not qualified to produce ameliorating effects, save after a length of time, they were but carelessly urged. They related to the education of this wild population, and the care necessary to train the rising generation in moral and religious principles; but the Act of Parliament framed for this end proved in a great measure ineffectual. Those exertions, which ought to have been national, were in some degree supplied by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Isles, who, by founding chapels and schools in different places, did more for enlightening the people of that country, than had been achieved by any prince who had yet reigned in or over Scotland.

While Marshal Wade was employed in pacifying the Highlands, and rendering them accessible to military forces, a subject of discontent broke out in the Lowlands which threatened serious consequences. The Government had now become desirous to make the income of Scotland a source of revenue to the general exchequer, as hitherto it had been found scarcely adequate to maintain the public institutions of the kingdom, and to pay and support the troops which it was necessary to quar-

ter there for the general tranquillity. Now a surplus of revenue was desirable, and the Jacobites invidiously reported that the immediate object was chiefly to find funds in Scotland for defraying an expense of about ten guineas weekly, allowed to every North British Member of Parliament, for supporting the charge of his residence in London.[1] This expense had been hitherto imposed on the general revenue, but now, said the Jacobites, the Scottish Members were made aware by Sir Robert Walpole, that they were to find, or acquiesce in, some mode of making up this sum out of the Scottish revenue; or, according to a significant phrase, that they must in future lay their account with tying up their stockings with their own garters.

With this view of rendering the Scottish revenue more efficient, it was resolved to impose a tax of sixpence per barrel on all ale brewed in Scotland. Upon the appearance of a desperate resistance to this proposal, the tax was lowered to three pence per barrel, or one half of what was originally proposed. In this modified proposal the Scottish members acquiesced. Yet it did not become more

[1] ["Had these members been endued with a public spirit and resolution," says Lockhart of Carnwath, "such applications would have been needless; but as they consisted of a parcel of people of low fortunes that could not subsist without their board-wages (which at ten guineas a-week during each session was duly paid them) or mere tools and dependents, it was not to be expected they would act the part which became them for their country's service, and therefore these representations were necessary to spur them up to their duty, and show the ministry that the people would not behave so tamely as did their mean-spirited mercenary representatives."—*Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 139.]

popular in Scotland; for it went to enhance the rate of a commodity in daily request, and excited by the inflammatory language of those whose interest it was to incense the populace, the principal towns in Scotland prepared to resist the imposition at all hazards.

Glasgow, so eminent for its loyalty in 1715, was now at the head of this opposition; and on the 23d June [1725], when the duty was to be laid on, the general voice of the people of that city declared that they would not submit to its payment, and piles of stones were raised against the doors of the breweries and malt-houses, with a warning to all excise officers to keep their distance. On the appearance of these alarming symptoms, two companies of foot, under Captain Bushell, were marched from Edinburgh to Glasgow to prevent further disturbances.[1] When the soldiers arrived, they found that the mob had taken possession of the guardhouse, and refused them admittance. The provost of the city, a timid or treacherous man, prevailed on Captain Bushell to send his men into their quarters, without occupying the guardhouse, or any other place proper to serve for an alarm-post or rendezvous. Presently after, the rabble, becoming more and more violent, directed their fury against Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, mem-

[1] ["At their entrance into the town, the mob assembled in the streets, throwing stones, &c., &c., at the soldiers, giving them reproachful language, and seemed to show great contempt for the smallness of their numbers (only 110 men), saying they were but a breakfast to them, and that they would soon repent coming thither."—WADE's *Narrative.*]

ber for the city, and the set of boroughs in which it is included. His mansion, then the most elegant in Glasgow, was totally destroyed; and the mob, breaking into his cellars, found fresh incitement to their fury in the liquors there contained. All this was done without opposition, although Captain Bushell offered the assistance of his soldiers to keep the peace.

Next day the provost ventured to break open the guardroom door, and the soldiers were directed to repair thither. One or two rioters were also apprehended. Upon these symptoms of reviving authority, an alarm was beat by the mob, who assembled in a more numerous and formidable body than ever, and, surrounding Bushell's two companies, loaded them with abuse, maltreated them with stones, and compelled them at last to fire, when nine men were killed and many wounded. The rioters, undismayed, rung the alarm bell, broke into the town magazine of arms, seized all the muskets they could find, and continued the attack on the soldiers. Captain Bushell, by the command, and at the entreaty of the provost, now commenced a retreat to Dunbarton castle, insulted and pursued by the mob a third part of the way.

In the natural resentment excited by this formidable insurrection, the Lord Advocate for the time (the celebrated Duncan Forbes) advanced to Glasgow at the head of a considerable army of horse, foot, and artillery. Many threats were thrown out against the rioters, and the magistrates were severely censured for a gross breach of duty.

But the cool sagacity of the Lord Advocate anticipated the difficulty which, in the inflamed state of the public mind, he was likely to experience in procuring a verdict against such offenders as he might bring to trial. So that the affair passed away with less noise than might have been expected, it having been ascertained that the riot had no political tendency; and though inflamed by the leading Jacobites, was begun and carried on by the people of Glasgow, solely on the principle of a resolution to drink their two-penny ale untaxed.

The metropolis of Scotland took this excise tax more coolly than the inhabitants of Glasgow, for though greatly averse to the exaction, they only opposed it by a sort of *vis inertiæ*, the principal brewers threatening to resign their trade, and, if the impost was continued, to brew no more ale for the supply of the public. The Lords of the Court of Session declared by an Act of Sederunt, that the brewers had no right to withdraw themselves from their occupation; and when the brewers, in reply, attempted to show that they could not be legally compelled to follow their trade, after it had been rendered a losing one, the Court appointed their petition to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, assuring them they would be allowed no alternative between the exercise of their trade or imprisonment. Finally, four of the recusants were actually thrown into jail, which greatly shook the firmness of these refractory fermentators, and at length reflecting that the ultimate loss must fall not on them, but on the public, they

returned to the ordinary exercise of their trade, and quietly paid the duties imposed on their liquor.

The Union having now begun in some degree to produce beneficial effects, the Jacobite party were gradually losing much of the influence over the public mind which had arisen out of the general prejudices against that measure, and the natural disgust at the manner in which it was carried on and concluded. Accordingly, the next narrative of a historical character which occurs as proper to tell you, is unmingled with politics of Whig and Tory, and must be simply regarded as a strong and powerful display of the cool, stern, and resolved manner in which the Scottish, even of the lower classes, can concert and execute a vindictive purpose.

The coast of Fife, full of little boroughs and petty seaports, was, of course, much frequented by smugglers, men constantly engaged in disputes with the excise officers, which were sometimes attended with violence. Wilson and Robertson, two persons of inferior rank, but rather distinguished in the contraband trade, had sustained great loss by a seizure of smuggled goods. The step from illicit trading to positive robbery is not a long one. The two men robbed the collector, to indemnify themselves from the effects of the seizure.[1] They were

[1] [" Wilson, with two of his associates, entered the collector's apartment, while Robertson, the fourth, kept watch at the door, with a drawn cutlass in his hand. The officer of the Customs, conceiving his life in danger, escaped out of his bedroom window, and fled in his shirt, so that the plunderers, with much ease,

tried before the Court of Justiciary, and condemned to death.

While the two criminals were lying under sentence in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, two horse-stealers, named Ratcliffe and Stewart, were confined in the room immediately above where they lay. These, having obtained spring-saws and other instruments, cut through the thick iron bar that secured a window on the inside, and afterwards the cross-gratings on the out, and having opened a communication with their unfortunate companions by boring a large hole in the floor of their apartment, about two o'clock in the morning hauled them up. One party sung psalms, to drown the noise, while the others were sawing. One of the horse-stealers was let down in safety, and the others might have escaped but for the obstinacy of Wilson. This man, of a bulky person, insisted on making the next essay of the breach which had been accomplished, and having stuck fast between the bars, was unable either to get through or to

possessed themselves of about two hundred pounds of public money. This robbery was committed in a very audacious manner, for several persons were passing in the street at the time. But Robertson representing the noise they heard as a dispute or fray betwixt the collector and the people of the house, the worthy citizens of Pittenweem felt themselves no way called on to interfere in behalf of the obnoxious revenue officer; so satisfying themselves with this very superficial account of the matter, like the Levite in the parable, they passed on the opposite side of the way. An alarm was at length given, military were called in, the depredators were pursued, the booty recovered, and Wilson and Robertson tried and condemned to death, chiefly on the evidence of an accomplice."—*Heart of Mid-Lothian.*]

return back. Discovery was the consequence, and precautions were taken against any repetition of such attempts to escape. Wilson reflected bitterly on himself for not having permitted his comrade to make the first trial, to whom, as being light and slender, the bars would have been no obstacle. He resolved, with a spirit worthy of a better man, to atone to his companion, at all risks, for the injury he had done him.

At this time it was the custom in Edinburgh for criminals under sentence of death to be carried, under a suitable guard, to hear divine service, on the Sabbath before execution, in a church adjacent to the prison. Wilson and Robertson were brought thither accordingly, under the custody of four soldiers of the city-guard. Wilson, who was a very strong man, suddenly seized a soldier with each hand, and calling to his comrade to fly for his life, detained a third by grappling his collar with his teeth. Robertson shook himself clear of the fourth, and making his escape over the pews of the church, was no more heard of in Edinburgh. The common people, to whose comprehension the original crime for which the men were condemned had nothing very abhorrent in it, were struck with the generosity and self-devotion that this last action evinced, and took such an interest in Wilson's fate, that it was generally rumoured there would be an attempt to rescue him at the place of execution. To prevent, as was their duty, any riotous plan of this kind, the magistrates ordered a party of the guard of the city, a

sort of *Maréchaussé* or *gensdarmes*, armed and trained as soldiers, to protect the execution.

The captain of the party was the celebrated John Porteous, whose name will long be remembered in Scotland. This man, whose father was a burgess and citizen of Edinburgh, had himself been bred in the regular army, circumstances which recommended him to the magistrates, when in the year 1715 they were desirous to give their civic guard something of a more effective military character. As an active police officer Porteous was necessarily often in collision with the rabble of the city, and being strict, and even severe in the manner in which he repressed and chastised petty riots and delinquencies, he was, as is usual with persons of his calling, extremely unpopular and odious to the rabble. They also accused him of abusing the authority reposed in him, to protect the extravagancies of the rich and powerful, while he was inexorable in punishing the license of the poor. Porteous had besides a good deal of the pride of his profession, and seems to have been determined to show that the corps he commanded was adequate, without assistance, to dispel any commotion in the city of Edinburgh. For this reason, he considered it rather as an affront that the magistrates, on occasion of Wilson's execution, had ordered Moyle's regiment to be drawn up in the suburbs to enforce order, should the city-guard be unable to maintain it. It is probable from what followed, that the men commanded by Porteous shared their leader's jealousy of the regular troops, and his dislike to

the populace, with whom in the execution of their duty, they were often engaged in hostilities.[1]

The execution of Wilson on the 14th of April, 1736, took place in the usual manner, without any actual or menaced interruption. The criminal, according to his sentence, was hanged to the death, and it was not till the corpse was cut down that the mob, according to their common practice, began to insult and abuse the executioner, pelting him with stones, many of which were also thrown at the soldiers. At former executions it had been the custom for the city-guard to endure such insults with laudable patience, but on this occasion they were in such a state of irritation, that they forgot their usual moderation, and repaid the pelting of the mob by pouring amongst them a fire of musketry, killing and wounding many persons. In their retreat also to the guard-house, as the rabble pressed on them with furious execrations, some soldiers in

[1] ["Porteous was enraged against Wilson, who had affronted his soldiers, and the mob, who had favoured Robertson's escape, and approved of Wilson's generosity. He thought himself affronted; it would reflect upon the magistrates his masters, and incur the displeasure of the Government. This with an habitual contempt, and a mortal grudge he bore to multitudes, wrought into his breast all the rage and emotions of a madman. The day of Wilson's execution his countenance was pale, his eyes rolling and staring, his mouth foaming, his voice broken and confused, his whole gait full of disconcerted and disorderly steps; and what helped most to make him mad was the bringing up from the Canongate a part of the Welsh fuzileers."—Prefatory Notice, p. 19, to *Criminal Trials, illustrative of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian,"* 12mo, Edinburgh, 1818. In which see some particulars of the Life of Porteous, Trials of Wilson, Porteous, &c.]

the rear of the march again faced round and renewed the fire. In consequence of this unauthorized and unnecessary violence, and to satisfy the community of Edinburgh for the blood which had been rashly shed, the Magistrates were inclined to have taken Porteous to trial under the Lord Provost's authority as High Sheriff within the city. Being advised, however, by the lawyers whom they consulted, that such proceeding would be subject to challenge, Porteous was brought to trial for murder before the High Court of Justiciary. He denied that he ever gave command to fire, and it was proved that the fusee which he himself carried had never been discharged. On the other hand, in the perplexed and contradictory evidence which was obtained, where so many persons witnessed the same events from different positions, and perhaps with different feelings, there were witnesses who said that they saw Porteous take a musket from one of his men, and fire it directly at the crowd. A jury of incensed citizens took the worst view of the case, and found the prisoner guilty of murder. At this time King George II. was on the continent, and the regency was chiefly in the hands of Queen Caroline, a woman of very considerable talent, and naturally disposed to be tenacious of the crown's rights. It appeared to her Majesty, and her advisers, that though the action of Porteous and his soldiers was certainly rash and unwarranted, yet that, considering the purpose by which it was dictated, it must fall considerably short of the guilt of murder. Captain Porteous, in the discharge of a

duty imposed on him by legal authority, had unquestionably been assaulted without provocation on his part, and had therefore a right to defend himself; and if there were excess in the means he had recourse to, yet a line of conduct originating in self-defence cannot be extended into murder, though it might amount to homicide. Moved by these considerations, the Regency granted a reprieve of Porteous's sentence, preliminary to his obtaining a pardon, which might perhaps have been clogged with some conditions.

When the news of the reprieve reached Edinburgh, they were received with gloomy and general indignation. The lives which had been taken in the affray were not those of persons of the meanest rank, for the soldiers, of whom many, with natural humanity, desired to fire over the heads of the rioters, had, by so doing, occasioned additional misfortune, several of the balls taking effect in windows which were crowded with spectators, and killing some persons of good condition. A great number, therefore, of all ranks, were desirous that Porteous should atone with his own life for the blood which had been so rashly spilt by those under his command. A general feeling seemed to arise, unfavourable to the unhappy criminal, and public threats were cast out, though the precise source could not be traced, that the reprieve itself should not save Porteous from the vengeance of the citizens of Edinburgh.[1]

[1] [" The people," says Arnot, " were enraged to a degree of fury. They remembered that it had been the common practice

The 7th day of September, the day previous to that appointed for his execution, had now arrived, and Porteous, confident of his speedy deliverance from jail, had given an entertainment to a party of friends, whom he feasted within the tolbooth, when the festivity was strangely interrupted. Edinburgh was then surrounded by a wall on the east and south sides; on the west it was defended by the castle, on the north by a lake called the North loch. The gates were regularly closed in the evening, and guarded. It was about the hour of shutting the ports, as they were called, when a disorderly assemblage began to take place in the suburb called Portsburgh, a quarter which has been always the residence of labourers and persons generally of inferior rank.[1] The rabble continued to gather to a head, and, to augment their numbers, beat a drum

of Government to screen the *well affected* from the punishment of their murders. That the office of King's Advocate was withheld from Sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, because he declared he would prosecute the authors of the massacre of Glencoe, and that they escaped accordingly. They remembered that Green and his crew would all of them have been pardoned, had not Government been intimidated by the fury of the populace: That when a riot, excited (as many people thought) by oppression, happened at Glasgow, and the military fired among the mob, and killed or wounded about twenty people, the commanding officer escaped unpunished and was promoted in the service," &c "Fired with jealousy and resentment, they resolved, that even royal mercy should not rescue Porteous from their vengeance." —*Hist. of Edinb.* p. 206.]

[1] [A hovel in this district became, about eight years ago, the scene of the notorious Burke and his wretched associates' immolation of their human victims to the Mammon of the dissecting room.—1836.]

which they had taken from the man who exercised the function of drummer to the suburb. Finding themselves strong enough to commence their purposes, they seized on the West-port, nailed and barricaded it. Then going along the Cowgate and gaining the High Street by the numerous lanes which run between these two principal streets of the Old Town, they secured the Cowgate Port and that of the Netherbow, and thus, except on the side of the castle, entirely separated the city from such military forces as were quartered in the suburbs. The next object of the mob was to attack the city-guard, a few of whom were upon duty as usual. These the rioters stripped of their arms, and dismissed from their rendezvous, but without otherwise maltreating them, though the agents of the injury of which they complained. The various halberds, Lochaber axes,[1] muskets, and other weapons, which they found in the guard-house, served to arm the rioters, a large body of whom now bent their way to the door of the jail, while another body, with considerable regularity, drew up across the front of the Luckenbooths. The magistrates, with such force as they could collect, made an effort to disperse the multitude. They were strenuously repulsed, but with no more violence than was necessary to show that, while the populace

[1] ["A long pole, namely, with an axe at the extremity, and a hook at the back of the hatchet. The hook was to enable the bearer of the Lochaber axe to scale a gate-way, by grappling the top of the door, and swinging himself up by the staff of his weapon."—*Note. Heart of Mid-Lothian.*]

were firm in their purpose, they meant to accomplish it with as little injury as possible to any one excepting their destined victim. There might have been some interruption of their undertaking, had the soldiers of Moyle's regiment made their way into the town from the Canongate, where they were quartered, or had the garrison descended from the Castle. But neither Colonel Moyle nor the governor of the Castle chose to interfere on their own responsibility, and no one dared to carry a written warrant to them on the part of the magistrates.[1]

In the mean time the multitude demanded that Porteous should be delivered up to them; and as they were refused admittance to the jail, they prepared to burst open the doors. The outer gate, as was necessary to serve the purpose, was of such uncommon strength as to resist the united efforts of the rioters, though they employed sledge hammers and iron crows to force it open. Fire was at length called for, and a large bonfire, maintained

[1] ["Mr Lindsay, member of Parliament for the city, volunteered the perilous task of carrying a verbal message from the Lord Provost to Colonel Moyle, the commander of the regiment lying in the Canongate, requesting him to force the Netherbow port, and enter the city to put down the tumult. But Mr Lindsay declined to charge himself with any written order, which, if found on his person by an enraged mob, might have cost him his life; and the issue of the application was, that Colonel Moyle, having no written requisition from the civil authorities, and having the fate of Porteous before his eyes as an example of the severe construction put by a jury on the proceedings of military men acting on their own responsibility, declined to encounter the risk to which the Provost's verbal communication invited him."—*Heart of Mid-Lothian.*]

with tar-barrels and such ready combustibles, soon burnt a hole in the door, through which the jailor flung the keys. This gave the rioters free entrance. Without troubling themselves about the fate of the other criminals, who naturally took the opportunity of escaping, the rioters or their leaders went in search of Porteous. They found him concealed in the chimney of his apartment, which he was prevented from ascending by a grating that ran across the vent, as is usual in such edifices. The rioters dragged their victim out of his concealment, and commanded him to prepare to undergo the death he had deserved; nor did they pay the least attention either to his prayers for mercy, or to the offers by which he endeavoured to purchase his life. Yet, amid all their obduracy of vengeance there was little tumult, and no more violence than was inseparable from the action which they meditated. Porteous was permitted to intrust what money or papers he had with him to a friend, for the behoof of his family. One of the rioters, a grave and respectable-looking man, undertook, in the capacity of a clergyman, to give him ghostly consolation suited to his circumstances, as one who had not many minutes to live. He was conducted from the Tolbooth to the Grassmarket, which, both as being the usual place of execution and the scene where their victim had fired, or caused his soldiers to fire, on the citizens, was selected as the place of punishment. They marched in a sort of procession, guarded by a band of the rioters, miscellaneously armed with muskets, battle-axes, &c., which

were taken from the guard-house, while others carried links or flambeaux. Porteous was in the midst of them, and as he refused to walk, he was carried by two of the rioters on what is in Scotland called the King's cushion, by which two persons alternately grasping each other's wrists, form a kind of seat on the backs of their hands, upon which a third may be placed. They were so cool as to halt when one of the slippers dropped from his foot, till it was picked up and replaced.[1]

The citizens of the better class looked from their windows on this extraordinary scene, but terrified beyond the power of interference, if they had possessed the will. In descending the West Bow, which leads to the place of execution, the rioters, or conspirators—a term, perhaps, more suited to men of their character—provided themselves with a coil of ropes, by breaking into the booth of a dealer in such articles, and left at the same time a guinea to pay for it; a precaution which would hardly have occurred to men of the lowest class, of which in external appearance the mob seemed to consist. A cry was next raised for the gallows, in order that Porteous might die according to all the ceremony of the law. But as this instrument of punishment was kept in a distant part of the town, so that time must be lost in procuring it, they pro-

[1] [" This little incident, characteristic of the extreme composure of this extraordinary mob, was witnessed by a lady who, disturbed like others from her slumbers, had gone to the window. It was told to the author by the lady's daughter."—*Note, Heart of Mid-Lothian.*]

ceeded to hang the unfortunate man over a dyer's pole, as near to the place of execution as possible. The poor man's efforts to save himself only added to his tortures; for as he tried to keep hold of the beam to which he was suspended, they struck his hands with guns and Lochaber axes, to make him quit his hold, so that he suffered more than usual in the struggle which dismissed him from life.

When Porteous was dead the rioters dispersed, withdrawing without noise or disturbance all the outposts which they had occupied for preventing interruption, and leaving the city so quiet, that had it not been for the relics of the fire which had been applied to the jail-door; the arms which lay scattered in disorder on the street, as the rioters had flung them down; and the dead body of Porteous, which remained suspended in the place where he died; there was no visible symptom of so violent an explosion of popular fury having taken place.

The Government, highly offended at such a daring contempt of authority, imposed on the Crown counsel the task of prosecuting the discovery of the rioters with the utmost care. The report of Mr Charles Erskine, then solicitor-general, is now before me,[1] and bears witness to his exertions in tracing the reports, which were numerous, in assigning to various persons particular shares in this nocturnal outrage. All of them, however, when examined, proved totally groundless, and it was evi-

[1] [See it in Note to the Heart of Mid-Lothian, Waverley Novels, vol. xi. p. 274.]

dent that they had been either wilful falsehoods, sent abroad to deceive and mislead the investigators, or at least idle and unauthenticated rumours which arise out of such commotions, like bubbles on broken and distracted waters. A reward of two hundred pounds was offered by Government, for the discovery of any person concerned in the riot, but without success.

Only a single person was proved to have been present at the mob, and the circumstances in which he stood placed him out of the reach of punishment. He was footman to a lady of rank, and a creature of weak intellects. Being sent into Edinburgh on a message by his mistress, he had drunk so much liquor as to deprive him of all capacity whatever, and in this state mixed with the mob, some of whom put a halberd in his hand. But the witnesses who proved this apparent accession to the mob, proved also that the accused could not stand without the support of the rioters, and was totally incapable of knowing for what purpose they were assembled, and consequently of approving of or aiding their guilt. He was acquitted accordingly, to the still further dissatisfaction of the Ministry, and of Queen Caroline, who considered the commotion, and the impunity with which it was followed, as an insult to her personal authority.[1]

[1] ["] It is still recorded in popular tradition," says Sir Walter Scott, " that her Majesty, in the height of her displeasure, told the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle, that sooner than submit to such an insult (the execution of Porteous), she would make Scotland a hunting-field.— ' In that case, Madam,' answered that high-spirited nobleman, with a profound bow, ' I will take

A bill was prepared and brought into Parliament for the punishment of the city of Edinburgh, in a very vindictive spirit, proposing to abolish the city charter, demolish the city walls, take away the town-guard,[1] and declare the provost incapable of holding any office of public trust. A long investigation took place on the occasion, in which many persons were examined at the bar of the House of Lords, without throwing the least light on the subject of the Porteous Mob, or the character of the persons by whom it was conducted. The penal conclusions of the bill were strenuously combated by the Duke of Argyle, Duncan Forbes, and others, who represented the injustice of punishing with dishonour the capital of Scotland for the insolence of a lawless mob, which, taking advantage of a moment of security, had committed a great breach of the peace, attended with a cruel murder. As men's minds cooled, the obnoxious clauses were dropped

leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready.' The import of the reply had more than met the ear."—*Heart of Mid-Lothian.*]

[1] ["Abolish the city-guard—rather a Hibernian mode of enabling them better to keep the peace within burgh in future." "The Lord Provost was ex officio commander and colonel of this corps, which might be increased to 300 men when the times required it. No other drum but theirs was allowed to sound on the High Street, between the Luckenbooths and the Netherbow. This ancient corps is now [in 1817] entirely disbanded. Their last march to do duty at Hallow Fair, had something in it affecting. Their drums and fifes had been wont, on better days, to play on this joyous occasion, the lively tune of 'Jockey to the Fair;' but on this final occasion, the afflicted veterans moved slowly to the dirge of 'The Last Time I came ower the Muir.'"—*Notes, Heart of Mid-Lothian.*]

out of the bill, and at length its penal consequences were restricted to a fine of L.2000 sterling on the city, to be paid for the use of Captain Porteous's widow. This person, having received other favours from the town, accepted of L.1500 in full of the fine; and so ended the affair, so far as the city of Edinburgh was concerned.

But, as if some fatality had attended the subject, a clause was thrown in, compelling the ministers of the Scottish church to read a proclamation from the pulpit, once every month during the space of a whole year, calling on the congregation to do all in their power for discovering and bringing to justice the murderers of Captain Porteous, or any of them, and noticing the reward which Government had promised to such as should bring the malefactors to conviction. Many of the Scottish clergy resented this imposition, as indecorously rendering the pulpit a vehicle for a hue and cry, and still more as an attempt, on the part of the state, to interfere with the spiritual authorities of the kirk, which amounted, in their opinion, to an Erastian heresy. Neither was it held to be matter of indifference, that in reading the proclamation of the Legislature, the clergymen were compelled to describe the bishops as the "Lords Spiritual in Parliament assembled;" an epithet seemingly acknowledging the legality and the rank of an order disavowed by all true Calvinists. The dispute was the more violent, as it was immediately subsequent to a schism in the church, on the fruitful subject of patronage, which had divided from the

communion of the Established Church of Scotland that large class of dissenters, generally called Seceders. Much ill blood was excited, and great dissensions took place betwixt those clergymen who did, and those who did not, read the proclation. This controversy, like others, had its hour, during which little else was spoken of, until in due time the subject was worn threadbare and forgotten.

The origin of the Porteous Mob continued long to exercise the curiosity of those by whom the event was remembered, and from the extraordinary mixture of prudence and audacity with which the purpose of the multitude had been conceived and executed, as well as the impenetrable secrecy with which the enterprise was carried through, the public were much inclined to suspect that there had been among its actors men of rank and character, far superior to that belonging to the multitude who were the ostensible agents. Broken and imperfect stories were told of men in the disguise of women and of common artisans, whose manner betrayed a sex and manners different from what their garb announced.[1] Others laughed at these as unauthorized exaggerations, and contended that no class were so likely to frame or execute the plan for the murder of the police officer, as the populace to whom his official proceedings had rendered him obnoxious, and that

[1] ["The clothes which appeared under their different disguises, as well as the conduct and deliberation with which their plan was executed, bespoke many among them to be superior to the vulgar; and that the violence they committed proceeded not from the rash and unpremeditated concert of a rabble."—ARNOT, p. 207.]

the secrecy so wonderfully preserved on the occasion arose out of the constancy and fidelity which the Scottish people observe towards each other when engaged in a common cause. Nothing is, or probably ever will be, known with certainty on the subject; but it is understood, that several young men left Scotland in apprehension of the strict scrutiny which was made into that night's proceedings; and in your grandfather's younger days, the voice of fame pointed out individuals, who, long absent from that country, had returned from the East and West Indies in improved circumstances, as persons who had fled abroad on account of the Porteous Mob. One story of the origin of the conspiracy was stated to me with so much authority, and seemed in itself so simple and satisfactory that although the degree of proof, upon investigation, fell far short of what was necessary as full evidence, I cannot help considering it as the most probable account of the mysterious affair. A man, who long bore an excellent character, and filled a place of some trust as forester and carpenter to a gentleman of fortune in Fife, was affirmed to have made a confession on his death-bed, that he had been not only one of the actors in the hanging of Porteous, but one of the secret few by whom the deed was schemed and set on foot. Twelve persons of the village of Path-head—so this man's narrative was said to proceed—resolved that Porteous should die, to atone for the life of Wilson, with whom many of them had been connected by the ties of friendship and joint adventure in illicit trade, and

for the death of those shot at the execution. This vengeful band crossed the Forth by different ferries, and met together at a solitary place near the city, where they distributed the party which were to act in the business which they had in hand; and giving a beginning to the enterprise, soon saw it undertaken by the populace of the city, whose minds were precisely in that state of irritability which disposed them to follow the example of a few desperate men. According to this account, most of the original devisers of the scheme fled to foreign parts, the surprise of the usual authorities having occasioned some days to pass over ere the investigations of the affair were commenced. On making enquiry of the surviving family of this old man, they were found disposed to treat the rumoured confession as a fiction, and to allege that although he was of an age which seemed to support the story, and had gone abroad shortly after the Porteous Mob, yet he had never acknowledged any accession to it, but on the contrary, maintained his innocence when taxed, as he sometimes was, with having a concern in the affair. The report, however, though probably untrue in many of its circumstances, yet seems to give a very probable account of the origin of the riot in the vindictive purpose of a few resolute men, whose example was quickly followed by the multitude, already in a state of mind to catch fire from the slightest spark.

This extraordinary and mysterious outrage seems to be the only circumstance which can be interesting to you, as exclusively belonging to the history

of Scotland, betwixt the years immediately succeeding the civil war of 1715, and those preceding the last explosion of Jacobitism in that country, in 1745–6.

CHAPTER LXXV.

State of the Lowlands—Landlords and Tenants—State of Learning—Bad effect of Oaths of Office—Decay of the Feudal Authority of Landlords—State of the Highlands—Influence of the Chiefs over their Clans—Cameron of Lochiel and Fraser of Lovat—Unpopularity of the Two First Georges, and of Walpole's Administration—Marriage of the Chevalier de St George—Petty Intrigues among his Adherents—Character of Prince Charles Edward—Projected Invasion on his behalf, in 1744—*The French Fleet dispersed—Resolution of Prince Charles to try his fortune in Scotland—he Embarks—and Lands at Moidart.*—NOTE, *Personal Appearance and Demeanour of Prince Charles.*

[1736—1745.]

AFTER the temporary subjection of the Highlands in 1720, and the years immediately succeeding, had been in appearance completed, by the establishment of garrisons, the formation of military roads, and the general submission of the Highland clans who were most opposed to Government, Scotland enjoyed a certain degree of internal repose, if not of prosperity. To estimate the nature of this calm, we must look at the state of the country in two points of view, as it concerned the Highlands and the Lowlands.

In the Lowlands a superior degree of improvement began to take place, by the general influence of civilisation, rather than by the effect of any specific legislative enactment. The ancient laws, which vested the administration of justice in the aristocracy, continued to be a cause of poverty amongst the tenantry of the country. Every gentleman of considerable estate possessed the power of a baron, or lord of regality, and by means of a deputy, who was usually his factor or land-steward, exercised the power of dispensing justice, both civil and criminal, to those in his neighbourhood. In the most ordinary class of lawsuits one party was thus constituted the judge in his own cause; for in all cases betwixt landlord and tenant, the questions were decided in the court of the baron, where the landlord, by means of an obsequious deputy, in fact possessed the judicial power. The nature of the engagements between the proprietor and the cultivator of the ground, rendered the situation of the latter one of great hardship. The tenants usually held their farms from year to year, and from the general poverty of the country, could pay but little rent in money. The landlords, who were usually struggling to educate their children, and set them out in the world, were also necessitous, and pursued indirect expedients for subjecting the tenants in services of a nature which had a marked connexion with the old slavish feudal tenures. Thus the tenant was bound to grind his meal at the baron's mill, and to pay certain heavy duties for the operation, though he could have had it ground more

conveniently and cheaply elsewhere. In some instances he was also obliged to frequent the brewery of his landlord. In almost every case, he was compelled to discharge certain services, of driving coals, casting peats,[1] or similar domestic labour, for the proprietor. In this manner the tenant was often called upon to perform the field work of the laird when that of his own farm was in arrear, and deprived of that freedom of employing his powers of labour to the best possible account, which is the very soul of agriculture.

Nevertheless, though the Scottish lairds had the means of oppression in their hands, a judicious perception of their own interest prevented many, and doubtless a sense of justice warned others, from abusing those rights to the injury of their people. The custom, too, of giving farms in lease to younger sons or other near relatives, tended to maintain the farmers above the rank of mere peasantry, into which they must have otherwise sunk; and as the Scottish landholders of those days lived economically, and upon terms of kindness with their tenants, there were fewer instances of oppression or ill usage than might have been expected from a system which was radically bad, and which, if the proprietors had been more rapacious, and the estates committed to the management of a mere factor or middle-man, who was to make the most of them, must have led to a degree of distress which never appears to have taken place in Scotland. Both parties were in ge-

[1] *i. e.* Digging moss for fuel.

neral poor, but they united their efforts to bear their indigence with patience.

The younger sons of gentlemen usually went abroad in some line of life in which they might speedily obtain wealth, or at least the means of subsistence. The colonies afforded opportunities of advancement to many; others sought fortune in England, where the calmer and more provident character of the nation, joined with the ready assistance which each Scotsman who attained prosperity extended to those who were struggling for it, very often led to success. The elder sons of the Scottish landholders were generally, like those of France, devoted to the law or to the sword, so that in one way or other they might add some means of increase to the family estates. Commerce was advancing by gradual steps. The colonial trade had opened slow but increasing sources of exertion to Glasgow, which is so conveniently situated for the trade with North America, of which that enterprising town early acquired a respectable portion.

The Church of Scotland still afforded a respectable asylum for such as were disposed to turn their thoughts towards it. It could, indeed, in no shape afford wealth, but it gave sufficiency for the moderate wants of a useful clergyman, and a degree of influence over the minds of men, which, to a generous spirit, is more valuable than opulence. The respectability of the situation, and its importance in society, reconciled the clergyman to its poverty, an evil little felt, where few could be termed rich.

Learning was not so accurately cultivated as in the sister country. But although it was rare to find a Scottish gentleman, even when a divine or lawyer, thoroughly grounded in classical lore, it was still more uncommon to find men in the higher ranks who did not possess a general tincture of letters, or, thanks to their system of parochial education, individuals even in the lowest classes, without the knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. A certain degree of pedantry, indeed, was considered as a characteristic of the nation, and the limited scholarship which it argued, proved eminently useful to Scotchmen, who, going abroad, or to England, which they considered as a foreign country, mixed in the struggle for success with the advantage of superior information over those of the same class elsewhere. Thomson, Mallet, and others engaged in the pursuits of literature, were content to receive their reward from the sister country; and if we except the Poems of Allan Ramsay, praised by his countrymen, but neither relished nor understood by South Britons, the Scots made little figure in composition, compared to the period of Gawin Douglas and Dunbar. Upon the whole, the situation of Scotland during the early part of the eighteenth century, was like that of a newly transplanted forest-tree, strong enough to maintain itself in its new situation, but too much influenced by the recent violence of the change of position, to develope with freedom its principles of growth or increase.

The principal cause which rendered Scotland

stationary in its advance towards improvement, was the malevolent influence of political party. No efforts seem to have been made to heal the rankling wounds which the civil war of 1715 had left behind it. The party in favour failed not, as is always the case, to represent those who were excluded from it as the most dangerous enemies of the king on the throne, and the constitution by which he reigned; and those who were branded as Jacobites were confirmed in their opinions, by finding themselves shut out from all prospect of countenance and official employment. Almost all beneficial situations were barred against those who were suspected of harbouring such sentiments, by the necessity imposed on them, not only of taking oaths to the established government, but also such as expressly denounced and condemned the political opinions of those who differed from it. Men of high spirit and honourable feelings were averse to take oaths by which they were required openly to stigmatize and disown the opinions of their fathers and nearest relatives, although perhaps they themselves saw the fallacy of the proscribed tenets, and were disposed tacitly to abandon them. Those of the higher class, once falling under suspicion, were thus excluded from the bar and the army, which we have said were the professions embraced by the elder sons of gentlemen. The necessary consequence was, that the sons of Jacobite families went into foreign service, and drew closer those connexions with the exiled family, which they might have otherwise been induced to drop, and

became confirmed in their party opinions, even from the measures employed to suppress them. In the rank immediately lower, many young men of decent families were induced to renounce the privileges of their birth, and undertake mechanical employments, in which their conduct could not be obstructed by the imposition of the obnoxious oaths.

It was fortunate for the peace of the kingdom, that, though many of the landed gentry were still much imbued with the principles of Jacobitism, they did not retain the influence which so long rendered them the active disturbers of the Government; for, although the feudal rights still subsisted in form, it was now a more difficult matter for a great lord to draw into the field the vassals who held of him by military tenure. The various confiscations which had taken place operated as serious warnings to such great families as those of Gordon, Athole, Seaforth, or others, how they rashly hoisted the standard of rebellion, while the provisions of the Clan Act and other statutes, enabled the vassal so summoned to dispense with attendance upon it, without hazarding, as in former times, the forfeiture of his fief. Nor was the influence of the gentry and landed proprietors over the farmers and cultivators of the soil less diminished than that of the great nobles. When the proprietors, as was now generally the case throughout the Lowlands, became determined to get the highest rent they could obtain for their land, the farmer did not feel his situation either so easy or so secure, that he should, in addition, be called on

to follow his landlord to battle. It must also be remembered, that though many gentlemen, on the north of the Tay especially, were of the Episcopal persuasion, which was almost synonymous with being Jacobites, a great proportion of the lower classes were Presbyterian in their form of worship, and Whigs in political principle, and every way adverse to the counter-revolution which it was the object of their landlords to establish. In the south and west, the influence of the established religion was general amongst both gentry and peasantry.

The fierce feelings occasioned throughout Scotland generally, by the recollections of the Union, had died away with the generation which experienced them, and the benefits of the treaty began to be visibly, though slowly, influential on their descendants. The Lowlands, therefore, being by far the wealthiest and most important part of Scotland, were much disposed to peace, the rather that those who might have taken some interest in creating fresh disturbances, had their power of doing so greatly diminished.

It is also to be considered, that the Lowlanders of this later period were generally deprived of arms, and unaccustomed to use them. The Act of Security, in the beginning of the 18th century, had been made the excuse for introducing quantities of arms into Scotland, and disciplining the population to the use of them; but the consequences of this general arming and training act had long ceased to

operate, and, excepting the militia, which were officered, and received a sort of discipline, the use of arms was totally neglected in the Lowlands of Scotland.

The Highlands were in a very different state, and from the tenacity with which the inhabitants retained the dress, language, manners, and customs of their fathers, more nearly resembled their predecessors of centuries long since past, than any other nation in Europe. It is true, they were no longer the ignorant and irreclaimable barbarians, in which light they were to be regarded so late perhaps as the sixteenth century. Civilisation had approached their mountains. Their manners were influenced by the presence of armed strangers, whose fortresses were a check to the fire of their restless courage. They were obliged to yield subjection to the law, and, in appearance at least, to pay respect to those by whom it was administered. But the patriarchal system still continued, with all the good and bad which attached to its influence. The chief was still the leader in war, the judge and protector in peace. The whole income of the tribe, consisting of numerous but petty articles of rude produce, was paid into the purse of the chief, and served to support the rude hospitality of his household, which was extended to the poorest of the clan. It was still the object of each leader, by all possible means, to augment the number capable of bearing arms; and, of course, they did not hesitate to harbour on their estates an excess of population,

idle, haughty, and warlike, whose only labour was battle and the chase, and whose only law was the command of their chieftain.[1]

It is true, that, in the eighteenth century, we no longer hear of the chiefs taking arms in their own behalf, or fighting pitched battles with each other, nor did they, as formerly, put themselves at the head of the parties which ravaged the estates of rival clans or the Lowlands. The creaghs or inroads took place in a less open and avowed manner than formerly, and were interrupted frequently both by the regular soldiers from the garrisons, and by the soldiers of the independent companies, called the Black Watch. Still, however, it was well understood that on the estates, or *countries*, as they are called, of the great chiefs, there was suffered to exist, under some bond of understood but unavowed conditions of allegiance on the one side, and protection on the other, amongst pathless woods and gloomy valleys, gangs of banditti ready to execute the will of the chief by whom they were sheltered, and upon a hint darkly given and easily caught up, willingly disposed to avenge his real or supposed

[1] [A letter from Lord Lovat to President Forbes, dated 20th October, 1745, has, "I beg, my Lord, that you may not be in the least apprehensive that any of those Rogues, or any in my country, go and disturb your tenants; for I solemnly swear to Gortuleg, that if any villain or rascal of my country durst presume to hurt or disturb any of your Lordship's tenants, I would go personally, tho' carried in a litter, and see them seized and hanged." "This language, addressed to the first law officer in Scotland, may serve to show the state of the Highlands at that period."—*Culloden Papers*, p. 234.]

wrongs. Thus the celebrated Rob Roy, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, was able, though an outlawed and desperate man, to maintain himself against every effort of the Montrose family, by the connivance which he received from that of Argyle, who allowed him, as the phrase then went, "wood and water," that is to say, the protection of their lakes and forests.

This primitive state of things must, in the gradual course of events, have suffered great innovations. The young Highlanders of fortune received their education in English or Lowland schools, and, gradually adopting the ideas of those with whom they were brought up, must have learned to value themselves less on their solitary and patriarchal power, than on the articles of personal expenditure and display which gave distinction to those around them. This new passion would have been found in time inconsistent with the performance of the duties which the tribe expected and exacted from their chief, and the bonds which connected them, though so singularly intimate, must have in time given way. The Reverend Peter Rae, historian of the Rebellion in 1715,[1] states that, even in his own time, causes of the nature we have hinted at were beginning to operate, and that some chiefs, with the *spaghlin*, or assumption of consequence not

[1] [Printed in 4to, Dumfries, 1718. Second Edition, with a Collection of Original Letters, &c. 8vo. Lond. 1746, and reprinted in a work entitled "George Charles' History of the Transactions in Scotland, 1715–16 and 1745-6." 2 vols. 8vo. Stirling, 1817.]

uncommon to the Celtic race, had addicted themselves to expenses and luxuries to which their incomes were not equal, and which began already to undermine their patriarchal power and authority over their clans.

But the operation of such causes, naturally slow, was rendered almost imperceptible, if not altogether neutralized, by the strong and counteracting stimulus afforded by the feelings of jacobitism common to the western chiefs. These persons and their relations had many of them been educated or served as soldiers abroad, and were in close intercourse with the exiled family, who omitted no means by which they could ensure the attachment of men so able to serve them. The communication of the Stewart family with the Highlands was constant and unceasing, and was, no doubt, most effectual in maintaining the patriarchal system in its integrity. Each chief looked upon himself as destined to be raised to greatness by the share he might be able to take in the eventful and impending struggle which was one day to restore the House of Stewart to the throne, and that share must be greater or less according to the number of men at whose head he might take the field.[1] This prospect, which to

1 ["About the year 1740, some Lowland gentlemen made a party to visit the Highlands, where they were entertained at the house of one of the chiefs with great hospitality, and a profusion of game, fish, and French wine. One of the guests asked their landlord somewhat bluntly, what was the rent of his estate; he answered, he could raise 500 men. This story is told of M'Don-

their sanguine eyes appeared a near one, was a motive which influenced the lives, and regulated the conduct, of the Highland chiefs, and which had its natural effect in directing their emulous attention to cement the bonds of clanship, that might otherwise have been gradually relaxed.

But though almost all the chiefs were endeavouring to preserve their people in a state to take the field, and to assist the cause of the heir of the Stewart family when the moment of enterprise should arrive, yet the individual character of each modified the manner in which he endeavoured to provide for this common object; and I cannot propose to you a stronger contrast than the manner in which the patriarchal power was exercised by Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and the notorious Fraser of Lovat.

The former was one of the most honourable and well-intentioned persons in whom the patriarchal power was ever lodged. He was grandson of that Sir Evan Dhu, or Black Sir Evan, who made so great a figure in Cromwell's time, and of whom I have already told you many stories in a former volume of this little work.[1] Far from encourag-

ald of Keppoch, who was killed at the battle of Culloden."—HOME's *History of the Rebellion*, 1745. *Works*, vol. ii. p. 405.]

[1] I there said that Sir Evan Dhu lived to extreme old age, and that he sunk at length into a sort of second childhood, and was rocked to sleep like an infant; but I have since had reason to think that the last part of the tradition was an exaggeration.

ing the rapine which had been, for a long time, objected to the men of Lochaber, he made the most anxious exertions to put a stop to it by severe punishment; and while he protected his own people and his allies, would not permit them to inflict any injury upon others. He encouraged among them such kinds of industry as they could be made to apply themselves to; and in general united the high spirit of a Highland chief with the sense and intelligence of a well-educated English gentleman of fortune. Although possessed of an estate, of which the income hardly amounted to seven hundred a-year, this celebrated chief brought fourteen hundred men into the Rebellion, and he was honourably distinguished by his endeavours on all occasions to mitigate the severities of war,

The ancient chieftain used a contrivance, such as is sometimes applied to sick-beds in the present day, for enabling the patient to turn himself in bed; and it was undoubtedly some misconception of the purpose of this machine which produced the report of his being rocked in a cradle. He was in perfect possession of his faculties during the year 1715, and expressed great regret that his clan, the Camerons, being in the Earl of Mar's left wing, had been compelled to fly on that occasion. "The Camerons," he said, "were more numerous than they were in his day, but they were become much less warlike." This was a reproach which the clan speedily wiped away. From the evidence preserved in the family, it appears Sir Evan had preserved to the extremity of human life the daring expression of command which dignified his features, the tenacious power of his gripe, and his acute resentment of injuries. An English officer, who came from Fort-William on a visit, having made use of some words which the old chief took amiss, he looked on him sternly, and said, "Had you used that expression but a few months since, you had never lived to repeat it."

and deter the insurgents from acts of vindictive violence.

A different picture must be presented of Lord Lovat, whose irregular ambition induced him to play the Highland chief to the very utmost, while he cared for nothing save the means of applying the power implied in the character to the advancement of his own interest. His hospitality was exuberant, yet was regulated by means which savoured much of a paltry economy. His table was filled with Frasers, all of whom he called his cousins, but took care that the fare with which they were regaled was adapted, not to the supposed equality, but to the actual importance of his guests. Thus the claret did not pass below a particular mark on the table; those who sat beneath that limit had some cheaper liquor, which had also its bounds of circulation; and the clansmen at the extremity of the board were served with single ale. Still it was drunk at the table of their chief, and that made amends for all. Lovat had a Lowland estate, where he fleeced his tenants without mercy, for the sake of maintaining his Highland military retainers. He was a master of the Highland character, and knew how to avail himself of its peculiarities. He knew every one whom it was convenient for him to caress; had been acquainted with his father; remembered the feats of his ancestors, and was profuse in his complimentary expressions of praise and fondness. If a man of substance offended Lovat, or, which was the same thing, if he possessed a troublesome claim against him, and was

determined to enforce it, one would have thought that all the plagues of Egypt had been denounced against the obnoxious individual. His house was burnt, his flocks driven off, his cattle houghed; and if the perpetrators of such outrages were secured, the jail of Inverness was never strong enough to detain them till punishment. They always broke prison. With persons of low rank, less ceremony was used; and it was not uncommon for witnesses to appear against them for some imaginary crime, for which Lord Lovat's victims suffered the punishment of transportation.

We cannot wonder that a man of Lovat's disposition should also play the domestic tyrant; but it would be difficult to conceive the excess to which he carried enormities in this character. After his return to Scotland in 1715, he was twice married; first, in 1717, to a daughter of the Laird of Grant, by whom he had two sons and two daughters; his second, or rather his third wife, was a Campbell, a relation of the Argyle family. It is supposed he married her with a view to secure the friendship of that great family. Finding himself disappointed in this expectation, he vented his resentment on the poor lady, whom he shut up in a turret of his castle, neither affording her food, clothes, or other necessaries, in a manner suitable to her education, nor permitting her to go abroad, or to receive any friend within doors. Dark rumours went forth of the treatment of the wife of this daring chief, who had thus vanished from society. She had a friend, whose fearless interest in her fate induced her to

surmount all sense of personal danger, and to visit Castle Downie with the purpose of ascertaining the situation of Lady Lovat. She contrived to announce her arrival so unexpectedly, as to leave Lovat no apology by which he could escape her intrusive visit. He took his resolution, went to the prison-chamber of his unfortunate wife, and announced to her the arrival of her friend. "As it is my pleasure, madam," he said, "that you receive your visitor in the character of a contented and affectionate wife, you will please to dress yourself" (laying proper apparel before her), "and come down with the easy and free air of the mistress of the mansion, happy in her husband's affection and unlimited trust. It will become you to beware how you give the least hint of any discord between you and me; for secret eyes will be upon you, and you know what reason you have to dread disobeying my commands." In this manner the poor lady met her friend, with her tongue padlocked concerning all that she would willingly have disclosed, Lovat contriving all the while to maintain so constant a watch on his wife and her visitor, that they could not obtain the least opportunity of speaking apart. The visitor, however, in the very silence and constraint of her friend, had seen enough to satisfy her that all was not well; and when she left Castle Downie, became importunate with Lady Lovat's family to be active in her behalf. She in consequence obtained a separation from her cruel husband, whom she long survived.

Such acts of tyranny were the dismal fruits of

the patriarchal power, when lodged in the hands of a man of fraud and violence. But Lovat's conduct was so exaggerated, as inclines us to believe there must have been a certain mixture of deranged intellect with his wickedness; a compound perfectly reconcilable to the profound craft which displayed itself in other points of his character.[1] I must not forget to notice that Lord Lovat, having obtained the command of one of the Highland independent companies, in consequence of his services in the year 1715, took advantage of the opportunity it gave him to make all the men of his clan familiar with the use of arms; for though he could not legally have more than a certain number of men under arms at once, yet nothing was more easy than to exchange the individuals from time to time, till the whole younger Frasers had passed a

[1] ["He was, indeed, a most singular person: such as could only have arisen in a time and situation where there was a mixture of savage and civilized life. The wild and desperate passions of his youth were now matured into a character at once bold, cautious, and crafty; loving command, yet full of flattery and dissimulation, and accomplished in all points of policy excepting that which is proverbially considered the best. He was at all times profuse of oaths and protestations, but chiefly, as was observed of Charles IX. of France, when he had determined in his own mind to infringe them. Like many cunning people, he often seems to have overshot his mark; while the indulgence of a temper so fierce and capricious as to infer some slight irregularity of intellect, frequently occasioned the shipwreck of his fairest schemes of self-interest. To maintain and extend his authority over a Highland clan, he showed, in miniature, alternately the arts of a Machiavel, and the tyranny of a Cæsar Borgio."—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Ante*, vol. xx., p. 77.]

few months at least in the corps. He became incautious, however, and appeared too publicly in some suspicious purchases of arms and ammunition from abroad. Government became alarmed about his intentions,[1] and withdrew his commission in the Black Watch. This happened in 1737, and it was, as we shall hereafter see, the indignation arising from being deprived of this independent company, that finally determined him on rushing into the rebellion.

Few of the Highland chiefs could claim the spotless character due to Lochiel; and none, so far as is known to us, descended to such nefarious practices as Lovat. The conduct of most of them hovered between the wild and lawless expedients of their predecessors in power, and the new ideas of honour and respect to the rights of others which recent times had introduced; and they did good or committed evil as opportunity and temptation were presented to them. In general, a spirit of honour and generosity was found to unite easily and gracefully with their patriarchal pretensions; and those

[1] ["No man played this game more deeply than Lord Lovat, to whom one of these independent companies had been given. He made it a main argument, to prevent the Frasers from relapsing into any habits of industry unbecoming their military character and high descent, that it was their duty to enter into his company by rotation; and as he thus procured the means, without suspicion, of training to military discipline his whole clan by turns, it soon became plain that Government could not have put a more dangerous weapon into the hands of a more dangerous man."—SCOTT, *ante*, vol. xx., p. 76.]

who had to deal with them gained more by an appeal to their feelings than by arguments addressed to their understandings.

Having thus taken a view of the situation of Scotland both in the Highlands and Lowlands, we must next take some notice of the political condition of the two contending families, by whom the crown of Great Britain was at the time disputed.

George, the first of his family who had ascended the British throne, had transmitted the important acquisition to his son, George II. Both sovereigns were men of honour, courage, and good sense; but, being born and educated foreigners, they were strangers to the peculiar character, no less than to the very complicated form of government, of the country over which they were called by Providence to reign. They were successively under the necessity of placing the administration in the hands of a man of distinguished talent, the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole. Unfortunately, this great statesman was a man of a coarse mind, who altogether disbelieving in the very existence of patriotism, held the opinion that every man had his price, and might be bought if his services were worth the value at which he rated them. His creed was as unfavourable to the probity of public men, as that of a leader who should disbelieve in the existence of military honour would be degrading to the character of a soldier. The venality of Sir Robert Walpole's administration became a shame and reproach to the British nation, which was also burdened with the

means of supplying the wages of the national corruption.

The kings also, George I. and II., under whom Sir Robert Walpole conducted public affairs, were themselves unpopular from a very natural reason. They loved with fond partiality their paternal dominions of Hanover, and the manners and customs of the country in which they had been born and bred. Their intimacy and confidence were chiefly imparted to those of their own nation; and so far, though the preference might be disagreeable to their British subjects, the error flowed from a laudable motive. But both the royal father and son suffered themselves to be hurried farther than this. Regard for their German territories was the principle which regulated their political movements, and both alliances and hostilities were engaged in for interests and disputes which were of a nature exclusively German, and with which the British nation had nothing to do. Out of this undue partiality for their native dominions arose a great clamour against the two first kings of the House of Guelph, that, called to the government of so fair and ample a kingdom as Britain, they neglected or sacrificed its interests for those of the petty and subaltern concerns of their electorate of Hanover.

Besides other causes of unpopularity, the length of Sir Robert Walpole's administration was alone sufficient to render it odious to a people so fickle as the English, who soon become weary of one class of measures, and still sooner of the administration

of any one minister. For these various reasons, the government of Sir Robert Walpole, especially towards its close, was highly unpopular in England, and the Opposition attacked it with a degree of fury which made those who watched the strife from a distance imagine, that language so outrageous was that of men in the act of revolt. The foreign nations, whose ideas of our constitution were as imperfect formerly as they are at this moment, listened like men who hear what they conceive to be the bursting of a steam-engine, when the noise only announces the action of the safety-valves.

While the family of Hanover maintained an uneasy seat on an unpopular throne, the fortunes of the House of Stewart seemed much on the decline. Obliged to leave France, Spain, and Avignon, and not permitted to settle in Germany, the Chevalier de St George was obliged, shortly after his Scottish enterprise of 1715, to retire to Italy, where the sufferings of his father for the Roman Catholic religion gave him the fairest right to expect hospitality. He was then in the thirtieth year of his age, the last male of his unfortunate family, when, by the advice of his counsellors, he fixed his choice of a wife on the Princess Clementina Sobieski, daughter to Prince James Sobieski of Poland, and grand-daughter to that King John Sobieski who defeated the Turks before Vienna. This young lady was accounted one of the greatest fortunes in Europe. The dazzling pretensions to the British crown set forth by the negotiator of the

marriage on the part of James, propitiated the parents of the princess, and it was agreed that she should be conducted privately to Bologna, with a view to her union with the Chevalier de St George. Some extra preparation on the part of the princess and her mother, in the way of dress and equipage, brought the intrigue to the knowledge of the British court, who exerted all their influence with that of Austria for the interruption of the match. The Emperor, obliged to keep measures with Britain on account of his pretensions to Sicily, which were supported by the English fleet, arrested the bride as she passed through Innspruck, in the Tyrol, and detained her, along with her mother, prisoners in a cloister of that town. The Emperor also deprived Prince James Sobieski, the lady's father, of his government of Augsburg, and caused him to be imprisoned.

A bold attempt for the release of the princess was contrived and executed by Charles Wogan, who had been one of the prisoners at Preston, and was a devoted partisan of the cause in which he had nearly lost his life. He obtained a passport from the Austrian ambassador, in the name of Count Cernes and family, stated to be returning from Loretto to the Low Countries. A Major Misset and his wife personated the supposed count and countess; Wogan was to pass for the brother of the count; the Princess Clementina, when she should be liberated, was to represent the count's sister, which character was in the mean time enacted by a smart girl, a domestic of Mrs Misset. They

represented to the wench that she was only to remain one or two days in confinement, in the room of a lady whom Captain Toole, one of the party, was to carry off, and whose escape it might be necessary to conceal for some time. Captain Toole, with two other steady partisans, attended on the party of the supposed Count Cernes, in the dress and character of domestics.

They arrived at Innspruck on the evening of the 27th of April, 1719, and took a lodging near the convent. It appears that a trusty domestic of the princess had secured permission of the porter to bring a female with him into the cloister, and conduct her out at whatever hour he pleased. This was a great step in favour of their success, as it permitted the agents of the Chevalier de St George to introduce the young female, and to carry out Clementina Sobieski in her stead. But while they were in consultation upon the means of executing their plan, Jenny, the servant girl, heard them name the word *princess*, and afraid of being involved in a matter where persons of such rank were concerned declared she would have nothing more to do with the plot. Many fair words, a few pieces of gold, and the promise of a fine suit of damask belonging to her mistress, overcame her scruples; and, taking advantage of a storm of snow and hail, Jenny was safely introduced into the cloister, and the princess, changing clothes with her, came out at the hour by which the stranger was to return. Through bad roads and worse weather they pushed on till they quitted the Austrian territories, and entered those

of Venice. On the 2d of May, after a journey of great fatigue and some danger, they arrived at Bologna, where the princess thought it unnecessary to remain longer incognita.

In the mean time, while his destined bride made her escape from the Tyrol, the Chevalier had been suddenly called on to undertake a private expedition to Spain. The lady was espoused in his absence by a trusty adherent, who had the Chevalier's proxy to that effect, and the bridegroom's visit to Spain having terminated in nothing satisfactory, he soon after returned to complete the marriage.

The Jacobites drew many happy omens from the success with which the romantic union of the Chevalier de St George was achieved, although after all, it may be doubted whether the Austrian Emperor, though obliged in appearance to comply with the remonstrances of the British Court, was either seriously anxious to prevent the Princess's escape, or extremely desirous that she should be retaken.

By this union the Chevalier de St George transmitted his hereditary claims, and with them his evil luck, to two sons. The first, Charles Edward, born the 31st of December, 1720, was remarkable for the figure he made during the civil war of 1745–6; the second, Henry Benedict, born the 6th of March, 1725, for being the last male heir, in the direct line, of the unfortunate House of Stewart. He bore the title of Duke of York, and entering the Church of Rome, was promoted to the rank of Cardinal.

The various schemes and projects which were agitated, one after another, in the councils of the

Chevalier de St George, and which for a time served successively to nourish and keep afloat the hopes of his partisans in England and Scotland, were so numerous, so indifferently concocted, and so ineffectual in their consequences, that, to borrow an expression from the poet, the voyage of his life might be said to be spent in shallows.[1]

With whatever Court Britain happened to have a quarrel, thither came the unfortunate heir of the House of Stewart, to show his miseries and to boast his pretensions. But though treated with decency, and sometimes fed with hopes which proved altogether fallacious, the Chevalier found his eloquence too feeble to persuade any Government to embarrass themselves by making common cause with him after the miscarriage of the Spanish invasion of 1719, which only gave rise to the petty skirmish of Glenshiel. In the intervals of these ineffectual negotiations, the Chevalier's domestic establishment was divided by petty intrigues among his advisers, in which his wife occasionally took such keen interest, as to proclaim, in a public and scandalous degree, their domestic disunion. From all these circumstances, from his advance in years, and the disappointments which he brooded over, the warmest adherents of the House of Stew-

[1] ["There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

Julius Cæsar, Act IV.]

art ceased to expect any thing from the personal exertions of him whom they called their King,[1] and reposed the hopes of their party in the spirit and talents of his eldest son, Charles Edward; whose external appearance, and personal accomplishments, seemed at first sight to justify his high pretensions, and to fit him well for the leader of any bold and gallant enterprise by which they might be enforced.

In attempting to describe to you this remarkable young man, I am desirous of qualifying the exaggerated praise heaped upon him by his enthusiastic adherents, and no less so to avoid repeating the disparaging language of public and political opponents, and of discontented and disobliged followers, who have written rather under the influence of their resentments than in defence of truth.

Prince Charles Edward, styling himself Prince

[1] [In a letter, dated "Florence, July 16, 1740," Gray the poet says, "The Pretender (whom you desire an account of) I have had frequent opportunities of seeing at church, at the Corso, and other places; but more particularly, and that for a whole night, at a great ball given by Count Patrizzii to the Prince and Princess Craon, &c.—at which he and his two sons were present. They are good fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two, and both danced incessantly all night long. For him, he is a thin ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James the Second, and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays: the first he does not often, the latter continually. He lives private enough with his little court about him, consisting of Lord Dunbar [Murray], who manages every thing, and two or three of the Preston Scotch lords, who would be very glad to make their peace at home."—*Works*, vol. ii. 8vo, 1825, pp. 89, 90.]

of Wales, was a youth of tall stature and fair complexion. His features were of a noble and elevated cast, but tinged with an expression of melancholy. His manners were courteous, his temper apparently good, his courage of a nature fit for the most desperate undertakings, his strength of constitution admirable, and his knowledge of manly exercises and accomplishments perfect. These were all qualities highly in favour of one who prepared to act the restorer of an ancient dynasty. On the other hand, his education had been strangely neglected in certain points of the last consequence to his success. Instead of being made acquainted with the rights and constitution of the English nation by those who superintended his education, they had taken care to train him up exclusively in those absurd, perverse, exaggerated and antiquated doctrines of divine hereditary right, and passive obedience, out of which had arisen the errors and misfortunes of the reign of his ancestor, James the Second of England. He had been also strictly brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, which had proved so fatal to his grandfather; and thus he was presented to the British nation without any alteration or modification of those false tenets in church and state so obnoxious to those whom he called his subjects, and which had cost his ancestor a throne. It was a natural consequence of the high ideas of regal prerogative in which he was trained, though it might also be in some respects owing to a temper naturally haughty and cold, that the young Prince was apt to consider the most important services

rendered him, and the greatest dangers encountered in his cause, as sufficiently to reward the actors by the internal consciousness of having discharged their duties as loyal subjects, nor did he regard them as obligations laying him under a debt which required acknowledgment or recompense. This degree of indifference to the lives or safety of his followers (the effect of a very bad education) led to an indulgence in rash and sanguine hopes, which could only be indulged at an extravagant risk to all concerned. It was the duty of every subject to sacrifice every thing for his Prince, and if this duty was discharged, what results could be imagined too difficult for their efforts? Such were the principles instilled into the mind of the descendant of the ill-starred House of Stewart.

It is easy to be imagined, that these latter attributes were carefully veiled over in the accounts of the character of the young Chevalier, as spread abroad by his adherents within Scotland and England; and that he was held up to hope and admiration, as a shoot of the stem of Robert Bruce, and as one who, by every perfection of mind and body, was ordained to play anew the part of that great restorer of the Scottish monarchy.

The state of the Jacobite party, both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, has been already noticed. In England it was far inferior to its strength in 1715; the fatal affair of Preston was remembered with dread. But many great families attached to the High Church principles continued to look with a longing eye towards him

whom they regarded as the heir of the crown, by indefeasible right; and some, at considerable risk to their persons and estates, maintained an intercourse with the agents of the old Chevalier de St George, who thus received intelligence of their hopes and plans. The principal of these were the Wynnes of Wynnstay, in Wales, with the great family of Windham. Other houses, either Catholics or High Churchmen, in the west, were united in the same interest. A great part of the Church of England clergy retained their ancient prejudices; and the Universities, Oxford in particular, still boasted a powerful party, at the head of which was Dr William King, Principal of St Mary's Hall, who entered into the same sentiments.

Such being the state of affairs when war was declared betwixt Britain and Spain, in 1740, seven daring Scottish Jacobites signed an association, engaging themselves to risk their lives and fortunes for the restoration of the Stewart family, provided that France would send a considerable body of troops to their assistance. The titular Duke of Perth, the Earl of Traquair, Lochiel, and Lovat, were of the number who signed this association.[1]

The agent employed to advocate the cause of the Jacobites at Paris, was Drummond, alias MacGregor, of Bohaldie, with whom was joined a person whom they called Lord Semple; these agents were supposed to have ready access to the French

[1] [The others were Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, John Stuart, brother to Lord Traquair, and Lord John Drummond, uncle to the Duke of Perth.]

ministers. Bohaldie was closely related to several chieftains of the Scottish clans, and in particular to Cameron of Lochiel, on whose judgment and prudence the others were in a great degree disposed to rely. But after a protracted negotiation, nothing could be resolved upon with any certainty; for the French ministers, on the one hand, were afraid that the Jacobites in their political zeal might dupe both themselves and France, by inducing them to hazard the forces of the latter kingdom upon a distant and dangerous expedition; while, on the other hand, the Jacobites, who were to risk their all in the enterprise, were alike apprehensive that France, if she could by their means excite a civil war in England, and oblige its Government to recall her troops from Germany, would not, after that point was gained, greatly concern herself about their success or failure.

At length, however, when France beheld the interest which Britain began to take in the German war, assisting the Empress Queen both with troops and money, her Administration seems suddenly to have taken into serious consideration the proposed descent upon Scotland. With a view to the arrangement of an enterprise, Cardinal de Tencin, who had succeeded Cardinal Fleury in the administration of France, invited Charles Edward, the eldest son of the old Chevalier de St George, to repair from Italy to Paris. The young prince, on receiving a message so flattering to his hopes, left Rome as if on a hunting expedition, but instantly took the road to Genoa, and, embarking on

board a small vessel, ran through the English fleet at great risk of being captured, and arriving safe at Antilles, proceeded to Paris. He there took part in counsels of a nature highly dangerous to Great Britain. It had been settled by the French Court that a French army of fifteen thousand men should be landed in England under the celebrated Field-marshal Saxe, who was to act under the commission of the Chevalier de St George as commander-in-chief. Having intimated this determination to the Earl-marischal and Lord Elcho, eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, who were then in the French capital, Charles left Paris to superintend the destined embarkation, and took up his residence at Gravelines, in the beginning of February, 1744. Here he resided in the most strict privacy, under the name of the Chevalier Douglas. Bohaldie waited upon him as his secretary.

The French fleet was got in readiness, and the troops designed for the invasion embarked; but the alertness of the British navy disconcerted this as it had done former expeditions. The French army no sooner appeared off Torbay, than they were confronted by a fleet of twenty-one sail of the line, under Admiral Sir John Norris. The elements also took part in the strife, and, as usually happened on former occasions, decided against the House of Stewart. A heavy tempest arose, obliging both the English and French to scud before the wind. The latter fleet were dispersed, and suffered damage. The plan of invasion was once more given

up, and the French troops were withdrawn from the coast.

It is in vain to enquire upon what principles the French Ministry preferred this attempt upon England, at great expense, and with a large army, to an invasion of Scotland, where they were sure to be joined by a large body of Jacobites, and where one-third part of the troops would have made a serious, perhaps a fatal impression. History is full of attempts to assist malecontents in an enemy's country, which have miscarried from being ill-concerted in point of place or time. That the present did not arise out of any very accurate combinations is certain, for so little had the French Ministers thought on the means of propitiating the English Jacobites, that they did not at first design that the Duke of Ormond should embark with the expedition, though the most popular of the Chevalier's adherents in South Britain. The Duke was at length hastily summoned from Avignon to join the armament when it was on the eve of sailing, but receiving information while he was on the road that the design was given up, he returned to his residence. It is probable that the French were determined to make England the object of attack, merely because they could more easily either reinforce or bring off their expedition, than if it was sent against Scotland.

Lord Marischal had repaired to the Prince at Gravelines, but was not much consulted on the objects of the expedition. When he asked concerning the embarkation for Scotland, he was informed

that it would take place after that to England was despatched. But after the miscarriage of the enterprise, and disembarkation of the troops, Charles Edward invited the Earl to visit him at Gravelines, when he seriously proposed to hire a boat, and go with him to Scotland, where, he said, he was sure he had many friends who would join him. This idea, from which he was diverted with difficulty, seems to have been the slight sketch which was afterwards the ground-work of the rash expedition of 1745–6. In the end of summer Prince Charles left Gravelines and went to Paris, where he resided for the winter, little noticed by French families of fashion, but much resorted to by the Irish and Scots who were in that capital.

In the month of August, 1744, John Murray of Broughton, who had been for three or four years an agent of the old Chevalier, and much trusted by him and his adherents, returned to Paris from Scotland, carrying with him the joint opinion of the Jacobites in that country upon the subject of an invasion. Mr Murray was a gentleman of honourable birth and competent fortune, being the son of Sir David Murray, by his second wife, a daughter of Sir John Scott of Ancrum. His early travels to Rome gave him an opportunity of offering his services to the old Chevalier, and he had ever since retained his confidence. The opinion which he now delivered to Charles, as the united sentiments of his friends in Scotland, was, that if he could persuade the French Government to allow him six thousand auxiliary troops, ten thousand stand of

arms, and thirty thousand louis-d'or, he might assuredly reckon on the support of all his Scottish friends. But Murray had been charged at the same time to say, that if the Prince could not obtain succours to the amount specified, they could do nothing in his behalf. The answer which the Prince returned by Murray to his Scottish adherents was, that he was weary and disgusted with waiting upon the timid, uncertain, and faithless politics of the Court of France; and that, whether with or without their assistance or concurrence, he was determined to appear in Scotland in person, and try his fortune. Mr Murray has left a positive declaration, that he endeavoured as much as possible to divert the Prince from an attempt, which rather announced desperation than courage; but as there were other reasons for imputing blame to the agent, many of those who suffered by the expedition represent him as having secretly encouraged the Prince in his romantic undertaking, instead of dissuading him from so rash a course. Whether encouraged by Murray, or otherwise, Charles Edward continued fixed in his determination to try what effect could be produced by his arrival in Scotland, with such slender supplies of money and arms as his private fortune might afford.

With a view to this experiment, the Prince sent Murray back to Scotland, with commissions to those whom he regarded as the most faithful friends of his family, given in his own name, as Prince of Wales and Regent for James VIII., for which last title he possessed an ample warrant

from his father. The arrival of these documents in Scotland excited the utmost surprise and anxiety; and at a full meeting of the principal Jacobites held at Edinburgh, it was agreed to despatch Mr Murray to the Highlands, to meet, if possible, the young Adventurer on his first coming upon the coast, and communicating their general disapprobation of an attempt so desperate, to entreat him to reserve himself and the Scottish friends of his family for some period in which fortune might better favour their exertions. The titular Duke of Perth alone dissented from the opinion of the meeting, and declared, in a spirit of high-strained loyalty, that he would join the Prince if he arrived without a single man. The others were unanimous in a different judgment, and Murray, empowered by them, remained on the watch on the Highland coast during the whole month of June, when, the Chevalier not appearing, he returned to his own seat in the south of Scotland, supposing naturally that the young man had renounced an attempt which had in it so much of the headlong rashness of youth, and which he might be fairly believed to have laid aside on mature consideration.

But the Chevalier had resolved on his expedition. He was distrustful of the motives, doubtful of the real purposes of France, and was determined to try his fate upon his own resources, however inadequate to the purpose he meant to effect. It is said that Cardinal Tencin was the only member of the French Government to whom his resolution was made known, to which the minister yielded

his acquiescence rather than his countenance; and at length, as England and France were now engaged in open war, he generously consented that Charles should pursue his desperate enterprise upon his own risk and his own means, without farther assistance than a very indirect degree of encouragement from France. The fatal defeat at Fontenoy happened about the same period, and as the British forces in Flanders were much weakened, the Adventurer was encouraged to hope that no troops could be spared from thence to oppose his enterprise.

In consequence of the understanding betwixt Charles and Tencin, a man-of-war of sixty guns, named the Elizabeth, was placed at the disposal of the adventurous Prince, to which Charles Edward added a frigate or sloop of war, called the Doutelle, which had been fitted out by two merchants of Dunkirk, named Rutledge and Walsh, to cruize against the British trade. In this latter vessel he embarked, with a very few attendants, and with the whole or greater part of the money and arms which he had provided.[1]

The expedition was detained by contrary winds till the 8th of July, when the vessels set sail upon this romantic adventure. But the chances of the sea seem to have been invariably unpropitious to

[1] ["In the two ships were about 2000 muskets, and five or six hundred French broad-swords. Charles had with him in the Doutelle money to the amount of L.3800 furnished by Rutledge and Walsh, and which the old Pretender repaid some years after."—HOME.]

the line of Stewart. The next day after they left port, the Lion, an English ship of war, fell in with them, and engaged the Elizabeth. The battle was desperately maintained on both sides, and the vessels separated after much mutual injury. The Elizabeth, in particular, lost her first and second captains, and was compelled to bear away for Brest to refit.

The Doutelle, on board of which was Charles Edward and his suite, had kept at a distance during the action, and seeing its termination, stood away for the north-west of Scotland, so as to reach the Hebrides. Avoiding another large vessel, understood to have been an English man-of-war, which they met in their course, the sloop that carried the young Prince and his fortunes at length moored near the island of South Uist, one of the isles belonging to MacDonald of Clanranald and his kinsfolk. Clanranald was himself on the mainland; but his uncle, MacDonald of Boisdale, by whose superior talents and sagacity the young Chief was much guided, was at that time on South Uist, where his own property lay. On being summoned by the Prince, he came on board the Doutelle.

Charles Edward immediately proposed to Boisdale to take arms, and to engage his powerful neighbours, Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the Chief of the MacLeods, in his cause. These two chiefs could each bring to the field from 1200 to 1500 men. Boisdale replied, with a bluntness to which the Adventurer had not been accustomed, that the enterprise was rash to the verge of insanity;

that he could assure him that Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod were positively determined not to join him unless on his bringing the forces stipulated by the unanimous determination of the friends of his family; and that, by his advice, his nephew Clanranald would also adopt the resolution of remaining quiet. The young Chevalier argued the point for some time, still steering towards the mainland; until, finding Boisdale inexorable, he at length dismissed him, and suffered him to take his boat and return to South Uist. It is said, that this interview with Boisdale had such an influence on the mind of Charles, that he called a council of the principal followers who accompanied him in the Doutelle, when all voices, save one, were unanimous for returning, and Charles himself seemed for a moment disposed to relinquish the expedition. Sir Thomas Sheridan alone, an Irish gentleman, who had been his tutor, was inclined to prosecute the adventure farther, and encouraged his pupil to stand his ground, and consult some more of his Scottish partisans before renouncing a plan, on which he had ventured so far, that to relinquish it without farther trial would be an act of cowardice, implying a renunciation of the birthright he came to seek. His opinion determined his pupil, who was on all occasions much guided by it, to make another appeal to the spirit of the Highland leaders.

Advancing still towards the mainland, Charles with his sloop of war entered the bay of Lochnannagh, between Moidart and Arisaig, and sent a

messenger ashore to apprise Clanranald of his arrival. That chieftain immediately came on board, with his relation, MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, and one or two others. Charles applied to them the same arguments which he had in vain exhausted upon Boisdale, their relation, and received the same reply, that an attempt at the present time, and with such slender means, could end in nothing but ruin. A young Highlander, a brother of Kinloch-Moidart, began now to understand before whom he stood, and, grasping his sword, showed visible signs of impatience at the reluctance manifested by his chief and his brother to join their Prince. Charles marked his agitation, and availed himself of it.

He turned suddenly towards the young Highlander, and said, "You at least will not forsake me?"

"I will follow you to death," said Ranald, "were there no other to draw a sword in your cause."

The Chief, and relative of the warm-hearted young man, caught his enthusiasm, and declared, that since the Prince was determined, they would no longer dispute his pleasure. He landed accordingly, and was conducted to the house of Borodale, as a temporary place of residence. Seven persons came ashore as his suite. These were the Marquis of Tullibardine, outlawed for his share in the insurrection of 1715, elder brother of James, the actual Duke of Athole; Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's tutor; Sir John MacDonald, an offi-

cer in the Spanish service; Francis Strictland, an English gentleman; Kelly, who had been implicated in what was called the Bishop of Rochester's Plot; Æneas MacDonald, a banker in Paris, a brother of Kinloch-Moidart; and Buchanan, who had been intrusted with the service of summoning the Chevalier from Rome to Paris. One of his attendants, or who immediately afterwards joined him, has been since made generally known by the military renown of his son, Marshal MacDonald, distinguished by his integrity, courage, and capacity, during so many arduous scenes of the great revolutionary war.[1]

This memorable landing in Moidart took place on the 25th July, 1745. The place where Charles was lodged was remarkably well situated for concealment, and for communication with friendly clans, both in the islands and on the mainland, without whose countenance and concurrence it was impossible that his enterprise could succeed.

Cameron of Lochiel had an early summons from the Prince, and waited on him as soon as he received it. He came fully convinced of the utter madness of the undertaking, and determined, as he

[1] His father was one of a tribe of MacDonalds residing in South Uist, named MacEachen, or sons of Hector, descended from the house of Clanranald by birth, and united with them by intermarriage. Young MacDonald, or Mac-Eachen, had been bred at Saint Omers, with a view to taking priest's orders; he, therefore, understood the Latin, as well as the English, French, and Gaelic languages, and his services were important to Charles as an interpreter, or private secretary.

thought, to counsel the Adventurer to return to France, and wait a more favourable opportunity.

"If such is your purpose, Donald," said Cameron of Fassiefern to his brother of Lochiel, "write to the Prince your opinion; but do not trust yourself within the fascination of his presence. I know you better than you know yourself, and you will be unable to refuse compliance."

Fassiefern prophesied truly. While the Prince confined himself to argument, Lochiel remained firm, and answered all his reasoning. At length Charles, finding it impossible to subdue the chief's judgment, made a powerful appeal to his feelings.

"I have come hither," he said, "with my mind unalterably made up, to reclaim my rights or to perish. Be the issue what will, I am determined to display my standard, and take the field with such as may join it. Lochiel, whom my father esteemed the best friend of our family, may remain at home, and learn his Prince's fate from the newspapers."

"Not so," replied the chief, much affected, "if you are resolved on this rash undertaking, I will go with you, and so shall every one over whom I have influence."

Thus was Lochiel's sagacity overpowered by his sense of what he esteemed honour and loyalty, which induced him to front the prospect of ruin with a disinterested devotion, not unworthy the best days of chivalry. His decision was the signal for the commencement of the Rebellion; for it was generally understood at the time, that there was not a chief

in the Highlands who would have risen, if Lochiel had maintained his pacific purpose.

He had no sooner embraced the Chevalier's proposal, than messengers were despatched in every direction to summon such clans as were judged friendly, announcing that the royal standard was to be erected at Glenfinnan on the 19th of August, and requiring them to attend on it with their followers in arms.

Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, and MacLeod of MacLeod, were, as already mentioned, men of the greatest note in the Hebrides, and their joint forces were computed at more than three thousand men. They had declared themselves friendly to the Prince's cause, and Clanranald was despatched to them to hasten their junction. The envoy found them both at Sir Alexander MacDonald's, and said all he could to decide them to raise their following; but that chieftain alleged that he had never come under any explicit engagement to join Charles, nor could he be persuaded to do so in such a desperate undertaking. MacLeod's engagements are said to have been more peremptory; but he appears to have been as reluctant as Sir Alexander MacDonald to comply with Charles Edward's summons, alleging that his agreement depended on the Prince bringing certain auxiliaries and supplies, which were not forthcoming. He, moreover, pleaded to Clanranald, that a number of his men resided in the distant islands, as an additional excuse for not joining the standard immediately. Clanranald's mission was therefore un-

successful, and the defection of these two powerful chiefs was indifferently supplied by the zeal displayed by others of less power.

Charles, however, displayed great skill in managing the tempers, and gaining the affections, of such Highlanders as were introduced to him during his abode at Borodale. The memoirs of an officer, named MacDonald, engaged in his army, give so interesting an account of his person and behaviour, that I shall throw it to the end of this chapter in the form of a note. The Prince's Lowland friends were also acquainted with his arrival, and prepared for his designs.

Government was, at the same time, rendered vigilant, by the visible stir which seemed to take place among the Jacobites, and proceeded to the arrest of suspicious persons. Among these, one of the principal was the titular Duke of Perth, upon whose ancestor the Court of St Germains had conferred that rank. He was son of Lord John Drummond, who flourished in the 1715, and grandson of the unfortunate Earl of Perth, Lord Chancellor to James VII. before the Revolution. The present descendant of that honourable house was a man respected for his high rank, popular manners, dauntless bravery, and sweetness of disposition, but not possessed of any extraordinary degree of talent. This nobleman was residing at Castle-Drummond, when Captain Campbell of Inveraw, who commanded an independent Highland company lying at Muthil, in the neighbourhood, received orders to lay him under arrest. Campbell, by the media-

tion of a friend, procured himself an invitation to dine at Drummond-castle, and caused his men to approach the place as near as they could without causing suspicion. When dinner was over, and the ladies had retired, Inveraw put the arrest into execution, and told the Duke he was his prisoner, stating, at the same time, his orders in apology. The Duke seemed to treat the thing with indifference, and said, since it was so there was no help for it. But, in leaving the apartment, he made the captain pass before him as if by a natural motion of politeness, and turning short on his heel, instead of following him, left the room, and by a private door fled from the house into the wood. There was an instant pursuit, and the Duke would probably have been retaken, had he not found a pony, and leapt upon its back, with only a halter on its head, and without a saddle. By the advantage thus afforded him, he was enabled to escape to the neighbouring Highlands, where he lay safe from pursuit, and soon after obtained knowledge of the young Chevalier's having landed, and made preparation to join him.

John Murray of Broughton, in the mean while, had discharged the perilous task of having the manifestoes printed, which were to be dispersed when the invasion should become public, as well as that of warning several persons who had agreed to give supplies of money and arms. He now left his house, where he had lived for the last three weeks in constant danger, and fear of arrest, and set out to join the Prince. His active genius me-

ditated some other exploits. By the assistance of a Jacobite friend, of a fearless and enterprising disposition, he laid a scheme for surprising the Duke of Argyle (brother and successor to the famous Duke John), and making him prisoner at his own castle of Inverary. Another project was to cause Government to receive information, which, though false in the main, was yet coloured with so many circumstances of truth as to make it seem plausible, and which came to them through a channel which they did not mistrust. The reports thus conveyed to them bore, that the Jacobite chiefs were to hold a great consultation in the wilds of Rannoch, and that Murray had left his house in the south to be present at the meeting. It was proposed to those managing on the part of Government to seize the opportunity of despatching parties from Fort William and Fort Augustus to secure the conspirators at their rendezvous. The object of the scheme was, that the Highlanders might have an opportunity of surprising the forts, when the garrison should be diminished by the proposed detachments. Mr Murray having thus planned two exploits, which, had they succeeded, must have been most advantageous to the Prince's cause, proceeded to join Charles Edward, whom he found at the house of MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, who had advanced to that place from Borodale. Many Highland gentlemen had joined him, and his enterprise seemed to be generally favoured by the chiefs on the mainland. Clanranald had also joined with three hundred and upwards of

his clan. Regular guards were mounted on the person of the Prince; his arms and treasure were disembarked from the Doutelle, and distributed amongst those who seemed most able to serve him. Yet he remained straitened for want of provisions, which might have disconcerted his expedition, had not the Doutelle fallen in with and captured two vessels laden with oatmeal, a supply which enabled him to keep his followers together, and to look with confidence to the moment which had been fixed for displaying his standard.

Mr Murray, to whose management so much of the private politics of Prince Charles had been confided, was recognised as his Secretary of State, and trusted with all the internal management of the momentous undertaking.

NOTE.

The author of the Memoirs from which the following extract is made, appears to have been a MacDonald, and one of the seven gentlemen of that clan, who, being the earliest to join Charles Edward, were long distinguished by the name of the Seven Men of Moidart. Their curiosity had been excited by the appearance of the Doutelle when it arrived on the coast, and they hastened to the shore to learn the news.

"We called for the ship's boat, and were immediately carryed on board, and our hearts were overjoyed to find ourselves so near our long wished for Prince. We found a large tent erected with poles on the ship's deck, covered and well furnished with variety of wines and spirits. As we enter'd this pavilion, we were most chearfully welcom'd by the Duke of Athole, to whom some of us had been known in the year 1715. While the Duke was talking with us, Clanranald was amissing, and had, as we understood, been called into the Prince's cabin; nor did we look for the honour of seeing H. R. H. at least for that night. After being 3 hours with the P., Clanranald returned to us; and, in about half ane hour after, there entered the tent a tall youth, of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambrick stock, fixed with a plain silver buekle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hatt, with a canvas string, haveing one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had black stockins, and brass buckles in his shoes. At his first appearance, I found my heart swell to my very throat. We were immediately told by one Obrian, a churchman, that this youth was also ane English clergyman, who had long been possess'd with a desire to see and converse with Highlanders.

"When this youth entered, Obrian forbid any of those who were sitting to rise; he saluted none of us, and we only made a low bow at a distance. I chanced to be one of those who were standing when he came in, and he took his seat near me, but immediately started up again, and caused me sitt down by him upon a chest. I at this time, taking him to be only a passenger, or some clergyman, presumed to speak to him with too much familiarity, yet still retained some suspicion he might be one of more note than he was said to be. He asked me if I was not cold in that habite? (viz. the Highland garb). I answered, I was so

habituated to it that I should rather be so if I was to change my dress for any other. At this he laughed heartily, and next inquired how I lay with it at night, which I explained to him. He said, that by wrapping myself so closs in my plaid, I would be unprepared for any sudden defence in the case of a surprise. I answered, that in such times of danger or during a war, we had a different method of using the plaid, so that with one spring, I could start to my feet with drawn sword and cocked pistol in my hand, without being in the least encumbered with my bed-cloaths. Several such questions he put to me; then rising quickly from his seat, he calls for a dram, when the same person whispered me a second time, to pledge the stranger, but not to drink to him, by which seasonable hint I was confirmed in my suspicion who he was. Having taken a glass of wine in his hand, he drank to us all round, and soon after left us."

The writer then mentions the difficulties under which the Adventurer struggled, and adds—

"So all may judge, how hazardous ane enterprise we (*i. e.* Clanranald's people) were now engaged in, being for some time quite alone, who, notwithstanding, resolved to follow our P. most cheerfully, and risque our fate with him. We there did our best to give him a most hearty welcome to our country, the P. and all his company with a guard of about 100 men, being all entertained in the house, &c. of Angus M'Donald of Borradel, in Arisaig, in as hospitable a manner as the place could afford. H. R. H. being seated in a proper place, had a full view of all our company, the whole neighbourhood, without distinction of age or sex, crouding in upon us to see the P. After we had all eaten plentifully and drank cheerfully, H. R. H. drunk the grace drink in English, which most of us understood; when it came to my turn, I presumed to distinguish myself by saying audibly in Erse (or Highland language), *Deoch slaint an-Reogh;* H. R. H. understanding that I had drunk the King's health, made me speak the words again in Erse, and said, he could drink the King's health likewise in that language, repeating my words; and the company mentioning my skill in the Highland language, H. R. H. said I should be his master for that language, and so I was made to ask the healths of the Prince and Duke."

The original journal of this simple-minded and high-spirited young Highlander, who seems to have wooed danger as a bride, will be found in the Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 479.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Commencement of Hostilities—Raising of Prince Charles's Standard—March of Sir John Cope into the Highlands —Intrigues of Lord Lovat—Preparations of the Prince for fighting Cope, who takes the Route to Inverness, leaving the road to the Lowlands open—March of Prince Charles towards the South—Character of Lord George Murray—Arrival of the Highland Army at Perth.

[1745.]

In the mean while, and even before the day appointed by Charles Edward for erecting his standard, the civil war commenced. This was not by the capture of the Duke of Argyle, or the projected attack upon the forts, neither of which took place. But the hostile movements of the Highlanders had not escaped the attention of the governor of Fort Augustus, who, apprehensive for the safety of Fort William,[1] which lay nearest to the disaffected clans, sent a detachment of two companies under Captain John Scott, afterwards Ge-

[1] [" Fort-William, Fort-Augustus, and Fort-George, called also the Castle of Inverness, formed the chain of forts which had reached from the east to the west sea. The country between Fort-William and Inverness is one of the wildest parts of the Highlands, and was then inhabited altogether by the disaffected clans."—Home]

neral Scott. He marched early in the morning of the 16th of August, with the purpose of reaching Fort-William before nightfall. His march ran along the military road which passes by the side of the chain of lakes now connected by the Caledonian Canal. Captain Scott and his detachment had passed the lakes, and were within eight milesof Fort-William, when they approached a pass called High Bridge, where the river Spean is crossed by a steep and narrow bridge, surrounded by rocks and woods. Here he was alarmed by the sound of a bagpipe, and the appearance of Highlanders in arms. This was a party of men belonging to MacDonald of Keppoch, and commanded by his kinsman, MacDonald of Tiendreich. They did not amount to more than twelve or fifteen men, but showing themselves in different points, it was impossible for Captain Scott to ascertain their number. He detached a steady sergeant in advance, accompanied by a private soldier, to learn the meaning of this opposition; but they were instantly made prisoners by the mountaineers.

Scott, who was a man of unquestionable courage, was desirous of pursuing his route and fighting his way. But his officers were of a different opinion, considering that they were to storm a strong pass in the face of an enemy of unknown strength, and the privates, who were newly raised men, showed symptoms of fear. In this predicament Captain Scott was induced to attempt a retreat by the same road along which he had advanced. But the firing had alarmed the country; and the High-

landers assembling with characteristic promptitude, their numbers increased at every moment. Their activity enabled them to line the mountains, rocks, and thickets overhanging the road, and by which it was commanded, and the regulars were overwhelmed with a destructive fire, to which they could only make a random return upon an invisible enemy. Mean while the hills, the rocks, and dingles, resounded with the irregular firing, the fierce shrieks of the Highlanders, and the yellings of the pibroch. The soldiers continued to retreat, or rather to run, till about five or six miles eastward from High Bridge, when Keppoch came up with about twenty more men, hastily assembled since the skirmish began. Others, the followers of Glengarry, had also joined, making the number about fifty. The Highlanders pressed their advantage, and showed themselves more boldly in front, flank, and rear, while the ammunition of the soldiers was exhausted without having even wounded one of their assailants. They were now closely surrounded, or supposed themselves to be so; their spirits were entirely sunk, and on Keppoch coming in front, and summoning them to surrender, on pain of being cut to pieces, they immediately laid down their arms. Captain Scott was wounded, as were five or six of his men. About the same number were slain. This disaster, which seems to have arisen from the commanding officer's neglecting to keep an advanced guard, gave great spirits to the Highlanders, and placed in a flattering light their peculiar excellence as light troops. The prison-

ers were treated with humanity, and carried to Lochiel's house of Auchnacarrie, where the wounded were carefully attended to. As the governor of Fort-Augustus would not permit a surgeon from that garrison to attend Captain Scott, Lochiel, with his wonted generosity, sent him on parole to the Fort, that he might have medical assistance.

The war being thus openly commenced, Charles moved from the House of Glenaladale, which had been his last residence, to be present at the raising of his standard at the place of rendezvous in Glenfinnan. He arrived early on the 19th of August in the savage and sequestered vale, attended only by a company or two of the MacDonalds, whose chief, Clanranald, was absent, raising his men in every quarter where he had influence. Two hours elapsed, and the mountain ridges still looked as lonely as ever, while Charles waited as one uncertain of his fate, until at length Lochiel and the Camerons appeared. This body amounted to seven or eight hundred. They advanced in two lines, having betwixt them the two companies who had been taken on the 16th, disarmed and marching as prisoners. Keppoch arrived shortly afterwards with three hundred men, and some chieftains of less importance brought in each a few followers.[1]

[1] [MacDonald in his journal, quoted at end of last chapter, says, "As the P. was setting out for Glenfinnan, I was detached to Ardnamurchan to recruit, and soon returned with fifty clever fellows who pleased the P.; and upon review, His H. was pleased to honour me with the command of them, and told me I was the first officer he had made in Scotland; which compliment encouraged my vanity not a little, and with our friends vowed to

The standard was then unfurled; it was displayed by the Marquis of Tullibardin, exiled, as we have already said, on account of his accession to the rebellion in 1715, and now returned to Scotland with Charles in the Doutelle. He was supported by a man on each side as he performed the ceremony.[1] The manifesto of the old Chevalier, and the commission of regency granted to his son Charles Edward, were then read, and the Adventurer made a short speech, asserting his title to the throne, and alleging that he came for the happiness of his people, and had chosen this part of the kingdom for the commencement of his enterprise, because he knew he should find a population of brave gentlemen, zealous as their noble predecessors for their own honour and the rights of their sovereign, and as willing to live and die with him, as he was willing at their head to shed the last drop of his blood.[2]

the Almighty we should live and die with our noble P. though all Britain should forsake him but our little regiment alone."—LOCKHART *Papers*, vol. ii. 483.]

[1] ["The Standard erected at Glenfinnan, was made of white, blue, and red silk; and when displayed was about twice the size of an ordinary pair of colours."—HOME.]

[2] ["Glenfinnan is a narrow vale, in which the river Finnan runs between high and craggy mountains not to be surmounted but by travellers on foot. At each end of the glen is a lake (Loch Eil and Loch Shiel) about twelve miles in length; and behind the mountain on one side of the glen is also a lake, behind the other, an arm of the sea."—HOME, vol. iii. p. 13.—At the head of Loch Shiel there now stands a monument bearing on three of its sides, a Latin inscription composed by the late Dr Gregory of Edinburgh, and translations of it in Gaelic and English. "On the spot where Prince Charles Edward first raised

A leader of the clan of MacLeod appeared at this rendezvous, and renounced on the occasion his dependence upon his chief, whom indeed he did not acknowledge as such, and promised to join with his own following. Lochiel and some others of the chiefs present took this opportunity of writing to MacLeod and Sir Alexander MacDonald, to engage them to join, as the writers alleged their honour obliged them. This letter gave great offence to both the chiefs, and to Sir Alexander in particular, who alleged the insinuation it contained as a reason for the part he afterwards took in this affair.

Tidings were soon heard that the Government troops were in motion to put down the insurrection.

The Prince had resolved to avoid the great mistake of Mar in the year 1715, and to avail himself to the uttermost of the fierce and ardent activity of the troops whom he commanded, and it was with pleasure that he heard of the enemy's approach. He remained for a few days at Auchnacarrie, the house of Lochiel, and finding the unwillingness which the Highlanders evinced to carry baggage, the impossibility of finding horses, and the execrable character of the roads, he left a quantity of

his standard on the 19th day of August, 1745, when he made the daring and romantic attempt to recover a throne lost by the imprudence of his ancestors, this column was erected by Alexander Macdonald Esq. of Glenaladale, to commemorate the generous zeal, the undaunted bravery, and the inviolable fidelity of his forefathers, and the rest of those who fought and bled in tha arduous and unfortunate enterprise."]

swivel-guns and pioneer's tools behind, as tending only to encumber his march. In the mean time, he was joined by the following clans:—MacDonald of Glencoe brought with him 150 men; the Stuarts of Appin, under Ardshiel, amounting to 250; Keppoch brought 300 MacDonalds;[1] Glengarry, the younger, joined the army, as it marched eastward with about 300—making a total of nearly 2000 men.

There was an association drawn up and signed at Auchnacarrie, by the chiefs who had taken the field, in which the subscribers bound themselves never to abandon the Prince while he remained in the realm, or to lay down their arms, or make peace with Government, without his express consent.

While the insurrection was thus gathering strength and consistency, the heads of the official bodies at Edinburgh became apprised of its existence, which, however rash on the part of the Adventurer, was yet very hazardous to the state, on account of the particular time when it broke out. George II. was absent in Hanover, and the Government was in the hands of a Council of Regency, called Lords Jus-

[1] Keppoch, it is said, would have brought more men to the field, but there existed a dispute betwixt him and his clan,—a rare circumstance in itself, and still more uncommon, as it arose from a point of religion. Keppoch was a Protestant, his clan were Catholics, a difference which would have bred no discord between them, if Keppoch would have permitted the priest to accompany his hearers on the march. But the chief would not; the clansmen took offence, and came in smaller numbers than otherwise would have followed him, for he was much and deservedly beloved by them.

tices, whose councils seemed neither to have evinced sagacity nor vigour.[1]

Early in summer, they had received intelligence that the young Chevalier had a design to sail from Nantes with a single vessel; and, latterly, they had heard a rumour that he had actually landed in the Highlands. This intelligence was sent by the Marquis of Tweeddale to the commander-in-chief; to Lord Milton, a Scottish judge, who was much consulted in state affairs; to the Lord Advocate, the President of the Court of Session, and the Lord Justice Clerk. These principal officers or advisers of Government formed a sort of council for the direction of state affairs.

The report of Charles's landing at length reached Edinburgh with such marks of authenticity, as no longer to admit of doubt. The alarm was very considerable, for the regular forces of Britain were chiefly engaged on the continent. There were not in all Scotland quite three thousand troops, exclusive of garrisons. Of three battalions and a half of infantry, only one battalion was an old corps; the

[1] [Upon information received in London of the Prince having embarked from France, the Lords Justices, in terms of an Act of Parliament passed in 1744, published a proclamation in the London Gazette of 6th August, offering a reward of thirty thousand pounds "to such person and persons who shall seize and secure the said son of the said Pretender, so as that he may be brought to justice."—See it in the *Scots Magazine*, August 1745. The paper was answered,—"From our Camp at Kinlochiel," by the offers of a similar sum for the capture of the Elector of Hanover, then in Germany, and for preventing his landing in any part of the British dominions.]

rest were newly raised. Two regiments of dragoons, Hamilton's and Gardiner's, were the youngest in the service. There were independent companies levied for the purpose of completing the regiments which were in Flanders: and there were several companies of a Highland regiment, which Lord Loudon commanded, but who, being Highlanders, were not to be much trusted in the present quarrel. Out of this small force, two of the newly raised companies had been made prisoners at High Bridge. Yet, reduced as his strength was, Sir John Cope, the commander-in-chief, deemed it equal to the occasion, and resolved to set out northward at the head of such troops as he could most hastily assemble, to seek out the Adventurer, give him battle, and put an end to the rebellion. The Lords Justices approved of this as a soldierlike resolution, and gave orders to the general to proceed to put his plan in execution.

Sir John took the field accordingly on the 19th of August, and marched to Stirling, where he left the two regiments of dragoons, as they could have been of little use in the hills, and it would have been difficult to obtain forage for them. His infantry consisted of between fourteen and fifteen hundred men; and, together with a train of artillery and a superfluity of baggage, he had with him a thousand stand of spare muskets, to arm such loyal clans as he expected to join him. None such appearing, he sent back 700 of the firelocks from Crieff to Stirling. His march was directed upon Fort Augustus, from which, as a central point, he

designed to operate against the insurgents, wherever he might find them. As this route was the same with that by which the Highland army were drawing towards the Lowlands, Sir John Cope had no sooner arrived at Dalnacardoch, than he learned, from undoubted intelligence, that the Highlanders were advancing, with the purpose of meeting and fighting him at the pass of Corryarrack. How this intelligence affected the motions of the English general I will presently tell you, but must, in the first place, return to the operations of the young Chevalier and his insurrectionary army.

Amongst other persons of consequence with whom the Prince had held correspondence since his landing, was the celebrated Lord Lovat, who, highly discontented with Government for depriving him of his independent company, had long professed his resolution to return to his original allegiance to the Stewart dynasty, and was one of those seven men of consequence who subscribed the invitation to the Chevalier in the year 1740. As no one, however, suspected Lovat of attachment either to King or political party farther than his own interest was concerned, and as the Chevalier had come without the troops, money, and arms, which had been stipulated in that offer of service, there was great reason to suspect that the old wily chief might turn against the Adventurer, and refuse him his support. It chanced, however, that Lovat had attached considerable importance to the idea of becoming Duke of Fraser, and Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire; and the desire of obtain-

ing these objects, though but of ideal value, induced him, notwithstanding his natural selfish sagacity, to endeavour to secure them, at the same moment while he was meditating how to escape from fulfilling the promises of which these titular honours and offices were to be the guerdon.

While the Chevalier lay at Invergarry, Fraser of Gortuleg, an especial confident of Lovat, waited upon the Prince in the capacity of his chief's envoy, and made an humble request for the patent of the dukedom and the lieutenancy, which King James VIII. had promised to him. At the same time, the emissary brought a specious, but evasive protestation of Lovat's respect for the Stewart family, and his deep regret that his age and infirmities, with other obstacles, would not permit him instantly to get his clan to take up arms.

Such a message was easily seen to evince a desire to seize the bait, without, if possible, swallowing the hook it covered. But Lovat was a man of great importance at the time. Besides his own clan, which he retained in high military order, he had also great influence over the Laird of Cluny, his son-in-law, and chief of the MacPhersons,—over the MacIntoshes, the Farquharsons, and other clans residing in the neighbourhood of Inverness, who were likely to follow his example in rising or remaining quiet. Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, and the Laird of MacLeod, were also much in the habit of taking his advice, and following his example. He was not, therefore, to be disobliged; and as the original patents, subscribed by James

himself, had been left behind with the heavy baggage, the Chevalier caused new deeds of the same tenor to be written out, and delivered to Gortuleg for Lovat's satisfaction.

The crafty old man, by the same messenger, made another request, which had a relish of blood in it. I have told you that Lovat's most intimate friend had been Duncan Forbes, now Lord President of the Court of Session, to whose assistance he owed his establishment in the country and estate of his ancestors, in the year 1715. They had continued since that period on the most intimate terms, Lord Lovat applying, according to his nature, every expression of devotion and flattery which could serve to secure the President's good opinion. As Duncan Forbes, however, was a man of perfect knowledge of the world, he speedily traced Lovat's growing dislike to the established government; and being, by his office, as well as his disposition, a decided friend to the ruling dynasty, he easily fathomed Lovat's designs, and laboured to render them abortive. Their correspondence, though still full of profession and adulation on Lovat's side, assumed a tone of mutual suspicion and alarm, which made the latter to grow weary of the President's active, vigilant, and frequent remonstrances. Gortuleg, therefore, stated Lovat's extreme sense of the power which the President had to hurt the cause of the Stewart family, and demanded a warrant from the Prince, authorizing him to secure his friend, the President, dead or alive. The Prince declined granting it in the terms required, but

signed a warrant for seizing the President's person, and detaining him in close custody. With these documents Fraser of Gortuleg returned to his wily and double-dealing old master.

In the mean time, Lovat's conduct exhibited strange marks of indecision. He became apprised by the Lord President, that Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod had declined to join the Chevalier,—a resolution, indeed, to which the prudential advice of Forbes had strongly contributed, —and he expressed his own determination to adhere to the established government.[1]

[1] [Lovat, in letters to the President of 23d and 24th August, says, "Your Lordship judges right when you believe that no hardship or ill-usage that I meet with can alter or diminish my zeal and attachment for his Majesty's person and government. I am as ready this day (as far as I am able) to serve the King and Government as I was in the year 1715, when I had the good fortune to serve the King in suppressing that great Rebellion more than any one of my rank in the island of Britain. But my clan and I have been so neglected these many years past, that I have not twelve stand of arms in my country, though I thank God I could hring twelve hundred good men to the field for the King's service, if I had arms and other accoutrements for them. Therefore, my good Lord, I earnestly entreat that as you wish that I would do good service to the Government on this critical occasion, you may order immediately a thousand stand of arms, to he delivered to me and my clan at Inverness."—"I hear that mad and unaccountahle gentleman has set up a standard at a place called Glenfinnan, Monday last. This place is in the inlet from Moydart to Lochaher; and I hear of none that joined him as yet, but the Camerons and the Macdonalds, and they are in such a remote corner, that nohody can know their number, or what they are doing, except those that are with them." After some farther scraps of hearsay information, conjecture, and douhts as to the security of his own district, he adds—"My dear Lord, you know that you engaged to me in honour never to give me as author for any intelligence or information that I give you; and

While these intrigues were in progress, the Chevalier obtained accurate accounts of Sir John Cope's movements, from deserters who frequently left Lord Loudon's companies, which consisted chiefly of Highlanders, these men having a strong temptation to join the ranks of the Chevalier, in whose service their relations and chief were engaged.

The Prince was so much animated at the prospect of battle, that he summoned together his clans, now augmented by the Grants of Glenmorriston, in number one hundred men—burned and destroyed all that could impede his march, and sacrificed his own baggage, that the men might not complain of hardship. By a forced march he assembled his adherents at Invergarry, where he gave them some hours' repose, in order that they might be the better fitted for the fatigues of the impending battle.

On the morning of the 26th August, the Chevalier marched to Aberchallader, within three miles

I am persuaded that you will keep your word; for if you do not, the next thing you must do is to cut my throat; for of all the things in the world, I hate to be called an informer. I beg you may excuse the errors and blunders in this letter; for I never was in a worse state of health since I began to write it." The President's reply concludes, "As to what you have the goodness to communicate to me, rely on it, it is dead and buried, and shall never rise again, unless it may rise at a proper time to do you service. This cursed weather has keeped me from the kirk; and fearing it might play you also a trick, I despatched the Doctor this morning to see how you did. Send him back as soon as you can, for I feel myself pretty much out of order. I rely on hearing from you daily." Sunday, 25th August.—*Culloden Papers*, pp. 210–213.]

of Fort Augustus, and rested for the evening. On the dawning of the next morning, he resumed his march, to dispute with Sir John Cope, whom all reports announced to be advancing, the passage of the rugged pass of Corryarrack. This mountain is ascended by a part of Marshal Wade's military road, which attains the summit by a long succession [seventeen] of zig-zags, or traverses, gaining slowly and gradually on the steep and rugged elevation on the south side, by which General Cope was supposed to be advancing. The succession of so many steep and oblique windings on the side of the hill, the other parts of which are in the highest degree impracticable, bears the appropriate name of the Devil's Staircase. The side of the mountain, save where intersected by this uncouth line of approach, is almost inaccessible, and the traverses are themselves intersected by deep mountain ravines and torrents, crossed by bridges which might be in a very short time broken down, and, being flanked with rocks and thickets, afford innumerable points of safe ambush to sharpshooters or enfilading parties. The Chevalier hastened to ascend the northern side, and possess himself of the top of the hill, which has all the effect of a natural fortress, every traverse serving for a trench. He displayed exulting hope and spirits, and while putting on a new pair of Highland brogues, said with high glee, "Before I throw these off, I shall fight with General Cope." He expected to meet the English general about one o'clock.

MacDonald of Lochgarry, with the Secretary Murray, were ordered to ascend the hill on the north side, and reconnoitre the position of the supposed enemy. But to their astonishment, when they reached the summit, instead of seeing the precipitous path filled with the numerous files of Cope's army in the act of ascent, they looked on silence and solitude. Not a man appeared on the numerous windings of the road, until at length they observed some people in the Highland garb, whom they at first took for Lord Loudon's Highlanders, who, as familiar with the roads and the country, it was natural to think might form the advanced guard of the English army. On a nearer approach, these men were discovered to be deserters from Cope's army, who brought the intelligence that that general had entirely altered his line of march, and, avoiding the expected contest, was in full march to Inverness.

The truth proved to be, that General Cope, when he approached within a day's march of the Chevalier and his little army, saw objections to his plan of seeking out the Adventurer and fighting him, which had not occurred to him while there was a greater distance between them. It could have required no great powers of anticipation to suppose, that the Highlanders would rally round their Prince in considerable numbers, impressed by the romantic character of his expedition; or to conjecture that, in so very rugged a country, an irregular army would take post in a defile. But General Cope had not imagined such a rapid assembling of

the mountaineers as had taken place, or a pass so formidable as the Devil's Staircase, on Corryarrack. This unlucky general, whose name became a sort of laughing-stock in Scotland, was not by any means a poltroon, as has been supposed; but he was one of those second-rate men, who are afraid of responsibility, and form their plan of a campaign more with reference to the vindication of their own character, than the success of their enterprise.[1] He laid his embarrassments before a council of war, the usual refuge of generals who find themselves unable to decide, of their own judgment, upon arduous points of difficulty. He had received exact information concerning the numbers and disposition of the enemy from Captain Sweetenham, an English officer, who was taken prisoner by the insurgents, while on his route to take the command of three companies lying at Fort William, and, having been present at the setting up of the standard, described the general huzzas and clouds of bonnets which were flung up on the occasion. The prisoner had been treated with much courtesy, and dismissed to carry the report that the rebels intended to give General Cope battle. Sir John Cope laid the intelligence before the council. He stated the unexpected numbers of the Highland insurgents, the strength of their position, the disap-

[1] ["Cope was one of those ordinary men who are fitter for any thing than the chief command in war, especially when opposed, as he was, to a new and uncommon enemy: and like every man of that character, extremely solicitous that nothing might be laid to his charge, he resolved to propose the most vigorous measures."—HOME.]

pointment which he had met with in not being joined, as he expected, by any of the well-affected inhabitants of the country, and he asked the advice of his officers.

It was now too late to enquire, whether the march into the Highlands was at all a prudent measure, unless the English general had possessed such a predominant force, as to be certain of crushing the rebellion at once; or whether the forming a camp at Stirling, and preventing the Chevalier from crossing the Forth, while, at the same time, troops were sent by sea to raise the northern clans who were friendly to Government, in the rear of the Adventurer's little army, might not have been a preferable scheme. The time for option was ended. General Cope had proposed, and the Government had sanctioned, the advance into the north, and the plan had been acted upon. Still it does not appear to have been necessary that Cope should have relinquished his purpose so meanly as was implied in the march, or rather flight, to Inverness, which so much dispirited his troops, and gave such enthusiastic courage to the insurgents. Indeed, no general in his senses would have attacked the defile of Corryarrack; but had Cope chosen to have encamped on the plain, about two miles to the south of Dalwhinnie, he could not have been forced to fight but on his own terms, with the full advantage of his artillery and his superior discipline, and Charles must have either given battle at a disadvantage, or suffered extremely by the want of money and provisions. Sir

John, in the mean time, might have drawn his supplies from Athole, and would have overawed that highly disaffected district, the inhabitants of which, relieved from his presence by his march to Inverness, immediately joined the rebels. The superiority of the Highland army in numbers was but trifling, and such as the discipline of regular troops had always been esteemed sufficient to compensate, although there is reason to think that it was greatly exaggerated to the English general. None of this reasoning seemed to influence the council of war; they gave it as their opinion that the troops should be drawn off to Inverness, instead of making a stand, or retiring to Stirling, although the option involved the certain risk of exposing the Low country to the insurgents.

Sir John Cope, having his motions thus sanctioned by the opinion of the council of war, advanced for a mile or two, on the morning of the 27th of August, in his original direction, till he reached the point where the road to Inverness leaves that which leads to Fort-Augustus, when the march was suddenly altered, and the route to Inverness adopted.

The exultation which filled the Highlanders on learning Cope's retreat was of a most exuberant description; but it was mingled with disappointment, like that of hunters whose prey has escaped them. There was an unanimous call to follow the retreating general with all despatch, and compel him to fight. Cope had, indeed, some hours the start; but, in a council of chiefs, it was proposed

to march five hundred picked men across the country, to throw themselves by rapid marches between Inverness and the English general's forces, and detain the regulars until the rest of the army came up in their rear. The advantages to be gained by an unopposed march into the Lowlands were, however, superior to what could be obtained by the pursuit, or even the defeat of Sir John Cope, and the latter plan was given up accordingly

An attempt was made, on the part of the Highlanders, to surprise or burn the barracks of Ruthven; but they were bravely defended by the little garrison, and the attempt proved unsuccessful. They therefore directed their march southward upon Garviemore.

In the mean time, the intrigues of Lord Lovat continued to agitate the north, while the Lord President Forbes endeavoured, by soliciting Government for arms, by distributing commissions for independent companies, of which twenty were intrusted to his disposal, and by supplying money from his private purse, to animate the clans who remained attached to Government, and to confirm those which were doubtful.

The old chief of the clan Fraser, apparently seconding all his measures, was, in fact, counteracting them as far as he could, and endeavouring, if not to turn the scale in favour of the young Adventurer, at least to preserve the parties in such a state of equality, that he himself might have a chance of determining the balance, when he could see on which side there was most to be gained.

He feared, however, the shrewd sense, steady loyalty, and upright character of the President, and regarded him with a singular mixture of internal fear and hatred, and external affected respect and observance. A jesuitical letter to Lochiel, in which Lovat alleges his fear of the President, whom he states to be playing at *cat and mouse* with him, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary picture of this extraordinary person's mind that can be exhibited.[1]

The line of conduct to be adopted by MacPherson of Cluny, whose numerous and hardy clan is situated chiefly in the district of Badenoch, was at this time a matter of great importance. This chief was a man of a bold and intrepid disposition, who had shown more respect for the laws of property, and more attention to prevent depredations, than any other chief in the Highlands, Lochiel perhaps excepted. He entered into extensive contracts with the Duke of Gordon, and many of the principal proprietors in countries exposed to the Highland caterans, agreeing for a moderate sum of yearly black-mail, to secure them against theft. This species of engagement was often undertaken by persons like Rob Roy, who prosecuted the trade of a freebooter, and was in the habit of stealing at least as many cattle as he was the means of recovering. But Cluny MacPherson pursued the plain and honourable system expressed in the letter of his contract, and by actually securing and bringing

[1] See Note, end of Chapter, p. 113.

to justice the malefactors who committed the depredations, he broke up the greater part of the numerous gangs of robbers in the shires of Inverness and Aberdeen. So much was this the case, that when a clergyman began a sermon on the heinous nature of the crime of theft, an old Highlander of the audience replied, that he might forbear treating of the subject, since Cluny, with his broadsword, had done more to check it than all the ministers in the Highlands could do by their sermons.

This gentleman had been named captain of an independent company, and therefore remained, in appearance, a friend of Government; but, in fact, he only watched an opportunity to return to the allegiance of James VIII., whom he accounted his lawful sovereign. In compliance with his father-in-law Lovat's mysterious politics. Cluny waited on Sir John Cope on the 27th of August, and received that general's orders to embody his clan. But on the next morning the chief of the MacPhersons was made prisoner in his own house, and carried off to the rebel camp. Whether he was entertained there as a captive, or as a secret friend, we have not now the means of knowing. He was conveyed along with the Highland army to Perth, seemingly by constraint.

On 28th August, the Prince bivouacked at Dalwhinnie, himself and his principal officers lying on the moor, with no other shelter than their plaids. On the 29th he reached Dalnacardoch, being thus enabled by the retreat of the English army to pos-

sess himself of the passes of the mountains between Badenoch and Athole, and to descend upon the latter country. On the 30th, Charles arrived at Blair in Athole, a castle belonging to the Duke of Athole, whose family, with his Grace's elder brother, Lord Tullibardine, and his uncle, Lord Nairne, were well disposed to the cause of the Prince, though his grace, who enjoyed the title, was favourable to Government. The families and clans of Stewarts of Athole, Robertsons, and others of less importance, were all inclined to support the insurgents, having never forgotten the fame which their ancestors had obtained in a like cause during the wars of Montrose. The name and authority of the Marquis of Tullibardine was well calculated to call these ready warriors to arms. He was, as we have said, the elder brother of the Duke who enjoyed the title, and had been forfeited for his share in the rebellion of 1715,—a merit in the eyes of most of the vassals of his family.

The Prince remained two days at Blair, where he was joined by Viscount Strathallan and his son; by Mr Oliphant of Gask and his son; and the Honourable Mr Murray, brother to the Earl of Dunmore, John Roy Stewart, a most excellent partisan officer, also joined the Prince (to whom he had devoted his service) at this place. He arrived from the continent, and brought several letters with him from persons of distinction abroad. They contained fair and flourishing promises of good wishes and services to be rendered, none of which civilities ever ripened into effectual assistance.

On the 3d of September, in the evening, the Highland army reached Perth, where it was joined by two persons of first-rate consequence; namely, the Duke of Perth, with two hundred men, whom he had collected while in hiding, in consequence of the warrant which was out for the purpose of arresting him, and the celebrated Lord George Murray, fifth brother of the Marquis of Tullibardine, already mentioned. Both these noblemen were created lieutenant-generals in the Prince's service.

It was at this time, and upon this occasion, that a sort of jealousy took place between these two great men, which had a sinister effect upon the future affairs of Charles Edward.

We have already given the character of the Duke of Perth, as he was called, a gentleman in the highest degree courtly, pleasing, and amiable, particularly calculated to be agreeable to a person educated abroad, like the Prince, and not likely to run the risk of displeasing him by rough admonition and blunt contradiction. All his habits and opinions had been formed in France, where he had spent the first twenty years of his life. He even spoke English with some marks of a foreigner, which he concealed under the use of the broad Scottish dialect. He was a man of the most undoubted courage, but had no peculiar military talent.[1]

[1] [James Drummond was the eldest son of James, Lord Drummond, and grandson of James, fourth Earl of Perth, who following King James the Second to France, was by him created Duke of Perth; by which title his descendants were commonly

Lord George Murray was a man of original and powerful character. He had been engaged with his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, in the affair of 1715, was also present at the battle of Glenshiel, in 1719, and had served for some time in the Sardinian army, then no bad school of war. He had at a later period been reconciled to the reigning family, by the interest of his brother, the actual Duke of Athole. It is said, he had even solicited a commission in the English army. It was, however, refused; and in 1745 he re-assumed his original sentiments, and joined Prince Charles Edward. Lord George Murray was in many respects an important acquisition. He was tall, hardy, and robust; and had that intuitive acquaintance with the art of war, which no course of tactics can teach. Being little instructed by early military education, he was unfettered by its formal rules; and perhaps in leading an army of Highlanders, themselves undisciplined, except from a sort of tact which seemed natural to them, he knew far better how to employ and trust their native energies than a tactician accustomed to regular troops would have ventured

styled in Scotland. The gentleman referred to in the text was educated at the Scots college of Douay, afterwards at Paris, where he became a skilful mathematician, and drew with the accuracy of a master. He afterwards returned to Scotland, and resided upon his estate there, until the arrival of the young Pretender induced him to quit his retirement and share the fortunes of the Stewarts, after the destruction of whose hopes at Culloden, he escaped to the coast, embarked for France, but worn out with fatigue and anxiety, died on his passage in his 33d year, 11th May, 1746.—LOCKHART *Papers*, vol. ii. p. 444; WOOD'S *Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 365.]

to attempt. He was, moreover, undauntedly brave, and in the habit of fighting sword-in-hand in the front of the battle; he slept little, meditated much, and was the only person in the Highland army who seemed to study the movements of the campaign. The chiefs only led their men to the attack in the field, and the French and Irish officers had been so indifferently selected, that their military knowledge did not exceed the skill necessary to relieve a guard; and only one or two had served in a rank above that of captain. Over such men Lord George Murray had great superiority. He had, however, his failings, and they were chiefly those of temper and manners. He was proud of his superior talents, impatient of contradiction, and haughty and blunt in expressing his opinions.

It happened also not unfrequently, that the Prince himself and his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, both extremely ignorant of the British constitution and habits of thinking, suffered sentiments of arbitrary power to escape them, as impolitic as they were ungracious. In checking and repelling such opinions, Lord George Murray did a most valuable service to his master; but the manner in which he performed a task necessarily unpleasing was often rude and assuming, and with the best intentions he gave offence, which was not the less sensibly felt by the Prince, that his situation obliged him to suppress all outward indication of his displeasure.

From this peculiarity of Lord George Murray's temper, there was early formed in the Prince's council a party who set up the Duke of Perth in

opposition to him; although the gentle, honourable, and candid temper of the Duke mitigated the animosity of the internal faction. John Murray, the secretary, who having been the early agent of Prince Charles's party, possessed a great share of his master's confidence, was supposed to have been chiefly desirous of setting the claims of the Duke of Perth in opposition to those of Lord George Murray, as he considered the former a person over whom his own ambitious and active disposition might preserve an influence, which he could not hope to gain over the haughty and confident temper of the latter nobleman. Mr Murray is supposed chiefly to have insisted upon Lord George's having taken the oaths to Government, and having been willing to serve the House of Hanover. By these insinuations he impressed on the Prince a shade of suspicion towards the general, who was the most capable of directing the movements of his army, which was never entirely eradicated from his mind, even while he most felt the value of Lord George Murray's services. Charles's high idea of the devotion due to his rights by his subjects, rendered him jealous of the fidelity of a follower, who had not at all times been a pure royalist, or who had shown any inclination, however transitory, to make his own peace by a compromise with the reigning family. The disunion arising from these intrigues had an existence even at Perth, in the very commencement of their enterprise, and continued till the very end of the affair to vex and perplex the councils of the insurgents.

On his arrival at Perth also, the Chevalier first found the want of money, which has been well called the sinews of war. When he entered that town, he showed one of his followers that his purse contained only a single guinea of the four hundred pounds which he had brought with him in the Doutelle. But Dundee, Montrose, and all the Lowland towns north of the Tay, as far as Inverness, were now at his command. He proceeded to levy the cess and public revenue in name of his father; and as such of his adherents, who were too old or timid to join the standard, sent in contributions of money according to their ability, his military chest was by these resources tolerably supplied.[1] Parties were sent for this purpose to Dundee, Aberbrothwick, Montrose, and other towns. They proclaimed King James VIII., but committed little violence except opening the prisons;[2] and it is remarkable, that

[1] ["In the march from Glenfinnan to Perth, Charles gave the chiefs what money they thought was necessary to subsist their men. During their abode at Perth, besides the public money which they levied, it is said that several persons, who afterwards joined them at Edinburgh, came to Perth to visit Charles, and furnish him with some money, which made his purse hold out till the rebel army took possession of Edinburgh; and after their arrival there, they had regular pay."—HOME.]

[2] ["After our arrival at Perth," says the Journalist, "the army was reviewed, and Clanranald, with 150 men, were sent to second Keppoch's enterprise at Dundee, who by wrong information had been told by some gentlemen from that town that he could not effectuat any thing there without a greater force. We sett out from Perth about midnigbt, and marched so quick that we reached Dundee by daybreak. Being masters of the town, we seized two vessells with arms and ammunition, which we sent further up the river Tay towards Perth; we likewise took up some public money here, liberated some prisoners, and proclaim-

even in my own time, a chieftain of high rank had to pay a large sum of money on account of his ancestors having set at liberty a prisoner who was detained for a considerable amount of debt.

It was no less necessary to brigade the men assembled under this adventurous standard. This was, however, easily done, for the Highlanders were familar with a species of manœuvring exactly suited to their own irregular tactics. They marched in a column of three abreast, and could wheel up with prompt regularity, in order to form the line, or rather succession of clan columns, in which it was their fashion to charge. They were accustomed also to carry their arms with habitual ease, and handle them with ready promptitude; to fire with a precise aim, and to charge with vigour, trusting to their national weapons, the broadsword and target, with which the first rank of every clan, being generally gentlemen, was completely armed. They were, therefore, as well prepared for the day of battle as could be expected from them; and as there was no time to instruct them in more refined manœuvres, Lord George Murray judiciously recommended to the Prince to trust to those which seemed naturally their own. Some modelling and discipline was, however, resorted to, so far as the short interval would permit.

The time which Charles Edward could allot to

ed the P. R—g—t."—LOCKHART *Papers*, vol. ii. p. 486. The two vessels must have heen poorly laden if they ever did reach Perth, as the insurgents continued only half-armed, till after the battle of Preston.]

supply his finances, arrange the campaign, and discipline his army, was only from the 4th to the 11th of September; for he had already adopted the daring resolution to give eclat to his arms, by taking possession of the Scottish capital, and was eager to advance upon it ere Sir John Cope could with his forces return from the north for its defence.

LETTER FROM LORD LOVAT TO THE LAIRD OF LOCHIEL.

[This letter is expressed with so much display of character, as might excite a suspicion that it is an imitation of what Lovat might be supposed to think on the occasion, rather than a genuine document. I have seen the original, however, and compared it with Lovat's undoubted handwriting, and it bears no other difference than an appearance of compression and tremulousness natural at his advanced age.]

"FOR
"THE LAIRD OF LOCHIEL.
"THESE,

"*Sept.* 1745.

"DEAR LOCHIEL,

"I FEAR you have been our rash in going out ere affairs were ripe. You are in a dangerous state. The Elector's General Cope is in your rear hanging at y^r^ tail w^h^ 3000 men,—such as have not been seen heir since Dundee's affair,—and we have no force to meet him. If the Macphersons w^d^ take the field, I w^d^ bring out my lads to help the work, and 'twixt the twa we might cause Cope keep his Xmas heir; hot only Cluny is earnest in the cause, and my Lord Advocat plays at cat-and-mouse w^h^ me; hut times may change, and I may bring him to the Saint Johnstoun's tippet. Meantime look to yrselves, for ye may expect many a sour face and sharp weapon in the south. I'll aid you what I can, hut my prayers are all I can give at present. My service to the Prince, hut I wish he had not come heir soe empty-handed; siller w^d^ go far in the Highlands. I send y^s^ he Ewan Ffraser, w^m^ I have charged to give it to y^r^ self, for, were Duncan to find it, it w^d^ be my head to an onion.

"Farewell,
"Y^r^ faithfull friend,
"LOVAT."

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Preparations for Defending Edinburgh against Prince Charles, who Marches from Perth—Confusion occasioned by his Approach to Edinburgh—Pusillanimity of the Volunteers—Flight of two Regiments of Dragoons by which the City was Covered—Consternation of the Citizens—Negotiations between the Magistrates and the Prince—The City Captured by a Party under Lochiel—Prince Charles takes possession of the Palace of Holyrood—Appearance of his Army—he is Joined by the Jacobites of the Lothians.

[1745.]

Edinburgh had long been a peaceful capital; little accustomed to the din of arms, and considerably divided by factions, as was the case of other towns in Scotland. The rumours from the Highlands had sounded like distant thunder during a serene day, for no one seemed disposed to give credit to the danger as seriously approaching. The unexpected intelligence, that General Cope had marched to Inverness, and left the metropolis in a great measure to its own resources, excited a very different and more deep sensation, which actuated the inhabitants variously, according to their political sentiments. The Jacobites, who were in considerable numbers, hid their swelling hopes under the cover of ridicule and irony, with which they

laboured to interrupt every plan which was adopted for the defence of the town. The truth was, that in a military point of view there was no town, not absolutely defenceless, which was worse protected than Edinburgh. The spacious squares and streets of the New Town had then, and for a long time after, no existence, the city being strictly limited to its original boundaries, established as early as the fourteenth or fifteenth century. It had defences, but they were of a singularly antique and insufficient character. A high and solid wall enclosed the city from the West Port to the Potterrow Port. It was embattled, but the parapet was too narrow for mounting cannon, and, except upon one or two points, the wall neither exhibited redoubt, turret, or re-entering angle, from which the curtain or defensive line might be flanked or defended. It was merely an ordinary park-wall of uncommon height and strength, of which you may satisfy yourself by looking at such of its ruins as still remain. The wall ran eastward to what is called the South Back of the Canongate, and then, turning northward, ascended the ridge on which the town is built, forming the one side of a suburb called Saint Mary's Wynd, where it was covered by houses built upon it from time to time, besides being within a few feet of the other side of the wynd, which is narrow, and immediately in its front. In this imperfect state the defence reached the Netherbow Port, which divided the city from the Canongate. From this point the wall ran down Leith Wynd, and terminated at the hospital

called Paul's Work, connecting itself on that point with the North, or Nor' Loch, so called because it was on the northern side of the city, and its sole defence on that quarter.

The nature of the defensive protections must, from this sketch, be judged extremely imperfect; and the quality of the troops by which resistance must have been made good, if it should be seriously thought upon, was scarce better suited to the task. The town's people, indeed, such as were able to bear arms, were embodied under the name of Trained Bands, and had firelocks belonging to them, which were kept in the town's magazines. They amounted nominally to sixteen companies, of various strength, running between eighty and a hundred men each. This would have been a formidable force, had their discipline and good-will corresponded to their numbers. But, for many years, the officers of the Trained Bands had practised no other martial discipline, than was implied in a particular mode of flourishing their wine-glasses on festive occasions; and it was well understood that, if these militia were called on, a number of them were likely enough to declare for Prince Charles, and a much larger proportion would be unwilling to put their persons and property in danger, for either the one or the other side of the cause.[1] The only part of the civic de-

[1] ["The Trained Bands of Edinburgh appear to have been first established A. D. 1626. At that time, the Town Council, upon a narrative of the foreign wars then subsisting, and other circumstances, which however do not appear to have been their

fenders of Edinburgh who could at all be trusted, was the small body of foot called the City-guard, whom we have already seen make some figure in the affair of Porteous. The two regiments of dragoons, which General Cope had left behind him for the protection of the Lowlands, were the only regular troops.

Yet, though thus poorly provided for defence, there was a natural reluctance on the part of the citizens of Edinburgh, who were in general friendly to Government, to yield up their ancient metropolis to a few hundred wild insurgents from the Highlands, without even an effort at defence. So early as the 27th of August, when it was known in the capital that the regular troops had marched to Inverness, and that the Highlanders were directing their march on the Lowlands, a meeting of

real motives, resolved that the citizens should he mustered and divided into eight companies of 200 men each. In the year 1645, it was resolved, that the citizens should he mustered in sixteen companies, and to that effect the city was divided into as many departments. [See MAITLAND, folio, 285, 286]. These are still the boundaries according to which the present companies of trained hands are mustered. Each of the sixteen companies consists of 100 men. The Lord Provost of Edinhurgh is their Colonel; but their Commanding Officer in Ordinary is known hy the title of *Captain Commandant*. Under him there are a Lieutenant-colonel and Major, and in each company a Captain, Lieutenant, and Ensign. In the late rebellion, the arms provided for the trained hands, and kept in the city armoury, were carried off. They have never been restored nor replaced. The trained hands are now neither possessed of arms, nor instructed in military discipline; nor do they serve any purpose, hut to display a parade upon puhlic processions of the citizens (1788.)"—ARNOT, p. 504.]

the friends of Government was held, at which it was resolved that the city should be put in a state of defence, its fortifications repaired or improved, as well as time would permit, and a regiment of a thousand men raised by general subscription among the inhabitants. This spirit of resistance was considerably increased by the arrival of Captain Rogers, aid-de-camp to General Cope, who came from Inverness by sea, with directions that a number of transports, lying then at Leith, should be despatched, without loss of time, for Aberdeen. He announced that General Cope was to march his troops from Inverness to Aberdeen, and embark them at the latter seaport, by the means which he was now providing for that purpose. The General, he stated, would with his army thus return to Lothian by sea, in time, as he hoped, for the safety of the city.

These tidings highly excited the zeal of those who had thus voted for defending the capital. As the regiment which had been voted could not be levied without the express warrant of Government, several citizens, to the number of an hundred, petitioned to be permitted to enrol themselves as volunteers for the defence of the city.[1] Their num-

[1] [" Accounts of the rebels having entered Athol came to Edinburgh on the 31st of August, in the evening. At six the drums beat to arms, and Hamilton's dragoons encamped that night in St Ann's Yards. The Town-council likewise met, and ordered the keys of the gates to be lodged every night with the captain of the guard, sentries to be placed at each, and a second augmentation of the city guard to be made. Next night, and every night since, a company of the trained bands mounted guard : arms were

bers soon increased. At length, on the 11th September, six companies were appointed, and officers named to them. In the mean time, fortifications were added to the walls, under the scientific direction of the celebrated M'Laurin, professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. The volunteers were taught with all possible speed the most necessary parts of military discipline; cannon were also mounted on the walls, chiefly obtained from the shipping at Leith. The whole city rung with the din of preparation; and much seemed to depend on the event of a struggle for time. The party which was uppermost for the moment, expressed their eager wishes and hopes for General Cope's arrival from Aberdeen; while those who hoped soon to change positions with them, whispered to each other in secret their hopes that the English general would be anticipated by the arrival of the Highland army.

In the mean time, Charles Edward, having stopped at Perth only long enough to collect some money, refresh and regulate his army, and receive a few supplies of men, proceeded on his venturous march on the 11th September. His manifestoes, in his father's name and his own, had already announced his purpose of remedying all the grievances of which the nation could complain. Among

sent from the city magazine at Leith to arm the inhabitants. The city walls were ordered to be repaired, cannon to be placed on them, and a ditch to be thrown up from the north side of the castle to the North Loch. To hasten these fortifications, the workmen were busied even on Sunday; a thing, thank God, very uncommon in this country."—*Scots Magazine*, Aug. 1745.]

these the dissolution of the Union was proposed as a principal object of reformation. It certainly continued to be felt as a grievance by many of the country gentlemen in Scotland, whose importance it had greatly diminished; but the commercial part of the nation had begun to be sensible of its advantages, and were not greatly captivated by the proposed dissolution of the national treaty, which had so much enlarged their sources of foreign traffic. Another proclamation was issued, in answer to one which had set the price of L.30,000 upon the Adventurer's head. He should reply to this, he said, by a similar announcement, but in confidence that no adherent of his would ever think of doing any thing to merit such a reward. Accordingly, he published a reward for the Elector of Hanover's person. Charles's original idea was to limit the sum offered to L.30, but it was ultimately extended to the same amount which had been placed upon his own.

On the evening of the 11th, the Chevalier reached Dunblane with the vanguard of his army, or rather detachments of the best men of every clan.[1] It was found very difficult to remove the others from the good quarters and provisions of Perth, which were superior to what they had to expect on

[1] ["The house in which the Prince lodged at Dunblane was that of Alexander M'Gregor, Esq. of Balhaldies; to whom, by Charles's father, letters patent had been issued, on the 14th of March, 1740, creating him a knight and baronet of Scotland. The room in which Prince Charles held his levees in Dunblane is still shown, and the bed he slept in preserved by the family of Balhaldies.—*Editor's Note*, NIMMO's *Stirlingshire*, pp. 545, 546.

a march. The fords of Frew, situated on the Forth about eight miles above Stirling, which the Earl of Mar, with a much more numerous army, of Highlanders, had in vain attempted to cross, formed no obstacle to the advance of their present more adventurous leader.[1] The great drought, which prevailed that year, and which in Scotland is generally most severe towards the end of autumn, made it easy to cross the river. Gardiner's regiment of dragoons, which had been left at Stirling, offered no opposition to the enemy, but retreated to Linlithgow, to interpose betwixt the Highlanders and Edinburgh,—a retrograde movement, which had a visible effect on the spirits of the soldiers.[2]

[1] ["The following anecdote is given, on the authority of the Rev. Dr Murray, minister of the parish in which the fords of Frew are situated. 'When the Prince had reached Doune, he was hospitahly entertained hy the family of Newton. The ynung ladies, sisters of the late classic Colonel Edmondstone, performed the office of servants, as we say in Scotland, '*Wi' heart and guid-will.*' Their relatives, Edmondstones of Camhuswallace, were present on this interesting occasion; and when Charles, ahout to depart, had graciously held out his hand, and the rest of the ladies respectfully kissed it, Miss Rohina Edmondstone of Cambuswallace, anxious, as it would seem, to have a more special mark of what she accounted royal favour, solicited that she might have the honour to '*pree his Royal Highness's moo.*' Deeming it a reasonahle request, the gallant Adventurer took her kindly in his arms, and kissed her from ear to ear, to the envy, no douht, and mortification of those coyer friends who had contented themselves with a more moderate share of princely grace."—NIMMO, p. 564.]

[2] [Charles marched from Dunblane to Doune on the 12th Septemher. He crossed the Forth on the 13th, and rested that night at Leckie house, in Stirlingshire. Next morning the army moved eastward on their march toward Edinhurgh. As they

In the mean time, the confusion in the capital was greatly increased by the near approach of the insurgent army. The volunteers had at no time amounted to more than about four hundred men, a small proportion of the population of the city, sufficiently indicating that the far greater majority of the inhabitants were lukewarm, and probably a great many positively disaffected to the cause of Government. Of those also who had taken arms, many had done so merely to show a zeal for the cause, which they never expected would be brought to a serious test; others had wives and families, houses and occupations, which they were, when it came to the push, loath to put in hazard for any political consideration. The citizens also entertained a high idea of the desperate courage of the Highlanders, and a dreadful presentiment of the outrages which a people so wild were likely to commit, if they should succeed, which appeared likely, in forcing their way into the town. Still, however, there were many young students, and others at that period of life when honour is more esteemed than life, who were willing, and even eager, to prosecute their intentions of resistance and defence.

passed within a mile of the castle of Stirling, one or two cannon shot were fired at the standard, or, as it is said, at Charles, conspicuous by the crowd that attended him, but none of the shot took effect. He stopped that day at Bannockburn house (afterwards his headquarters in January 1746), whither he and his nobles had been invited by Sir Hugh Paterson. On the night of the 15th, Charles slept at Callander house, and left Stirlingshire on the 16th by Linlithgow bridge.—NIMMO, p. 546; HOME, vol. iii. p. 45.]

The corps of volunteers, being summoned together, were informed that Gardiner's dragoons, having continued to retreat before the enemy, were now at Corstorphine, a village within three miles of the city; and that the van of the rebels had reached Kirkliston, a little town about seven or eight miles farther to the west.[1] In these critical circumstances, General Guest, lieutenant-governor of the castle of Edinburgh, submitted to the corps of volunteers, that instead of waiting to be attacked within a town, which their numbers were inadequate to defend, they should second an offensive movement which he designed to make in front of the city, in order to protect it, by an instant battle. For this purpose he proposed that the second regiment of dragoons, called Hamilton's, should march from Leith, where they were encamped, and form a junction with Gardiner's at Corstorphine; and that they should be supported by the volunteer corps of four hundred men. The Provost, having

[1] ["On Sunday the 15th," says Home, "a detachment of 1000 Highlanders marched from Falkirk about two o'clock in the morning, under the command of Lord George Murray, with a design to surprise Colonel Gardiner's regiment of dragoons at Linlithgow, which is but eight miles (east) from Falkirk. The Highlanders reached Linlithgow before break of day, but the dragoons were gone, having decamped the evening before. Lord George Murray with his detachment, halted at Linlithgow till Charles with the rest of his men came up. Then the whole army took the road to Edinburgh, which is only sixteen miles from Linlithgow. A messenger was despatched to Edinburgh to give notice of the approach of the rebels, who, concluding that the Highlanders were at his heels, reported that the van of the rebels had got as far as Kirkliston, a village eight miles from Edinburgh."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 46.]

agreed to this proposal, offered, after some hesitation, that ninety of the City-guard, whom he reckoned the best troops at his disposal, should march out with the armed citizens. Mr Drummond, an active officer of the volunteers, and who displayed more than usual zeal, harangued the armed association. The most spirited shouted with sincere applause, and by far the greater part followed their example. Out of the whole volunteers, about two hundred and fifty were understood to pledge themselves to the execution of the proposed movement in advance of the city. The sound of the fire-bell was appointed as the signal for the volunteers to muster in the Lawnmarket. In the mean time, orders were sent to Hamilton's dragoons to march through the city on their way to Corstorphine. The parade and display of these disciplined troops would, it was thought, add spirit to the raw soldiers.

The following day was Sunday, the 15th of September. The fire-bell, an ominous and ill-chosen signal, tolled for assembling the volunteers, and so alarming a sound, during the time of divine service, dispersed those assembled for worship, and brought out a large crowd of the inhabitants to the street. The dragoon regiment appeared, equipped for battle. They huzza'd and clashed their swords at sight of the volunteers, their companions in peril, of which neither party were destined that day to see much. But other sounds expelled these warlike greetings from the ears of the civic soldiers. The relatives of the volunteers crowded around

them, weeping, protesting, and conjuring them not to expose lives so invaluable to their families to the broadswords of the savage Highlanders.[1] There is nothing of which men, in general, are more easily persuaded, than of the extreme value of their own lives; nor are they apt to estimate them more lightly, when they see they are highly prized by others. A sudden change of opinion took place among the body. In some companies, the men said that their officers would not lead them on; in others, the officers said that the privates would not follow them. An attempt to march the corps towards the West Port, which was their destined route for the field of battle, failed. The regiment moved, indeed, but the files grew gradually thinner and thinner as they marched down the Bow[2] and through the Grassmarket, and not above forty-five

[1] ["Many of the Edinburgh corps were moreover *Oneyers* and *Moneyers*, as Falstaff says, men whose words upon 'Change would go much farther than their blows in battle. Most had shops to be plundered, houses to be burned, children to be brained with Lochaber axes, and wives, daughters, and favourite handmaidens to be treated according to the rules of war."—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *ante*, vol. xix. p. 291.]

[2] ["The descent of *the Bow* presented localities and facilities equally convenient for desertion; and the pamphleteer, whom we have already quoted, assures us that a friend of his, who had made a poetical description of the march of the volunteers from the Lawn Market to the West Port, when they went out, or, more properly, seemed to be about to go out, to meet the ruthless rebels, had invented a very magnificent simile to illustrate his subject. He compared it to the course of the Rhine, which rolling pompously its waves through fertile fields, instead of augmenting in its course, is continually drawn off by a thousand canals, and at last becomes a small rivulet, which loses itself in the sands before it reaches the ocean."—*Ibid.*]

reached the West Port. A hundred more were collected with some difficulty, but it seems to have been under a tacit condition, that the march to Corstorphine should be abandoned; for out of the city not one of them issued.[1] The volunteers were led back to their alarm post, and dismissed for the evening, when a few of the most zealous left the town, the defence of which began no longer to be expected, and sought other fields in which to exercise their valour.

In the mean time, their less warlike comrades were doomed to hear of the near approach of the Highland clans. On the morning of Monday, a person named Alves, who pretended to have approached the rebel army by accident, but who was, perhaps, in reality, a favourer of their cause, brought word that he had seen the Duke of Perth, to whom he was personally known, and had received a message to the citizens of Edinburgh, informing them, that if they opened their gates, the town should be favourably treated, but if they attempted resistance, they might lay their account

[1] [" We remember an instance of a stout Whig and a very worthy man, a writing-master by occupation, who had ensconced his bosom beneath a professional cuirass, consisting of two quires of long foolscap writing paper; and doubtful that even this defence might be unable to protect his valiant heart from the claymores, amongst which its impulses might carry him, had written on the outside, in his best flourish, 'This is the body of J—— M——; pray give it Christian burial.' Even this hero, prepared as one practised how to die, could not find it in his heart to accompany the devoted battalion farther than the door of his own house, which stood conveniently open about the head of *the Lawn Market.*"—SCOTT, *ante*, vol. xix. p. 293.]

with military execution ; " and he concluded," said Alves, " by addressing a young man by the title of Royal Highness, and desiring to know if such was not his pleasure." This message, which was publicly delivered, struck additional terror into the inhabitants, who petitioned the Provost to call a general meeting of the citizens, the only purpose of which must have increased the confusion in their councils. Provost Stewart refused to convoke such a meeting. The town was still covered by two regiments of dragoons. Colonel Gardiner, celebrated for his private worth, his bravery, and his devotional character, was now in command of Hamilton's regiment, as well as his own, when he was suddenly superseded by General Fowkes, who had been sent from London by sea, and arrived on the night of the 15th of September.

Early the next morning, the new general drew up the dragoons near the north end of the Colt Bridge, which crosses the Water of Leith, about two miles from Corstorphine, from which last village the Highlanders were now advancing. On their van coming in sight of the regulars, a few of the mounted gentlemen who had joined the insurgents were despatched to reconnoitre. As this party rode up, and fired their pistols at the dragoons, after the usual manner of skirmishers, a humiliating spectacle ensued. The soldiers, without returning a shot, fell into such disorder, that their officers were compelled to move them from the ground, with the purpose of restoring their ranks. But no sooner did the two regiments find

themselves in retreat, than it became impossible to halt or form them. Their panic increased their speed from a trot to a gallop, and the farther they got even from the very appearance of danger, the more excessive seemed to be their terror. Galloping in the greatest confusion round the base of the Castle, by what were called the Lang Dykes, they pursued their disorderly course along the fields where the New Town is now built, in full view of the city and its inhabitants, whose fears were reasonably enough raised to extremity, at seeing the shameful flight of the regular soldiers, whose business it was to fight—a poor example to those who were only to take up the deadly trade as amateurs. Even at Leith, to which, as they had last encamped there, they returned by a kind of instinct, those recreant horsemen could only be halted for a few minutes. Ere their minds had recovered from their perturbation, some one raised a cry that the Highlanders were at hand; and the retreat was renewed. They halted a second time near Prestonpans, but, receiving a third alarm from one of their own men falling into a waste coal-pit, the race was again resumed in the darkness of the night, and the dragoons only stopped at Dunbar, North Berwick, and other towns on the coast; none of them, at the same time, able to render a reason why they fled, or to tell by whom they were pursued.[1]

In Edinburgh the citizens were driven to a kind of desperation of terror. Crowds gathered on the

[1] [See a lively description of this flight, *ante*, vol. xix. pp. 294, 295.]

streets and surrounded the Provost, entreating him to give up all thoughts of defending the town, which would have been indeed an impossibility after the scandalous retreat of the dragoons. Whatever the Provost might think of the condition of the city, he maintained a good countenance; and convoking a meeting of the magistracy, sent for the Justice-Clerk, the Lord Advocate, and Solicitor-General, to come and partake their councils. But these functionaries had wisely left the city when the danger of its falling into the hands of the rebels became so very imminent. In the mean time, other citizens, uninvited, intruded themselves into the place where the council was held, which speedily assumed the appearance of a disorderly crowd, most part of whom were clamorous for surrender. Many of the loudest were Jacobites, who took that mode of serving the Prince's cause.

While the council was in this state of confusion, a letter, subscribed Charles Stewart, P. R., was handed into the meeting, but the Provost would not permit it to be read, which gave rise to a furious debate. The volunteers, in the mean time, were drawn up on the street, amid the same clamour and consternation which filled the council. They received no orders from the Provost, nor from any one else. At this juncture, a man, who was never since discovered, mounted on a grey horse, rode along the front of their line, calling out, to the great augmentation of the general alarm, that the Highlanders were just at hand, and were sixteen thousand strong! The unlucky volunteers,

disheartened, and in a great measure deserted, resolved at length to disembody themselves, and to return their arms to the King's magazine in the Castle. The muskets were received there accordingly, and the volunteers might be considered as disbanded as well as disarmed. If some wept at parting with their arms, we believe the greater part were glad to be fairly rid of the encumbrance.

In the interim the letter with the alarming signature was at length read in the council, and was found to contain a summons to surrender the city, under a promise of safety to the immunities of the corporation, and the property of individuals. The conclusion declared, that the Prince would not be responsible for the consequences if he were reduced to enter the city by force, and that such of the inhabitants as he found in arms against him must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.

The perusal of this letter increased the cry against resistance, which, indeed, the flight of the dragoons, and dispersion of the volunteers, rendered altogether impossible, the armed force being reduced to the City-guard, and a few recruits of the newly-raised Edinburgh regiment. It was at length agreed on, by general consent, to send a deputation of the council to wait on the young Prince at Gray's Mill, within two miles of the city; they were instructed to require a suspension of hostilities until they should have time to deliberate on the letter which had been forwarded to them.

The deputation had not long set forth on its destination, when one of those turns of fortune

which so unexpectedly threaten to derange the most profound calculations of human prudence, induced many of the citizens to wish that the step of communicating with the rebels had been delayed. Intelligence arrived, acquainting the magistrates and council, that Sir John Cope's army had arrived in the transports from Aberdeen, and that the fleet was seen off Dunbar, where the General intended to land his troops, and move instantly to the relief of Edinburgh. A messenger was sent to recall the deputation, but he proved unable to overtake them. General Guest was resorted to with various proposals. He was asked to recall the dragoons; but replied, he considered it better for the service that they should join General Cope. The more zealous citizens then requested a new issue of arms to the volunteers; but General Guest seems to have been unwilling to place them again in irresolute hands; he said the magistrates might arm those whom they could trust from the city's magazine. Still, as it appeared that a day's time gained might save the city, there were proposals to resume the purpose of defence, at least for the time which Cope's march from Dunbar was likely to occupy. It was therefore proposed to beat to arms, ring the fire-bell, and reassemble the volunteers, schemes which were abandoned as soon as moved, for it was remembered that the deputation of the magistrates and counsellors were in the power of the Highlandmen, who, on the sound of an alarm in the town, were likely enough to hang them without ceremony.

About ten o'clock at night the deputation returned, with an answer to the same purpose with the previous summons, demanding, at the same time, a positive reply before two in the morning. The deliberations of the magistrates were farther embroiled by this peremptory demand of instant surrender, which made them aware that the insurgents were as sensible as they could be of the value of hours and minutes in a discussion so critical. They could think of nothing better than to send out a second deputation to Gray's Mill, with instructions to entreat for farther time.[1] It is important to state, that this party went to the Highland headquarters in a hackney-coach. The Prince refused to see them, and dismissed them without an answer.

In the mean time, the Chevalier and his counsellors agitated several plans for carrying the city by a sudden surprise. There was more than one point which gave facilities for such a *coup-de-main*.

[1] ["When the letter (brought by the first deputation of the council) was read, Provost Stewart said, there was one condition in it which he would die rather than submit to, which was, receiving the son of the Pretender as Prince Regent, for he was bound by oath to another master. After long deliberation, it was determined to send out deputies once more, to beg a suspension of hostilities till nine o'clock in the morning, that the magistrates might have an opportunity of conversing with the citizens, most of whom were gone to bed. The deputies were also instructed to require an explanation of what was meant by receiving Charles as Prince Regent. About two in the morning they set out in a hackney coach for Gray's Mill; there they prevailed upon Lord George Murray to second their application for a delay, but Charles refused to grant it; and the deputies were ordered in his name to get them gone."—HOME, vol. iii. p. 66.]

A house belonging to a gentleman of the name of Nicolson stood on the outside of the town-wall, only a few feet distant from it, and very near the Potterrow Port. It was proposed to take possession of this house, and, after clearing the wall by a fire of musketry from the upper windows, either to attempt an escalade, or to run a mine under the fortification. At the same time, the position of the hospital called Paul's Work was favourably situated to cover an attack on the main sluice of the North Loch. The College Church gave ready means of gaining the hospital; and an alarm on the northern termination of the wall would have afforded a point of diversion, while the main attack might be made by means of the row of houses in St Mary's Wynd, composing the western side of that lane, and actually built upon, and forming part of the wall, which in that place was merely a range of buildings. Such were the points of assault which might be stormed simultaneously, and with the greater prospect of success, that their defenders were deficient both in numbers and courage.

With these and similar views, the Chevalier ordered Lochiel to get his men under arms, so as to be ready, if the magistrates did not surrender at the appointed hour of two in the morning, to make an attack on either of the points we have mentioned, or take any other opportunity that might occur of entering the city; Mr Murray of Broughton, who was familiar with all the localities of Edinburgh, acting as a guide to the Camerons. The party amounted to about nine hundred men.

The strictest caution was recommended to them in marching, and they were enjoined to rigid abstinence from spirituous liquors. At the same time, each man was promised a reward of two shillings, if the enterprise was successful. Colonel O'Sullivan was with the party as quarter-master. The detachment marched round by Merchiston and Hope's Park, without being observed from the Castle, though they could hear the watches call the rounds within that fortress. Approaching the Netherbow Port, Lochiel and Murray reconnoitred the city-wall more closely, and found it planted with cannon, but without sentinels. They could, therefore, have forced an entrance by any of the houses in St Mary's Wynd; but having strict orders to observe the utmost caution, Lochiel hesitated to resort to actual violence till they should have final commands to do so. In the mean time, Lochiel sent forward one of his people, disguised in a riding coat and hunting cap, with orders to request admission by the Netherbow Port. This man was to personate the servant of an English officer of dragoons, and in that character to call for admittance. An advanced guard of twenty Camerons were ordered to place themselves on each side of the gate; a support of sixty men were stationed in deep silence in St Mary's Wynd; and the rest of the detachment remained at some distance, near the foot of the lane. It was Lochiel's purpose that the gate, if opened, should have been instantly secured by the forlorn-hope of his party. The watch, however (for there were sentinels at the

gate, though none on the city-wall), refused to open the gate, threatened to fire on the man who desired admittance, and thus compelled him to withdraw.

It was now proposed by Murray, that as the morning was beginning to break, the detachment should retire to the craggy ground called Saint Leonard's hill, where they would be secure from the cannon of the Castle, and there await for further orders. Just when the detachment was about to retreat, an accident happened which gratified them with an unexpected opportunity of entrance.

I have told you of a second deputation sent out by the magistrates, to entreat from the Chevalier additional time to deliberate upon his summons, which he refused to grant, declining even to see the messengers. These deputies returned into the city long after midnight, in the hackney-coach which had carried them to the rebel camp. They entered at the West Port, and left the coach after they had ascended the Bow and reached the High Street. The hackney-coachman, who had his own residence and his stables in the Canongate, was desirous to return to that suburb through the Netherbow Port, which then closed the head of the Canongate. The man was known to the waiters, or porters, as having been that night engaged in the service of the magistrates, and, as a matter of course, they opened the gate to let him go home. The leaves of the gate had no sooner unfolded themselves, than the Camerons rushed in, and secured and disarmed the few watchmen. With the

same ease they seized on the city guard-house, disarming such soldiers as they found there.

Colonel O'Sullivan despatched parties to the other military posts and gates about the city, two of which were occupied with the same ease, and without a drop of blood being spilt. The Camerons, in the dawn of morning, were marched up to the Cross, when the Castle, now alarmed with the news of what had happened, fired a shot or two expressive of defiance. These warlike sounds waked such of the citizens of Edinburgh as the tumult of the Highlanders' entrance had not yet roused, and many with deep anxiety, and others with internal exultation, found that the capital was in the hands of the insurgents.

Much noisy wonder was expressed at the tame surrender of the metropolis of Scotland to the rebels; and, as if it had been necessary to find a scapegoat to bear the disgrace and blame of the transaction, a great proportion of both was imputed to the Lord Provost Stewart, who, after a long and severe imprisonment, was brought to trial for high treason, and although he was honourably acquitted, his name was often afterwards mentioned in a manner as if his judicial acquittal had not been sanctioned by the public voice. There is no room to enquire of what cast were Provost Stewart's general politics, or how far, even from the mere circumstance of namesake, he was to be accounted a Jacobite. Neither is the chief magistrate of a corporation to be condemned to death as a traitor, because he does

not possess those attributes of heroism, by means of which some gifted individuals have raised means of defence when hope seemed altogether lost, and, by their own energies and example, have saved communities and states, which were, in the estimation of all others, doomed to despair. The question is, whether Provost Stewart, as an upright and honourable man, sought the best advice in an exigency so singular, and exerted himself assiduously to carry it into execution when received? The flight of the dragoons, the disbanding of the volunteers, the discontinuance of the defence, received no encouragement from him; even the opening a communication with the enemy was none of his fault, since he was one of the last who either despaired of preserving the city, or used discouraging language to the citizens. But he could not inspire panic-struck soldiers with courage, or selfish burghers with patriotic devotion, and, like a man who fights with a broken weapon, was unequal to maintain the cause which to all appearance he seems to have been sincere in defending.[1]

[1] ["As to the intention of Captain Drummond, people differed in opinion: the generality of the inhabitants of Edinburgh were persuaded that he meant at all hazards to defend the town against the rebels. Some, on the contrary, were of opinion that the chief object Captain Drummond had in view was to make himself popular, and defeat Provost Stewart's interest in the city. That his proposal to the volunteers of joining the dragoons, and giving battle to the rebels, was merely a pretence of doing what he never had the most distant intention to do, as appeared by his message to Provost Stewart, which Lieutenant Ormiston carried, and the awkward manner in which he desisted from his proposal. If this latter opinion be well founded, and Mr Drummond meant

The Highlanders, amid circumstances so new and stimulating to them as attended the capture of Edinburgh, behaved themselves with the utmost order and propriety. The inhabitants, desirous to conciliate their new masters, brought them provisions, and even whisky; but having been enjoined by Lochiel not to taste the latter spirits, they unanimously rejected a temptation which besets them strongly. They remained where they were posted, in the Parliament-Square, from five in the morning till eleven in the forenoon, without a man leaving his post,[1] though in a city taken, it may be said, by storm, and surrounded with an hundred objects to excite their curiosity, or awaken their cupidity.

nothing more than to defeat Provost Stewart's interest, the election job, as it had been called, succeeded perfectly well; for when Mr Stewart (who was member of parliament for the city of Edinburgh) went to London, he was taken into custody, and sent to the Tower, where he remained fourteen months a prisoner. At last, being admitted to bail upon a recognizance to appear before the Court of Justiciary in Scotland, he came to Edinburgh, where he was tried for neglect of duty and misbehaviour in the execution of his office. After one of the longest and most solemn trials that ever was known, the jury (having sat in whole ninety-four hours) unanimously found him not guilty. But long before the trial there had been a full election of Magistrates, and Drummond was chosen Provost by a great majority."—HOME, vol. iii. pp. 67–69.]

[1] [Mr Robert Chambers, in his History of the Rebellion, says, "A citizen of Edinburgh, taking a stroll round the walls on the morning of this momentous day, observed a mountaineer sitting astride upon a cannon, with an air of great vigilance and solemnity, as if deeply impressed with a sense of his duty as a sentinel. The citizen accosted him with a remark, that surely these were not the same troops which mounted guard yesterday. 'Och no,' said the Highlander, 'she pe releeved.'"—Vol. i. p. 280.]

They were then quartered in the Outer Parliament-House.

About noon on this important day (the 17th of September), Charles Edward prepared to take possession of the palace and capital of his ancestors.

It was at that time, when, winding his march round by the village of Duddingston, to avoid the fire of the Castle, he halted in the hollow between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. As Charles approached the palace by the eastern access, called the Duke's Walk, he called for his horse, as if to show himself to the populace, who assembled in great numbers, and with loud acclamations. The young Adventurer had begun his march on foot, but the immense crowd with which he was surrounded, many of whom pressed to touch his clothes, or kiss his hand, almost threw him down. He again mounted his charger as he approached the palace, having on his right the Duke of Perth, on his left Lord Elcho, the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, who had joined him a few days before, and followed by a concourse of chiefs and gentlemen. The personal appearance of the Chevalier was as prepossessing, as the daring character and romantic circumstances of his enterprise were calculated to excite the imagination. His noble mien, graceful manners, and ready courtesy, seemed to mark him no unworthy competitor for a crown. His dress was national. A short tartan coat, a blue bonnet with a white rose, and the order and emblem of the thistle, seemed all chosen to identify himself with the ancient nation he sum-

moned to arms; and, upon the whole, so far as acclamations and signs of joy could express it, he was so favourably received, that none of his followers doubted that he might levy a thousand men in the streets of Edinburgh, in half an hour, if he could but find arms to equip them.[1]

But they who were able to look beyond the mere show and clamour, discerned symptoms of inward weakness in the means by which the Chevalier was to execute his weighty undertaking. The duinhéwassels, or gentlemen of the claus, were, indeed, martially attired in the full Highland dress, with the various arms which appertain to that garb, which, in full equipment, comprehends a firelock, a broadsword, dirk and target, a pair of pistols, and a short knife, used occasionally as a poniard. But such complete appointments fell to the lot of but few of the followers of the Prince. Most were glad to be satisfied with a single weapon, a sword, dirk, or pistol. Nay, in spite of all evasions of the Disarming Act, it had been so far

[1] [" Indeed the whole scene, as I have been told by many, was rather like a dream, so quick and amazing seemed the change, though, no doubt, wise people saw well enough we had much to do still."—*Journal*, LOCKHART *Papers*.—Home, who was among the spectators, says, " The Jacobites were charmed with the appearance of Charles, and compared him to Robert the Bruce, whom they said he resembled in his figure, as in his features. The Whigs looked upon him with other eyes; they observed, that even in that triumphant hour, when he was about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy; that he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion, but not like a hero and a conqueror."]

effectual, that several Highlanders were only armed with scythe blades, set straight on the handle, and some with only clubs or cudgels. As arms were scarce among the Highlanders, so the scanty and ill-clothed appearance of the poorer amongst them gave them an appearance at once terrible and wretched. Indeed many were of the opinion of an old friend of your Grandfather's, who, as he looked on a set of haggard and fierce-looking men, some wanting coats, some lacking hose and shoes, some having their hair tied back with a leathern strap, without bonnet or covering of any kind, could not help observing, that they were a proper set of ragamuffins with which to propose to overturn an established government.[1] On the whole, they wanted that regularity and uniformity of appearance, which, in our eye, distinguishes regular soldiers from banditti; and their variety of weapons, fierceness of aspect, and sinewy limbs, combined with a martial look and air proper to a people whose occupation was arms, gave them a peculiarly wild and barbarous appearance.

The Prince had been joined by many persons of consequence since he reached Lothian. Lord Elcho has already been mentioned. He was a man of high spirit and sound sense, but no Jacobite in the bigoted sense of the word; that is, no devoted slave to the doctrines of hereditary right or passive obedience. He brought with him five hundred

[1] My friend, who was the Jonathan Oldbuck of the *Antiquary*, made his observation rather at an ill-chosen place and time, in consequence of which he was nearly brought to trouble.

pounds on the part of his father, Lord Wemyss, who was too old to take the field in person. This was an acceptable gift in the state of the Prince's finances. Sir Robert Threipland had also joined him as he approached Edinburgh ; and by the private information which he brought from his friends in that city, had determined him to persevere in the attack which proved so successful.

The Earl of Kelly, Lord Balmerino, Lockhart, the younger of Carnwath, Graham, younger of Airth, Rollo, younger of Powburn, Hamilton of Bangour, a poet of considerable merit, Sir David Murray, and other gentlemen of distinction, had also joined the standard.

Amongst these, James Hepburn of Keith, son of that Robert Hepburn, respecting whose family a remarkable anecdote is mentioned at page 289 of the preceding volume, and whose escape from Newgate is narrated at page 387 of the same volume, distinguished himself by the manner in which he devoted himself to the cause of Charles Edward. As the Prince entered the door of the palace of Holyrood, this gentleman stepped from the crowd, bent his knee before him in testimony of homage, and, rising up, drew his sword, and, walking before him, marshalled him the way into the palace of his ancestors. Hepburn bore the highest character as the model of a true Scottish gentleman. He, like Lord Elcho, disclaimed the slavish principles of the violent Jacobites, but, conceiving his country wronged, and the gentry of Scotland degraded by the Union, he, in this romantic manner, dedicated

his sword to the service of the Prince who offered to restore him to his rights. Mr John Home, whose heart sympathised with acts of generous devotion, from whatever source they flowed, feelingly observes, that "the best Whigs regretted that this accomplished gentleman—the model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour—should sacrifice himself to a visionary idea of the independence of Scotland."[1] I am enabled to add, that, after having impaired his fortune, and endangered his life repeatedly, in this ill-fated cause, Mr Hepburn became convinced that, in the words of Scripture, he had laboured a vain thing. He repeatedly said in his family circle, that, had he known, as the after progress of the expedition showed him, that a very great majority of the nation were satisfied with the existing Government, he would never have drawn sword against his fellow-subjects, or aided to raise

[1] ["John Home's profession as a Presbyterian clergyman, his political opinions, and those of his family, decided the cause which he was to espouse, and he became one of the most active and eager members of a corps of volunteers, formed for the purpose of defending Edinburgh against the expected assault of the Highlanders. Under less strong influence of education and profession, which was indeed irresistible, it is possible he might have made a less happy option; for the feeling. the adventure, the romance, the poetry, all that was likely to interest the imagination of a youthful poet—all, in short, save the common sense, prudence, and sound reason of the national dispute—must be allowed to have lain on the side of the Jacobites. Indeed, although mortally engaged against them, Mr Home could not, in the latter part of his life, refrain from tears when mentioning the gallantry and misfortunes of some of the unfortunate leaders in the Highland army; and we have ourselves seen his feelings and principles divide him strangely when he came to speak upon such topics."—*Review of Home's Life, ante,* vol. xix. pp. 290, 291.]

a civil war, merely to replace the Stewart dynasty.[1]

[1] A hereditary intimacy with the late Lieutenant-colonel Hepburn (son of Mr Hepburn of Keith), and the friendship of the members of his surviving family, enable me to make this assertion. No doubt there were many of the more liberal and intelligent Jacobites who entertained similar sentiments, and conceived that, in furthering the cause of the Prince, they were asserting the rights of the country.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Proclamation of James VIII. at the Cross of Edinburgh—Supplies raised from the City by Prince Charles—Landing of Cope's Army at Dunbar—The Prince leaves Edinburgh with the purpose of Engaging him—Battle of Preston—Total Rout of Cope's Army—Number of killed on both sides.

[1745.]

The possession of Edinburgh threw a gleam of splendour upon Charles Edward's fortunes, but can scarcely be said to have produced very important consequences.

King James VIII. was proclaimed at the Cross. At this ceremony the heralds and pursuivants were obliged to assist in their official dresses, and the magistrates in their robes. A great multitude attended on this occasion, and made the city ring with their acclamations. The gunners of the castle were disposed to give a different turn to this mirth, by throwing a bomb, so calculated as to alight near the Cross, and interrupt the ceremonial. Fortunately this act of violence, which might have endangered the lives of many of King George's good subjects, whom mere curiosity had drawn to the spot, was prohibited by General Guest.

At night there was a splendid ball at Holyrood, where might be seen a great display both of

rank and beauty, the relatives of the gentlemen who were in arms. But it was a remarkable and ominous circumstance, that of the common people, who by thousands crowded round the Prince's person when he went abroad, pressing to kiss his hands and touch his clothes, with every display of affection. scarcely one could be induced to enlist in his service. The reflection, that a battle must take place betwixt Prince Charles and General Cope in the course of a very few days, was to the populace of a large city, a sufficient check upon their party zeal.

One of the most solid advantages which the Prince obtained by his possession of the city, besides the encouragement which his adherents received from such a signal proof of success, was the acquisition of about a thousand muskets, in indifferent condition, being the arms of the Trained Bands, which were lodged in the city magazine. These served to arm many of his followers, but still some remained unprovided with weapons. Charles also laid upon the city a military requisition for a thousand tents, two thousand targets, six thousand pairs of shoes, and six thousand canteens. The magistrates had no alternative but to acquiesce, and employ workmen to get ready the articles demanded.

Upon the 18th of September, the day after the occupation of Edinburgh, Lord Nairne came up from the north, and joined the Highland camp with a thousand men, consisting of Highlanders from Athole, together with the chief of Mac-Lauchlan and his followers. The Prince visited

his camp, and passed in review, at the same time with the rest of his forces, these new associates of his enterprise.[1]

While these things were passing in Edinburgh, General Cope landed his troops at Dunbar, anxious to repair the false step which he had committed in leaving the Lowlands open to the young Adventurer, and desirous to rescue the capital of Scotland, since he had not been able to protect it. He began the disembarkation of his troops on the 17th,

[1] ["Sir John Cope asked what sort nf appearance the Highlanders made, and how tbey were armed. The volunteer (*i. e.* Home himself) answered, that most of them seemed to be strong, active, and hardy men; that many of them were of a very ordinary size, and if clotbed like Lowcountry men, would (in his opinion) appear inferior to the King's troops; but the Higbland garb favoured them much, as it showed their naked limbs, which were strong and muscular; that their stern countenances, and busby uncombed bair, gave them a fierce, barbarous, and imposing aspect. As to their arms, be said tbat tbey had no cannon or artillery of any sort, but one small iron gun which he had seen without a carriage, lying upon a cart, drawn by a little Highland horse; tbat about 1400 or 1500 of tbem were armed with firelocks and broadswords; tbat their firelocks were not similar nor uniform, but of all sorts and sizes, muskets, fusees, and fowling-pieces; that some of tbe rest had firelocks witbout swords, and some of them swords witbout firelocks; that many of their swords were not Highland broadswords, but French: that a company or two (about 100 men) had each of them in his hand the shaft of a pitchfork, with tbe blade of a scythe fastened to it, somewhat like tbe weapon called the Locbaber axe, wbich the town-guard soldiers carry. But all of them, he added, would be soon provided with firelocks, as the arms belonging to the trained bands of Edinburgb had fallen into their hands. Sir John Cope dismissed the volunteer, witb many compliments fnr bringing him such certain and accurate intelligenco."—Home, vol. iii. pp. 75, 76.]

but it was not completed till the next day. The two regiments of cavalry, which had made such extraordinary speed to join him, were also united to his army, though their nerves had not yet recovered the rapid and disorderly retreat from Colt-Bridge to East Lothian. The number of infantry was about 2000, that of the two regiments of dragoons about 600; Sir John Cope was also joined by volunteers, among whom the Earl of Home was the most conspicuous, making his army up to near 3000 men in all. They had six pieces of artillery, but, what seems strange, no gunners or artillerymen to work them. In other respects they formed a small, but very well-appointed force, and made an impressive appearance in a country so long disused to war, as had been the case with Scotland. At the head of this respectable body of men Sir John departed from Dunbar, and marched as far as Haddington, or its vicinity, on his proposed advance on Edinburgh.

In the mean time, Charles Edward had taken a resolution corresponding with the character of his enterprise. It was that of moving eastward, to meet Sir John Cope upon his route, and give him battle. All his counsellors agreed in this courageous sentiment. The Prince then asked the Chiefs, what was to be expected from their followers. They answered by the mouth of Keppoch, who had served in the French army, that the gentlemen of every clan would lead the attack with determined gallantry, in which case, there was no doubt that the clansmen, who were much attached

to their chiefs and superiors, would follow them with fidelity and courage. The Prince declared he would himself lead the van, and set them an example how to conquer or die. The Chiefs unanimously remonstrated against his exposing a life on which the whole success of the expedition must depend, and declared, that if he persisted in that resolution, they would break up the army and return home. There can be little doubt that Charles was sincere in his resolution, and no doubt at all that he was very wise in withdrawing from it on the remonstrance of his faithful followers.

Orders were given to prepare next morning for the evacuation of Edinburgh, in order that the whole Highland army might be collected for the battle, which was expected to ensue. For this purpose, the troops employed in mounting the several guards of the city, in number 1000 men, were withdrawn to the camp at Duddingston. It might have been expected, that a sally from the Castle would have taken place in consequence of their retreat, if not for any ulterior purpose, at least to seize on the different articles which had been got ready at the requisition of the Prince, and put a stop to their completion. The presence of mind of a common Highlander prevented this. The man being intoxicated when his countrymen were withdrawn, found himself, when he recovered his senses, the only one of his party left in the town. Being a ready-witted fellow, to those who enquired of him, why he had lingered behind his countrymen, he answered, " That he was neither alone, nor alarmed

for his safety; five hundred Highlanders," he said, "had been left in cellars and secret places about town, for the purpose of cutting off any detachment that might sally from the Castle." These false tidings being transmitted to General Guest, were for the time received as genuine; nor was there time to discover the deceit, before the victory of Preston enabled Charles Edward to return in triumph to the capital. The man's presence of mind secured also his own safety.

The men had lain on their arms the night of the 19th, their Chiefs and the Chevalier occupying such houses as were in the neighbourhood. On the morning of the 20th, they were all on the march, in high spirits, determined for action, and eager to meet the enemy. They formed in one narrow column, keeping the high ground from Duddingston towards Musselburgh, where they crossed the Esk by the old bridge, and then advanced to the eminence of which Carberry hill is the termination to the south-west, near which, about Musselburgh or Inveresk, they expected to meet the enemy. On putting himself at the head of his army, the Prince drew his sword, and said to his followers, "Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard," which was answered by shouts of acclamation. Their movements were the simplest imaginable. On their march they formed a column of three men in front. When about to halt, each individual faced to the right or left as directed, and the column became a line of three men deep, which, by filing off from either flank, might again become a

column at the word of command. Their handful of cavalry, scarcely amounting to fifty men, were occupied on the march in reconnoitring. They obtained a tolerably accurate account of the strength of Cope's army, excepting as to the number of his guns, which one report augmented to twenty field-pieces, and none rated under twelve, though, as I have already said, there were only six in all.

When the Highlanders had advanced as far as Falside hill, near Carberry, their scouts brought in notice that they had seen parties of dragoons about Tranent, and it was reported that Sir John Cope was in that quarter with his whole army. The Chevalier's army, which had hitherto marched in one column, now divided into two, being their intended line of battle, and keeping towards the right, so as to preserve the upper ground, which was a great point in Highland tactics, marched onward with steadiness and celerity.

When they arrived where the hill immediately above Tranent slopes suddenly down upon a large cultivated plain, then in stubble, the harvest having been unusually early, the Highlanders beheld the enemy near the western extremity of this plain, with their front towards the ridge of high ground which they themselves occupied.

It appears that Sir John Cope had directed his march under the idea, that because a road, passing from Seaton house to Preston, was the usual highway from Haddington, therefore the Highlanders would make use of that, and no other, for their advance. He either did not know, or forgot, that an

irregular army of mountaineers, unencumbered with baggage and inured to marching, would not hesitate to prefer the rougher and less level road, if it possessed any advantages.[1]

Two mounted volunteers, Francis Garden, afterwards Lord Gardenstone, and a Mr Cunninghame, had been detached by the English general to collect intelligence; but unhappily, as they halted to refresh themselves beyond Musselburgh, they fell into the hands of John Roy Stewart, a more skilful partisan than themselves, by whom they were made prisoners, and led captive to the Chevalier's headquarters.[2] Sir John Cope, deprived of the information he expected from his scouts, seems to have continued to expect the approach of the rebels from the west, until he suddenly saw them appear from the southward, on the ridge of the acclivity upon his left. He immediately changed his front, and drew up his troops with military precision in order of battle. His foot were placed in the centre, with a regiment of dragoons and three pieces of artillery upon each flank. The wall of

[1] ["On the present occasion he was, as sportsmen say, at fault. He well knew that the high-road from Edinburgh to the south lies along the coast, and it seems never to have occurred to him that it was possible the Highlanders might choose, even by preference, to cross the country and occupy the heights, at the bottom of which the public road takes its course, and thus have him and his army in so far at their mercy, that they might avoid, or bring on battle at their sole pleasure. On the contrary, Sir John trusted that their Highland courtesy would induce them, if they moved from Edinburgh, to come by the very road on which he was advancing towards that city, and thus meet him on equal terms."—SCOTT, *ante*, vol. xix., p. 299.]

[2] [See *ante*, vol. xix., pp. 301–302.]

Colonel Gardiner's park (for his mansion was in the vicinity of the plain which was destined to prove fatal to him), as well as that of Mr Erskine of Grange, covered the right flank of the regulars; Cope's baggage was stationed at Cockenzie, on the rear of his left, and a small reserve was stationed in front of the village of Prestonpans, which lay on the rear of the General's right.

In front of both armies, and separating the higher ground on which the Highland army was drawn up from the firm and level plain on which the regulars were posted, lay a piece of steep and swampy ground, intersected with ditches and enclosures, and traversed near the bottom by a thick strong hedge running along a broad wet ditch, and covering the front of the royal army. It was the object of the Chevalier to indulge the impatience of his troops, by pressing forward to instant battle. For this purpose he employed an officer of experience, Mr Ker of Graden, who, mounted on a grey pony, coolly reconnoitred the seemingly impracticable ground which divided the armies, crossed it in several directions, deliberately alighted, pulled down gaps in one or two walls of dry stone, and led his horse over them, many balls being fired at him while performing this duty This intrepid gentleman returned to the Chevalier, to inform him that the morass could not be passed so as to attack the front of General Cope's army, without sustaining a heavy and destructive fire of some continuance. A waggon-way for the conveyance of coal worked in the vicinity of Tranent,

for the use of the salt-works at Cockenzie, did indeed cross the morass, but it would have been ruinous to have engaged troops in such a narrow road, which was exposed to be swept in every direction both by artillery and musketry.

The position of General Cope might therefore be considered as unassailable; and that general, with a moderation which marked his mediocrity of talent, was happy in having found, as he thought, safety, when he ought to have looked for victory.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gardiner, and other officers, pressed on the commander the necessity of a bolder line of tactics. They were of opinion that the regular soldiers should be led against the rebels while the former showed spirit for the encounter, and that remaining merely on the defensive was likely to sink the courage of the troops, as delay gave the infantry time to recollect that they had avoided an encounter with these Highlanders at Corryarrack, and the cavalry leisure to remember their recent and ignominious flight from the vicinity of Edinburgh, before this new description of enemy. The lieutenant-colonel pressed his advice with earnestness, dropped some expressions of the result, which was to be apprehended, and, finding his suggestions rejected, made the preparations of a good and brave man for doing his duty, and, if necessary, for dying in the discharge of it.

Some movements now took place. The regular troops huzza'd, to show their willingness to come to action; the Highlanders replied in their manner, by wild shouts. A party of Highlanders were

stationed in Tranent churchyard, as an advantageous post; but Sir John Cope, advancing two light field pieces, made that position too hot for them. Still the insurgents continued anxiously bent on battle, and expressed the most earnest desire to attack the enemy, who, they supposed, intended to escape from them, as at Corryarrack. They offered to make the attack through the morass, without regard to the difficulties of the ground, and to carry fascines with them, for the purpose of rendering the ditch passable. They were exhorted to patience by their Chiefs; and, to allay their fears of the escape of the enemy, the Chevalier detached Lord Nairne with five hundred men to the westward, that he might be in a situation to intercept Sir John Cope, in case he should attempt to move off towards Edinburgh without fighting.

Satisfied with this precaution, the Highlanders lay down to rest in a field of pease, which was made up in ricks upon the ground.[1] The minds of

[1] [" By the time that the rear had passed the town of Tranent (it was dark), orders were given for the men to rest upon their arms, which they did, and lay there till about three o'clock next morning. During the night there was not the least noise or light, so that the enemy did not know where they were. In obedience to the orders, C. Kerr went along the line and desired that no man should stir nor speak a word till he returned to them, which was punctually obeyed." " General Cope had cannon and cohorns, which were thrown off during the night, and large fires were made round his whole camp."—LOCKHART *Papers*, vol. ii. pp. 448–9, 489–90. " The roll of the drum and shrill accompaniment of the pipes swelled up the hill—died away—resumed its thunder—and was at length hushed. The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild point of war appropriated as a signal for that

the Chiefs were still occupied with the means of discovering a path by which they might get clear of the morass, gain the open and firm ground, and rush down on Cope and his army, whom they regarded as their assured prey, if they could but meet them in a fair field.

There was in the Chevalier's army a gentleman named Anderson, of Whitburgh, in East Lothian, to whom the ground in the vicinity was perfectly known, and who bethought him of a path leading from the height on which their army lay, sweeping through the morass, and round the left wing of General Cope's army, as it was now disposed, and which might conduct them to the level and extensive flat, since called the field of battle. Mr Anderson communicated this important fact to Mr Hepburn of Keith. By Mr Hepburn he was conducted to Lord George Murray, who, highly pleased with the intelligence, introduced him to Prince Charles Edward.

The candidate for a diadem was lying with a

piece of nocturnal duty, and then finally sunk upon the wind with a shrill and mournful cadence. The western sky twinkled with stars, but a frost-mist, rising from the ocean, covered the eastern horizon, and rolled in white wreaths along the plain where the adverse army lay couched upon their arms. Their advanced posts were pushed as far as the side of the great ditch at the bottom of the descent, and had kindled large fires at different intervals, gleaming with obscure and hazy lustre through the heavy fog which encircled them with a doubtful halo. The Highlanders, 'thick as leaves in Valumhrosa,' lay stretched upon the ridge of the hill, buried (excepting their sentinels) in the most profound repose. How many of these brave fellows will sleep more soundly before to-morrow night!"—*Waverley*, vol. ii. pp. 162–3.]

bunch of pease-straw beneath his head, and was awakened with news which assured him of battle, and promised him victory. He received the tidings with much cheerfulness, and immediately, for the night was well spent, prepared to put the scheme into execution.

An aide-de-camp was instantly despatched to recall Lord Nairne from his demonstration to the westward, and cause him with his detachment to rejoin the army as speedily as possible. In the mean time, the whole of the Highland army got under arms, and moved forward with incredible silence and celerity, by the path proposed. A point of precedence was now to be settled, characteristic of the Highlanders. The tribe of MacDonalds, though divided into various families, and serving under various chiefs, still reckoned on their common descent from the great Lords of the Isles, in virtue of which, they claimed, as the post of honour, the right of the whole Highland army in the day of action. This was disputed by some of the other clans, and it was agreed they should cast lots about this point of precedence. Fortune gave it to the Camerons and Stewarts, which was murmured at by the numerous Clan-Colla, the generic name for the MacDonalds. The sagacity of Lochiel induced the other chiefs to resign for the day a point on which they were likely to be tenacious. The precedence was yielded to the MacDonalds accordingly, and the first line of the Highlanders moved off their ground by the left flank, in order that the favoured tribe might take the post of honour. They

marched, as usual, in two columns of three men in front. The first of these was led by young Clanranald with about sixty men, under the guidance of Anderson of Whitburgh. The first line consisted of the following clan regiments:—Clanranald, 250 strong; Glengarry, 350; Keppoch and Glencoe, 450; Perth, with some MacGregors, 200; Appin, 250; and Lochiel, 500. The second line consisted of three regiments,—Lord George Murray's Athole men, 350; Lord Nairne's regiment, 350; and Menzies of Shian's, 300. Lord Strathallan, with his handful of cavalry, was appointed to keep the height above the morass, that they might do what their numbers permitted to improve the victory, in case it should be gained. This troop consisted of about thirty-six horsemen. From these details, it appears that the Highland army was about 3000 in number, being very nearly the same with Sir John Cope's.

Anderson guided the first line. He found the pathway silent and deserted; it winded to the north-east, down a sort of hollow, which at length brought them to the eastern extremity of the plain, at the west end of which the regular army was stationed, with its left flank to the assailants. No guns had been placed to enfilade this important pass, though there was a deserted embrasure which showed that the measure had been in contemplation; neither was there a sentinel or patrol to observe the motions of the Highlanders in that direction. On reaching the firm ground, the column advanced due northward across the plain, in order

to take ground for wheeling up and forming line of battle. The Prince marched at the head of the second column, and close in the rear of the first. The morass was now rendered difficult by the passage of so many men.[1] Some of the Highlanders sunk knee-deep, and the Prince himself stumbled, and fell upon one knee. The morning was now dawning, but a thick frosty mist still hid the motions of the Highlanders. The sound of their march could, however, no longer be concealed, and an alarm-gun was fired as a signal for Cope's army to get under arms.

Aware that the Highlanders had completely turned his left flank, and were now advancing from the eastward along a level and open plain, without interruption of any kind, Sir John Cope hastened to dispose his troops to receive them. Though probably somewhat surprised, the English general altered the disposition which he had made along the morass, and formed anew, having the walls of Preston-park, and that of Bankton, the seat of Colonel Gardiner, close in the rear of his army; his left flank extended towards the sea, his right rested upon the morass which had lately been in his front.

[1] ["The place where the rebels passed through the morass, is about 200 paces to the westward of the stone bridge, built over Seaton mill-dam many years after the Rebellion. The Highlanders crossed the ditch with the run of water, upon a little narrow bridge which still stands. The ground on both sides of this bridge was then so soft and boggy, that several of the Highlanders sunk a good way, and Charles himself fell upon one knee. The ground is now drained, and bears both grass and corn."—HOME, vol. iii. p. 89.]

His order of battle was now extended from north to south, having the east in front. In other respects the disposition was the same as already mentioned, his infantry forming his centre, and on each wing a regiment of horse. By some crowding in of the piquets, room enough was not left for Gardiner's corps to make a full front upon the right wing, so that one squadron was drawn up in the rear of the other. The artillery was also placed before this regiment, a disposition which the colonel is said to have remonstrated against, having too much reason to doubt the steadiness of the horses, as well as of the men who composed the corps. There was no attention paid to his remonstrances, nor was there time to change the disposition.

The Highlanders had no sooner advanced so far to the northward as to extricate the rear of the column from the passage across the morass, and place the whole on open ground, than they wheeled to the left, and formed a line of three men deep. This thin long line they quickly broke up into a number of small masses or phalanxes, each according to their peculiar tactics containing an individual clan, which disposed themselves for battle in the manner following. The best-born men of the tribe, who were also the best armed, and had almost all targets, threw themselves in front of the regiment. The followers closed on the rear, and forced the front forward by their weight. After a brief prayer, which was never omitted, the bonnets were pulled over the brows, the pipers blew the signal,

and the line of clans rushed forward, each forming a separate wedge.

These preparations were made with such despatch on both wings, that the respective aides-de-camp of the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray met in the centre, each bringing news that his general was ready to charge. The whole front line accordingly moved forward, and, as they did so, the sun broke out, and the mist rose from the ground like the curtain of a theatre. It showed to the Highlanders the line of regular troops drawn up in glittering array like a complete hedge of steel,[1] and at the same time displayed to Cope's soldiers the furious torrent, which, subdivided into such a number of columns, or rather small masses, advanced with a cry which gradually swelled into a hideous yell, and became intermingled with an irregular but well-directed fire, the mountaineers presenting their pieces as they ran, dropping them when discharged, and rushing on to close conflict sword in hand. The events of the preceding night had created among the regulars an apprehension of their opponents, not usual to English soldiers. General Cope's tactics displayed a fear of the enemy rather than a desire to engage him: and now this dreaded foe, having selected his own point of

[1] [Some of the rebel officers have since acknowledged, that when they first saw the King's army, which made a most gallant appearance, both horse and foot, with the sun shining upon their arms, and then looked at their own line, which was broken into clumps and clusters, the bravest and best armed foremost, they expected that the Highland army would be defeated in a moment, and swept from the field.—HOME, p. 92.]

advantage, was coming down on them in all his terrors, with a mode of attack unusually furious, and unknown to modern war.

There was but an instant to think of these things, for this was almost the moment of battle. But such thoughts were of a nature which produce their effect in an instant, and they added to the ferocity of the Highlanders, while they struck dismay into their opponents. The old seamen and gunners, who had been employed to serve the artillery on the right wing, showed the first symptoms of panic, and fled from the guns they had undertaken to work, carrying with them the priming flasks. Colonel Whitefoord, who had joined Cope's army as a volunteer, fired five of the guns on the advancing Highlanders, and, keeping his ground while all fled around him, was with difficulty saved from the fury of the Camerons and Stewarts, who, running straight on the muzzles of the cannon, actually stormed the battery.[1] The regiment of dragoons being drawn

[1] [The account of the battle published by the Highland army sets forth—"The fire of the enemy's cannon was followed by a very regular fire of the dragoons on the right and left, and this again by close platoons of all their infantry; which our men received with the greatest intrepidity; nor did we return the enemy's fire till we approached them so near as that the colfin of our shot might set their whiskers on fire. The Highlanders having discharged their muskets, threw them down, then drew their swords, and carryed all before them like a torrent, so that in seven or eight minutes, both horse and foot were totally routed, and drove from the field of battle; though it must be owned that the enemy fought very gallantly; but they could not withstand the impetuosity, or rather fury of the Highlanders, and were forced to *run*, when they could no longer resist."—*Scots Mag. Sept.* 1745.]

up, as has been said, in two lines, the foremost squadron, under Lieutenant-colonel Whitney, having received orders to advance, were, like the gunners, seized with a panic, dispersed under the fire of the Highlanders, and went off without even an attempt to charge, riding down the artillery guard in their flight. The rearmost squadron, commanded by Gardiner, might, if steady, have yet altered the fate of the day, by charging the Highlanders when disordered with attacking the guns. Gardiner, accordingly, commanded them to advance and charge, encouraging them by his voice and example to rush upon the confused masses before them. But those to whom he spoke were themselves disordered at the rapid advance of the enemy, and disturbed by the waving of plaids, the brandishing and gleaming of broadswords and battle-axes, the rattle of the dropping fire, and the ferocious cry of the combatants. They made a feint to advance, in obedience to the word of command, but almost instantly halted, when first the rear-rank went off by four or five files at a time, and then the front dispersed in like manner ; none maintaining their ground, except about a score of determined men, who were resolved to stand or fall with their commander.

On Cope's left, the cause of King George was not more prosperous. Hamilton's dragoons receiving a heavy rolling fire from the MacDonalds as they advanced, broke up in the same manner, and almost at the same moment, with Gardiner's, and scattering in every direction, left the field of blood,

galloping some from the enemy, some, in the recklessness of their terror, past the enemy, and some almost through them. The dispersion was complete, and the disorder irretrievable. They fled west, east, and south, and it was only the broad sea which prevented them from flying to the north also, and making every point of the compass witness to their rout.

Mean time, the infantry, though both their flanks were uncovered by the flight of the dragoons, received the centre of the Highland line, with a steady and regular fire, which cost the insurgents several men,—among others, James MacGregor, a son of the famous Rob Roy, fell, having received five wounds, two of them from balls that pierced through his body. He commanded a company of the Duke of Perth's regiment, armed chiefly with the straightened scythes already mentioned, a weapon not unlike the old English bill. He was so little daunted by his wounds, as to raise himself on his elbow, calling to his men to advance bravely, and swearing he would see if any should misbehave.

In fact, the first line of the Highlanders were not an instant checked by the fire of the musketry; for, charging with all the energy of victory, they parried the bayonets of the soldiers with their targets, and the deep clumps, or masses, into which the clans were formed, penetrated and broke, in several points, the extended and thin lines of the regulars. At the same moment, Lochiel attacking the infantry on the left, and Clanranald on the right flank, both exposed by the flight of the dra-

goons, they were unavoidably and irretrievably routed. It was now perceived that Sir John Cope had committed an important error in drawing up his forces in front of a high park-wall, which barred their escape from their light-heeled enemies. Fortunately there had been breaches made in the wall, which permitted some few soldiers to escape; but most of them had the melancholy choice of death or submission. A few fought, and fell bravely. Colonel Gardiner was in the act of encouraging a small platoon of infantry, which continued firing, when he was cut down by a Highlander, with one of those scythes which have been repeatedly mentioned.[1] The greater part of the foot

[1] ["At the beginning of the onset," says Dr Doddridge, "which lasted but a few minutes, the Colonel received a wound by a bullet in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle; upon which his servant, who had led the horse, would have persuaded him to retreat; but he said it was only a wound in the flesh, and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh."—"Events of this kind pass in less time than their description can be written, or read. He saw a party of the foot, who were then bravely fighting near him, and whom he was ordered to support, have no officer to head them; upon which he said eagerly, 'these brave fellows would be cut to pieces for want of a commander;' while speaking, he rode up to them, and cried out aloud, 'fire on, my lads, and fear nothing.' But just as the words were out of his mouth, a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm that his sword dropped from his hand, and others coming about him, while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged off from his horse. The moment he fell another Highlander gave him a stroke, either with a broad sword or a Lochaber axe (for my informant could not exactly distinguish) on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow."—*Life of Colonel Gardiner, Sect.* 152, 153.]

soldiers then laid down their arms, after a few minutes' resistance. The second line, led by Prince Charles himself, had, during the whole action, kept so near the first, that to most of Sir John Cope's army they appeared but as one body; and as this unfortunate Prince's courage has been impeached, it is necessary to say, that he was only fifty paces behind the vanguard in the very commencement of the battle,—which was, in fact, a departure from his implicit paction with the Chiefs, that he should not put his person in imminent danger.[1]

Had there been any possibility of rallying the fugitives, the day might have been in some degree avenged, if not retrieved, for the first line of the Highlanders dispersed themselves almost wholly, in quest of spoil and prisoners.[2] They were mer-

[1] ["The Prince left his guard on the march to the attack, talking earnestly to the Duke of Perth and Clanranald, and giving his last orders and injunctions; but returning to his guard as I happened to pass near by him, he, with a smile, said to me, in Erse, '*Gres-ort, Gres-ort;*' that is, make haste, make haste. As in our march to the attack, the right was obliged to stop a little till the left should come up. At this time the enemy's guards first perceived us, for we heard them call out, 'Who is there? Who is there? Cannons, cannons, get ready the cannons, cannoneers;' but our quick march and sudden and intrepid attack soon brought us into the midst of our enemies, where we soon put them to rout."—*Journal*, LOCKHART *Papers*, v. ii. p. 491.]

[2] ["Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they faced, and, in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man.
And they as gain for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils o' war, man;
Fu' bauld can tell how her nain sel
Was ne'er sae praw pefore, man."
SKIRVING'S *Ballad.*]

ciful to the vanquished after the first fury of the onset, but gave no quarter to the dragoon horses, which they considered as taught to bear a personal share in the battle.

The second line were with difficulty restrained from disbanding in like manner, until a report was spread that the dragoons had rallied, and were returning to the field. Lochiel caused the pipes to play, which recalled many of his men. But the dragoons looked near them no more. It is true, that Sir John Cope himself, the Earl of Home, General Whitney, and other officers, had, with pistols at the men's heads, turned a number of the fugitives off the high-road to Edinburgh, into a field close to Preston on the west, where they endeavoured to form a squadron. But the sound of a pistol-shot, which was discharged by accident, renewed their panic, the main body followed Sir John Cope in his retreat, while a few stragglers went off at full gallop towards Edinburgh, entered by the Watergate, and rode up the High Street in the most disorderly manner.

An old friend, whom I have already quoted, gave me a picturesque account of the flight of such fugitives as took this direction, which he had himself witnessed. Although the city was evacuated by the Highlanders, an old Jacobite of distinction was, nevertheless, left there with the title of Governor. This dignitary was quietly seated in a well-known tavern (afterwards Walker's, in Writers' Court), when a tremendous clatter on the street announced the arrival of the dragoons,

or a part of them, in this disorderly condition. The stout old commander presented himself before them, with a pistol in his hand, and summoned them to surrender to his Royal Highness's mercy. The dragoons, seeing but one or two men, received the proposal with a volley of curses and pistol-balls, and having compelled the Jacobite commandant to retreat within the Thermopylæ of Writers' Court, they continued their race up to the Castle-hill, thinking that fortress the most secure place of refuge. Old General Preston, who had now thrown himself into the Castle, of which he was governor, and superseded General Guest in his office, had no idea of admitting these recreant cavaliers into a fortress which was probably on the eve of a siege. He therefore sent them word to begone from the Castle-hill, or he would open his guns on them, as cowards, who had deserted their officers and colours. Alarmed at this new danger, the runaways retreated, and scrambling down the steep declivity called the Castle-Wynd, rode out at the West-Port, and continued their flight to Stirling and the west country.

The greater part of the dragoons were collected by Sir John Cope, with the assistance of the Earls of Home and Loudon, and conducted in a very disreputable condition by Lauder to Coldstream, and from thence to Berwick. At the latter place, Lord Mark Ker, of the family of Lothian, a house which has long had hereditary fame for wit as well as courage, received the unfortunate General with the well-known sarcasm, "That he believed he was

the first general in Europe who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat." [1]

But the presence of the general in person on the field, since there was not even the semblance of an army, could not have remedied the disaster. There was never a victory more complete. Of the infantry, two thousand five hundred men, or thereabout, scarce two hundred escaped; the rest were either slain or made prisoners. It has been generally computed that the slain amounted to four hundred, for the Highlanders gave little quarter in the first moments of excitation, though those did not last long. Five officers were killed, and eighty made prisoners. The number of prisoners amounted to upwards of two thousand. Many of them exhibited a frightful spectacle, being hideously cut with the broadsword. [2] The field-artillery, with

[1] ["When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, 'Where's a' your men?'
'The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' this morning.'
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

'Now, Johnnie, troth ye wasna blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Sae early in the morning.'
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

'I faith,' quo' Johnnie, 'I got a fleg (fright)
Wi' their claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again, deil break my legs!
So I wish you a good-morning.'
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c."
Ballad.]

[2] ["The field of battle," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "presented a spectacle of horror, being covered with hands, legs, and arms, and mutilated bodies; for the killed all fell by the sword. —General Cope, by means of a white cockade, which he put in

colours, standards, and other trophies, remained in the hands of the victors. The military-chest of the army was placed during the action in the house of Cockenzie, the baggage in a large field adjoining, originally in the rear of Cope's line of battle, but at the moment of action, upon the left. It was guarded by a few Highlanders of the regiment which the Earl of Loudon was raising for Government, and which was much reduced by desertion, many of the privates joining their clans so soon as the Rebellion broke out. The baggage-guard surrendered themselves prisoners on seeing the event of the battle, and the baggage and military-chest, with L.2500 in specie,[1] became the booty of the

his hat, similar to what we wore, passed through the midst of the Highlanders without being known. The panic terror of the English surpasses all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves, by their fears, of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken possession of their minds. I saw a young Highlander, about fourteen years of age, scarcely formed, who was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The Prince asked him if this was true. 'I do not know,' replied he, 'if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword.' Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the Prince, whom he had made prisoners, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. These were, however, the same English soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked among the bravest troops of Europe."—*Memoirs of the Rebellion*, 4to edit. pp. 30, 31.]

[1] [Some accounts say of money to the amount of L.4000. "Cope having secured the rest," says Henderson, "partly in the *Fox* man-of-war, *Haddington*, and elsewhere, which was the only prudent action of that officer during his inglorious cam-

conquerors. The Highlanders looked with surprise and amazement upon the luxuries of a civilized army. They could not understand the use of chocolate; and watches,[1] wigs, and other ordinary appurtenances of the toilette, were equally the subject of wonder and curiosity.

On the part of the victors, the battle, though brief, had not been bloodless. Four officers, and thirty privates of their army, were killed; six officers and seventy men wounded.

paign. The Highlanders plundered some officers both of their money and watches, and some country gentlemen who were not in arms were treated in the same manner. I myself surveying the field, before the dead were stript, asked some of the wounded men what had become of Cope. And they all, but especially the English soldiers, spoke most disrespectfully and bitterly of him. After this I went to the roadside where the Chevalier, who by advice of Perth, &c., had sent to Edinburgh for surgeons, was standing. He was clad as an ordinary captain, in a coarse plaid and blue bonnet, his boots and knees were much dirtied. He was exceeding merry. Speaking of his army he said twice, 'My Highlandmen have lost their plaids,' at which he laughed very heartily. When talking of the wounded, he seemed no way affected. There were seven standards taken, which when he saw he said in French, a language he frequently spoke in, 'We have missed some of them.' Then he refreshed himself upon the field, and with the utmost composure ate a piece of cold beef, and drank a glass of wine, amid the deep and piercing groans of the wounded and dying. Next day the poor men were brought into Edinburgh upon carts; some were put into the Infirmary, others begged through the high streets; but no charity was shown by the rebels, so great was their hatred to a red-coat."—*History of the Rebel.* 8vo, Lond. 1752, pp. 31, 32.]

[1] [Tradition tells of a Highlander obtaining a gold watch on the field of the slain, and which, after its movements ceased in want of winding up, he sold for a pittance, chuckling with himself on his knowing bargain for *ta teed pastie* (the dead beast); and of others publicly selling chocolate found in Cope's baggage, under the denomination of *Johnnie Cope's saw*, i. e. salve.]

Such were the results of the celebrated battle of Preston, or, as some have it, of Prestonpans, in which the pride of military discipline received an indelible disgrace at the hands of a wild militia. Sir John Cope, whom it would be easy to vindicate so far as personal courage goes, was nevertheless overwhelmed with a ridicule due to poltroonery, as well as to want of conduct, and was doomed to remain,

> "Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
> And the sad burden of a merry song."

[Among the numerous metrical effusions abounding in sly humour and sarcasm which the events of 1715 and 1745 called forth, there is perhaps not one that continues to this day so universally "familiar in our mouths as household words," over the whole length and breadth of Scotland, as is the song set to the burden of "*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are you waking yet.*" The following hallad of "The Battle of Prestonpans" has preserved also for its author a memorial of his name outlasting the period of his own day and generation. It was composed by an East Lothian farmer named Skirving, father of the late eccentric Mr Skirving, the celebrated painter. There is in it a considerable spice of malevolence, and its author had, it was alleged, a disposition to lampoon his neighbours.]

"The Chevalier being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle Brae, man,
And through Tranent, ere he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man;
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi mony a loud huzza, man,
But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard anither craw, man.

"The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man,

Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chase them aff, man;
On Seaton's crafts they buff'd their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

"The bluff dragoons swore blood and oons!
They'd make the rebels run, man;[1]
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man.
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seized them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some ———————
And some for fear did fa', man.

"The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns sawt turn to earns't,
They were na worth a louse, man.
Maist feck gade hame, O fie for shame!
They'd better staid awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae gude at a', man.

"Monteith the great, when ———
Unwares did ding him owre, man;[2]
Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,
But aff fu' fast did scour, man,
O'er Soutra hill, ere he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man.
Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,
That bore him aff sae fleet, man.

"And Simpson, keen to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,

[1] [In the march from Haddington to Preston, the officers of Cope's army assured the spectators, a multitude of whom attended them, that there would be no battle; for as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to attack so complete an army.]

[2] [Monteith, the minister of Longformacus, a volunteer, who happening to come the night before the battle upon a Highlander in a defenceless posture, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.]

Did never strive wi' pistol's five,[1]
But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man;
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out o' sight, man.
And thought it best, it was nae jest,
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

"Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was ta'en, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
And sair he paid the kane, man;
Four skelps he got, was waur than shot,
Frae the sharp-edged claymore, man;
Frae many a spout came running out
His reeking het red gore man.[2]

"But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few
That still despised flight, man.
For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man,
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

"And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot,
For to get mony a wound, man.
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
But full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

"He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;

[1] [Mr Simpson, also a presbyterian minister, and a volunteer in the army, said, that he would convince the rebels of their error by dint of his pistols, having for that purpose two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt.]

[2] [Myrie, a student of medicine from Jamaica, another volunteer, was miserably mangled by the broadswords of the Highlanders.]

To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
The Scots were rebels, a', man.
But let that end, for weel 'tis kend.
His use and wont's to lie, man.
The Teague is naught; he never faught
When he had room to flee, man.[1]

"And Cadell, drest, amang the rest,
With gun and gude claymore, man,
On gelding grey he rade that day,
With pistols set before, man.
The cause was guid, he'd spend his blood
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before he left the core,
And never fac'd the field, man.[2]

"But gallant Roger, like a soger (soldier),
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
And mae down wi' him brought, man.
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
Some standing round in ring, man,
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cried 'God save the King,' man.[3]

[1] [So widely did these lines circulate their scandal, as to call forth in the Edinburgh Courant, "I, the said Major Bowles, do affirm it to be an infamous falsehood, Lieutenant Smith not being in the same squadron with me: nor did any officer of the corps refuse me his assistance on that occasion, &c. Witness my hand, at Prestonpans, this 1st of January, 1746. (Signed) RICHARD BOWLES." The limited circulation of this exculpatory evidence, found somewhat insufficient towards wiping off the stain, Lieutenant Smith had next recourse to "use and wont" of his countrymen, and proceeded to Haddington, from whence he sent a challenge to the author. "Gang away back," said honest Skirving to the bearer of the message, "and tell Mr Smith that I hinna time to come to Haddington to gie him satisfaction; but tell him an' he likes to come here, I'll tak a look o' him, an' if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; an' if no, I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa."]

[2] [The individual here alluded to had neither time to face the field nor see the fray; "the night before," he slept, it was understood, in his own house in the Cuttle, west of Prestonpans, somewhat beyond a mile from the battle field, and ere he could get on his "gelding grey" on the following morning, the King's army was routed.]

[3] [Captains Rogers and Brymer, of Lee's regiment, were both killed.

" Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they fac'd, and, in great haste,
Upon the booty flew, man.
And they, as gain for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils o' war, man;
Fu' bauld can tell how her nain sell
Was ne'er sae praw pefore, man.

" At the thorn-tree, which you may see
Bewest the meadow mill, man,
There mony slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man;
Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
That fell ne'er Preston dyke, man.

" That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man;
On Seton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man,
But I wish ne'er to dree sic fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man."

" In this battle," says Home, " there were not wanting instances of generous valour on the side of the vanquished," and after allusion to the fate of the gallant veteran, Colonel Gardener, who had served in the armies of the Duke of Marlborough, adds, " Captain Brymer of Lee's regiment, the only officer in the King's army who had seen Highlanders attack regular troops (at the battle of Sheriffmuir), and the only person who seemed to think that there was any thing formidable in their attack, when the rebels broke in upon that part of the line where he stood, disdained to turn his back, and met a hero's death, with his face to the enemy."—*Hist. Chap.* 6.]

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Prince Charles's Proclamations on returning to Edinburgh —Results of his Victory at Preston—his Plans and Levies—his Council and Court at Holyrood House—Arrival of French Vessels with Supplies—Duplicity of Lord Lovat—its Unfortunate Results to Himself and to the Prince —Resolution of Charles to March into England, in Opposition to many of his Advisers—his Arrival at Carlisle—at Preston—at Manchester, where he receives an English Reinforcement—Alarm of Government—Resolution of George II. to take the Field in Person—Arrival of Charles at Derby—his undiminished Confidence of Success, although Surrounded by Government Forces—Lord George Murray urges Retreat, to which the Prince reluctantly Consents.

[1745.]

The night after the battle of Preston, the Chevalier slept at Pinkie House, near Musselburgh;[1] the next morning he returned to Duddingston, and entering the capital, was received with the acclamations of the populace,[2] and all the honours which

[1] ["Charles remained on the field of battle till midnight, giving orders for the relief of the wounded of both armies, for the disposal of his prisoners, and preserving, from temper, or from judgment, every appearance of moderation and humanity."—Home, c. 6.]

[2] ["The Highlanders by whom the Prince was surrounded, in

the official authorities could render. Several proclamations were issued upon his arrival, all of them adapted to influence the popular mind.

He prohibited all rejoicings for the victory, assigning for his reason the loss which had been sustained by his father's misguided subjects. The clergy of Edinburgh were, by another edict, exhorted to resume the exercise of their religious functions, and assured of the Prince's protection. This venerable body sent a deputation to know whether they would be permitted, in the course of divine service, to offer up their prayers for King George. It was answered, on the part of the Chevalier, that to grant the request would be in so far to give the lie to those family pretensions for the assertion of which he was in arms; but that, notwithstanding, he would give them his royal assurance that they should not be called to account for any imprudent language which they might use in the pulpit. The ministers of Edinburgh seem to have doubted the guarantee, as none of them resumed his charge excepting the Rev. Mr Mac-Vicar, minister of the West Church, who regularly officiated there, under the protection of the

the license and extravagance of this joyful moment, fired their pieces repeatedly, and one of these having been accidentally loaded with ball, the bullet grazed a young lady's temple, as she waved her handkerchief from a balcony—Miss Nairne, a lady with whom the author had the pleasure of being acquainted.—'Thank God,' said she, the instant she recovered, 'that the accident happened to me, whose principles are known. Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose.'"—*Waverley*, vol. ii. p. 202.]

guns of the Castle. A number of the Highland officers, as well as the citizens, attended on Mr MacVicar's ministry,[1] in the course of which he not only prayed for King George, but stoutly asserted his right to the throne. This was represented to Charles Edward by some of his followers, as a piece of unjustifiable insolence, deserving of punishment; but the Prince wisely replied, that the man was an honest fool, and that he would not have him disturbed. I do not know if it was out of gratitude for this immunity, but Mr MacVicar, on the following Sunday, added to his prayers in behalf of King George, a petition in favour of the Chevalier, which was worded thus:—"As to this young person who has come among us seeking an earthly crown, do THOU, in thy merciful favour, give him a heavenly one."

A good deal of inconvenience had arisen in consequence of the banking companies having retreated into the castle, carrying with them the specie which supplied the currency of the country. A third proclamation was issued, inviting these establishments to return to the town, and resume the ordinary course of their business; but, like the clergy, the bankers refused to listen to the invitation. They, as well as the clergy, did not probably place much confidence in the security offered.[2]

[1] [The monument of this reverend clergyman in the West Churchyard, bears that "he died in January 1747, in the 75th year of his age, and 47th of his ministry, whereof in the parish 40 years." He was grandfather of the late Neil MacVicar, Esq. Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in 1802–4.]

[2] ["The Chevalier also sent circular letters to the magistrates

It is now time to take a more general view of the effects which the battle of Preston, or of Gladsmuir,[1] as the Jacobites preferred calling it, had produced upon the affairs of the young Adventurer.

Until that engagement, the Chevalier could not be said to possess a spot of Scotland, save the ground which was occupied by his Highland army. The victory had reversed this; and there was no place within the ancient kingdom of his ancestors, except the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, and the four small garrisons on the Highland chain, which dared disavow his authority and abide by the consequences. It was therefore a question of

of all the towns in Scotland, commanding them to repair immediately to Edinburgh, to pay their proportion of the contributions which he imposed on every town; and he despatched other letters to all the collectors and comptrollers of the land-tax and customs, ordering them to bring to his palace their books and the public money in their hands, on pain of high treason."—JOHNSTONE's *Memoirs*, &c., 4to, pp. 33–34. "Great numbers have found themselves obliged to comply. The goods in the customhouse of Leith, &c., were sold out for the Chevalier's sake."—*Scots Magazine*, 1745; LOCKHART *Papers*, vol. ii. p. 454.]

[1] They affected this name to reconcile the victory to some ancient metrical prophecies which happen to fix on Gladsmuir as a field of battle in which the Scottish should be victorious:—

"On Gladsmuir sall the battle be,"

saith the Book of Prophecies.—Printed by Andro Hart, Edinburgh, 1615.

Gladsmuir is a long mile from the actual place of conflict in 1745. Indeed, the old soothsayer seems to have had a better judgment for selecting a field of battle than Sir John Cope. Gladsmuir is a large bold open heath, on which his cavalry would have had full room to act, and he himself a commanding situation. It must be always subject of wonder that he did not halt to receive the Highlanders there, instead of cooping himself up in a pinfold at Preston, and waiting for their attack.

high import to decide in what manner this splendid advantage could be best improved. It was the opinion of many at the time, and has been repeated since, and was, it is said, originally the predominant sentiment of Charles Edward himself, that the blow at Preston should be followed up as speedily as possible by an irruption into England. This, it was said, would rouse the spirits of the English Jacobites, surprise the Government while in a state of doubt and want of preparation, and, in short, give the readiest prospect of completing a counter revolution. On consideration, however, the Prince, from reasons of the most cogent nature, was compelled to renounce an enterprise, which was, perhaps, not uncongenial to his daring temper. He could not but be sensible that his army, after the battle, was reduced nearly one half, by the number of Highlanders who, according to their uniform custom, returned home to deposit with their families the booty which they had taken in the field. This was not all: he was as yet deprived of the assistance of Lovat, MacLeod, and Sir Alexander MacDonald, upon whom he had rested as main supports of his enterprise. These three chiefs might have augmented his forces to six or seven thousand men, with which strength he might have approached the English Borders, not without hopes of striking an important blow. But, besides the relics of Sir John Cope's dragoons, several British regiments, recalled from Flanders, had already reached England; and six thousand Dutch troops had, as in the insurrection in 1715,

been supplied by the States of Holland, as an auxiliary contingent which they were bound to send over to England in case of invasion. These regiments, indeed, were chiefly Swiss and German troops in Dutch pay, who had been made prisoners by the French, and enjoyed their liberty under parole that they should not bear arms against his Most Christain Majesty or his allies. There was, therefore, some doubt whether they could regularly have taken a part in the British civil war. It was understood that the French Government had made a remonstrance against their being employed, founded on the terms of the capitulation. But the laws of war, as well as others, have their points of casuistry; and since the troops were sent to Britain, it can be little doubted that, being there, it must have been with the resolution of fighting, although at a later period, when the Chevalier actually had in his camp a French force, they were withdrawn from the conflict.

It must be also remembered that, in advancing into England, the Chevalier, without being certain of any friends in the South, must have abandoned all chance of supplies from France, which he could only hope to receive in small quantities, by means of Montrose, Dundee, and other ports on the north-eastern coast; while at the same time, he must have withdrawn from a junction with all the recruits whom he expected from the Highlands, and from the great clans, which he still hoped might join him.

To conclude, the British and Dutch forces were

drawing to a head at Newcastle, under Field-Marshal Wade, to a number already superior to that of the Highland army.

Having such a force in front, the advance of the Chevalier into England with 1800 or 2000 men, would have been an act of positive insanity. There remained only another course—that the Chevalier should endeavour to augment his army by every means in his power, and prepare himself for the prosecution of his adventure before he went farther.

With this purpose, the public money was levied in every direction, and parties were despatched as far as Glasgow, which city was subjected to payment of L.5000 sterling. The utmost exertion was made to collect the arms which had been taken from the vanquished in the field of battle; and various gifts were received into the Prince's exchequer from individuals, who, too old or too timid to join him, took this mode of showing the interest which they felt in his cause.

The news of the victory, in the mean time, animated the Jacobites in every quarter of the kingdom, and decided many who had hitherto stood neutral. Officers were appointed to beat up for volunteers, and did so with success;—many Lowland gentlemen joined the ranks of the rebels;—General Gordon of Glenbucket brought down 400 men from the upper part of Aberdeenshire;—Lord Ogilvie led a body of 600 from Strathmore and the Mearns;—Lord Pitsligo, a nobleman of the most irreproachable character, and already in an advanced stage of life, took the field at the head

of a squadron of north-country gentlemen, amounting to 120 in number;[1]—Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke, undertook to levy considerable forces in his own country, though his brother, disgusted perhaps with the recollection of 1715, declined to join the Chevalier's standard.

The new forces were organized in all possible haste. Two troops of cavalry were formed as guards, one of which was placed under the command of Lord Elcho; the other, first destined to the son of Lord Kenmure, who declined to join, was finally conferred on the unfortunate Lord Balmerino. A troop of horse-grenadiers was placed under the command of the equally unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock. This nobleman, if his early education is considered, could scarcely have been expected to have enrolled himself as an adherent of the cause which cost him so dear. In the 1715, being then only twelve years old, he appeared in arms with his father in behalf of the Government, at the head of 1000 men, whom the influence of the family had raised in Ayrshire. He had also enjoyed a pension from George II.'s Government.

[1] ["This Peer, who drew after him such a number of gentlemen, had only a moderate fortune; but he was much beloved and greatly esteemed by his neighbours, who looked upon him as a man of excellent judgment, and of a wary and cautious temper; so that when he, who was deemed so wise and prudent, declared his purpose of joining Charles, most of the gentlemen in that part of the country where he lived, who favoured the Pretender's cause, put themselves under his command, thinking they could not follow a better or a safer guide than Lord Pitsligo."—HOME, chap. 6. He held the situation in the rebel army which the Author of Waverley assigns to the *Baron of Bradwardine*.]

But his wife, Lady Ann Livingston, daughter of James Earl of Linlithgow and Callander, was a zealous Jacobite, and it is supposed, converted her husband to that unhappy faith. Lord Kilmarnock was also in embarrassed circumstances, and his ambition was awakened by the gleam of success which shone on the Prince's standard at Preston, and which induced him to take the step which cost him his life. Mr Murray, the secretary, desirous of a military as well as a civil command, made some progress in levying a regiment of hussars, designed for the light-cavalry duties, which were commanded under him by an Irish officer in the French service, named Lieutenant-Colonel Bagot.

While recruits of considerable rank were thus joining the standard, the camp at Duddington assumed a more regular and military appearance—the Highlanders being, with some difficulty, prevailed upon to occupy the tents which had fallen into their possession at Preston, declaring, however, that they did so only out of respect to the Prince's orders, as these hardy people preferred the open air, even in the end of a Scottish autumn. The tents were very indifferently pitched, and only half inhabited; so that the appearance of the camp was extremely irregular.

It may be here noticed, that the behaviour of the Highlanders was upon the whole exemplary. Some robberies were indeed committed in the vicinity of Edinburgh, by persons in Highland dresses, and wearing white cockades, but they were considered as having been perpetrated by ordinary

thieves, who had used the Prince's uniform as a disguise.[1] On some occasions the Highlanders forgot themselves, and presented their pieces at the citizens to extort money; but the moderation of the demand bore a strange disproportion to the menacing manner in which it was enforced. It was generally limited to a penny, a circumstance strongly expressive of the simplicity of this singular people.

The Court at Holyrood was in those halcyon days of Jacobitism so much frequented by persons of distinction, that it might almost have been supposed the restoration had already taken place. The fair sex, in particular, were dazzled with the gallant undertaking of a young and handsome Prince so unexpectedly successful, and the young men, of course, if in the least biassed in favour of the politics of the softer sex, found it difficult to differ from their opinions. In the eyes of the public, the young Chevalier, whether from policy or a natural good disposition, showed no sentiments but such as were honourable and generous; and many anecdotes were

[1] ["One Robert Monro, alias Maccowney, who had put on a white cockade, but did not belong to the army, was shot for robbery on the 16th, as was Daniel Smith on the 17th, both by sentence of the court-martial. They were attended in their last hours by ministers of the established church."—*Scots Mag.* Oct. 1745. A proclamation was afterwards issued in the name of the Prince, importing that "whereas he was informed that several thefts and robberies had been committed in and about Edinburgh, by villains assuming the character of soldiers in his army," &c. And "for the more effectual detecting of robbers, thieves, and resetts, he promised the discoverers L.5 upon conviction of each offender."—*Ibid.*]

circulated tending to exalt his character in the general opinion. It was said, for example, as Charles rode through the field of battle at Preston, that an officer describing the bodies with which it was covered as being those of his enemies, he replied, that he only beheld with regret the corpses of his father's misguided subjects. It was more certain, that when the Chevalier proposed to the Court of London to settle a cartel for prisoners, and when that proposal was refused, he was strongly advised to consider those English captives who were in his hands as hostages for the lives of such of his own party as might become prisoners to the enemy. But Charles Edward uniformly rejected this proposal, declaring that it was beneath him as a prince to make threats which he did not intend to execute, and that he would never, on any account, or under any provocation, take away the lives of unoffending men in cold blood, after having spared them in the heat of action.

Another opportunity occurred in which Charles had the means of exhibiting the same tone of generosity after his return from Preston. He had established a blockade around the Castle of Edinburgh; this could, in fact, do little more than occasion inconvenience to the garrison, by depriving them of fresh provisions, for of salted stores they had an abundant supply; there was no great prospect, therefore, of reducing so strong a place by the effects of famine, nor did the Governor take much notice of a proclamation forbidding any one to carry provisions to the Castle under pain of

death. A few shots fired on the Highland guards were the only acknowledgment of the insult; but after this had lasted a few days, General Preston, the Governor of the fortress, sent a message to the Lord Provost and magistrates, declaring, that unless the communication with the city was opened, he would cannonade the town, and lay it in ashes. When this threat was communicated to the Chevalier, to whom the affrighted citizens naturally carried their appeal, he observed, that nothing could be more unjust than to make the city responsible for the actions of an armed force which was not under their control; that he might, by a parity of reasoning, be summoned to evacuate the capital, or yield up any other advantage, by the same threat of destroying the city; and that therefore he would not permit his feelings, on the present occasion, to interrupt the plain course which his interest recommended. But to intimidate General Preston, the Chevalier caused him to be informed, that if he fired on the city of Edinburgh, he would, in retaliation, cause the General's house at Valleyfield in Fife, to be burnt to the ground. The stout veteran received the threat with scorn, declaring that if Valleyfield were injured, the English vessels of war in the Frith should in revenge receive instructions to burn down Wemyss castle, which is built on a rock overhanging the sea. This castle was the property of the Earl of Wemyss, whose eldest son, Lord Elcho, was in the Prince's camp. Fortunately this exasperating species of warfare was practised on neither side. General Preston,

in pity to the entreaty of the inhabitants, consented to suspend the cannonade until he should receive orders from St James's.

Some misapprehension, however, having taken place about the terms of this kind of armistice, General Preston, according to his threat, opened a fire upon the city. The confusion was great; the garrison made a sally to dislodge the rebels from some posts near the Castle; the streets were swept with cartridge-shot, and several of the inhabitants, as well as Highlanders, were slain. It is said that the Governor engaged in this sort of warfare, in order to induce the rebel army to remain before the fortress; and that he caused letters to fall into the hands of their council, expressing fears of a scarcity of provisions, so as to determine them to adopt the course of continuing the blockade. Charles, however, feeling, or affecting to feel, much interest for the distress of the inhabitants, gave orders to open the communication with the Castle, and the cannonade in consequence ceased.

All this conduct on the part of the Adventurer was so far politic, as well as generous. But there were at the bottom of this apparent lenity and liberality private feuds, which rendered the Chevalier's opinions and doctrines less acceptable to some of those who immediately approached his person, than to the adherents who only beheld events at a distance. For this purpose I will transcribe the manner in which his councils were conducted, as it is given by Lord Elcho.

"The Prince formed a council which met regularly every morning in his drawingroom. The gentlemen whom he called to it were the Duke of Perth, Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, Lord Ogilvie, Lord Pitsligo, Lord Nairne, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, Glencoe, Lochgarry, Ardshiel, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Colonel O'Sullivan, Glenbucket, and Secretary Murray. The Prince, in this council, used always first to declare what he himself was for, and then he asked every body's opinion in their turn. There was one-third of the council whose principles were, that kings and princes can never either act or think wrong; so, in consequence, they always confirmed whatever the Prince said. The other two-thirds, who thought that kings and princes thought sometimes like other men, and were not altogether infallible, and that this Prince was no more so than others, and therefore, begged leave to differ from him when they could give sufficient reasons for their difference of opinion. This very often was no hard matter to do; for as the Prince and his old governor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, were altogether ignorant of the ways and customs of Great Britain, and both much for the doctrine of absolute monarchy, they would very often, had they not been prevented, have fallen into blunders which might have hurt the cause. The Prince could not bear to hear any body differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to every body that did; for he had a notion of commanding this army as any general does a body of mercenaries, and so let them know only

what he pleased, and expected them to obey without enquiring further about the matter. This might have done better had his favourites been people of the country; but as they were Irish, and had nothing to risk, the people of fashion that had their all at stake, and consequently ought to be supposed prepared to give the best advice of which they were capable, thought they had a title to know and be consulted in what was for the good of the cause in which they had so much concern; and if it had not been for their insisting strongly upon it, the Prince, when he found that his sentiments were not always approved of, would have abolished this council long ere he did.

"There was a very good paper sent one day by a gentleman in Edinburgh, to be perused by this council. The Prince, when he heard it read, said, that it was below his dignity to enter into such a reasoning with subjects, and ordered the paper to be laid aside. The paper afterwards was printed, under the title of The Prince's Declaration to the People of England, and is esteemed the best manifesto published in those times, for those that were printed at Rome and Paris were reckoned not well calculated for the present age.

"The Prince created a committee for providing the army with forage. It was composed of Lord Elcho, President; Graham of Duntroon, whom they called Lord Dundee; Sir William Gordon of Park, Hunter of Burnside, Haldane of Lanark, and his son; Mr Smith, and Mr Hamilton. They issued out orders in the Prince's name to all the gentle-

men's houses who had employments under the Government, to send in certain quantities of hay, straw, and corn, upon such a day, under the penalty of military execution if not complied with, but their orders were very punctually obeyed.

"There were courts-martial sat every day for the discipline of the army, and some delinquents were punished with death."

Charles Edward, while he exercised at Holyrood the dignified hospitality of a Prince, and gave entertainments to his most distinguished followers, and balls and concerts to the ladies of the party, of whom the Duchess of Perth and Lady Ogilvy formed conspicuous persons, omitted not the attention that might become a prudent general. He visited the camp almost every day, exercised and reviewed his troops frequently, and often slept in the camp without throwing off his clothes.

While the internal management of the Prince's affairs, civil and military, was thus regulated, no time was lost in applying to every quarter from which the insurgents might expect assistance. Immediately after the battle of Preston, the Prince had despatched a confidential agent to France; the person intrusted with this mission was Mr Kelly, already mentioned as an accomplice in the Bishop of Rochester's plot. He had instructions to magnify the victory as much as possible in the eyes of the French King and Ministry, and to represent how fair the Prince's enterprise bade for success, if it should now receive the effective support of his Most Christian Majesty. This mission was

not entirely useless, though it may be doubted whether the French Ministers considered the opportunity as being so favourable as was represented. Vessels were despatched from time to time with money and supplies, although only in small quantities. One of these vessels arrived at Montrose with L.5000 in money, and two thousand five hundred stand of arms. There came over in this vessel, Monsieur de Boyer, called Marquis D'Eguilles, son of a president of the Parliament of Aix, with one or two officers connected with those already engaged in the undertaking.

The Prince received the Marquis D'Eguilles with much studied ceremony, affecting to regard him as the accredited agent of the King his master. The Chevalier also gave out, that the Marquis had brought him letters from the King of France, in which he promised his assistance, and asserted more specifically, that his brother, Henry Benedict, calling himself the Duke of York, was to be despatched to Britain immediately, at the head of a French army. This news raised the spirits of the insurgents to a very high pitch; for an attempt at invasion was so obviously the policy of the French court at this period, that nobody had the least difficulty in believing it.

Three more ships arrived from France at Montrose and Stonehaven. A train of six brass four-pounders, and in each vessel two thousand five hundred stand of arms, and L.1000 in money, were received on this occasion. Some Irish officers also came by these vessels. To intercept such communications, Rear-Admiral Byng entered the frith

of Forth with four or five ships of war, which obliged the cavalry of the insurgents to scour the coast by nightly patrols.

Neither was the Prince remiss in endeavouring to extend the insurrection in Scotland. We have mentioned already that MacPherson of Cluny had been taken prisoner in his house by the Prince's soldiers, and carried to Perth as a captive. While in that city he had been released, upon coming under the same engagement as the clans already in arms. On returning, therefore, to his house in Badenoch, he had called his men together, and led three hundred MacPhersons to join the Chevalier's standard at Edinburgh.

But though Cluny, the son-in-law of Lovat, had thus chosen his part, the crafty old chief himself continued to hesitate, and to retain the mask of pretended loyalty to George the Second. Charles Edward corresponded with him, both by means of his secretary Hugh Fraser, and by that of MacDonald of Barrisdale, a partisan, who affected in a peculiar manner the ancient Highland character, and was, therefore, supposed to be acceptable to Lord Lovat. Through the medium of these agents, Charles stimulated the chief's ambition by every object which he could suggest; and while he pretended to receive as current coin, the apologies which the old man made for delaying his declaration, he eagerly urged him to redeem the time which had been lost, by instantly raising his clan.

Lovat still hesitated.[1] President Forbes possessed

[1] ["Since 1715, Lovat had been induced, by disgust and

over him that species of ascendency which men of decided and honest principles usually have over such as are crafty and unconscientious. Lovat was driven, therefore, upon a course of doubtful politics, by which he endeavoured to give the Chevalier such underhand assistance as he could manage, without, as he hoped, incurring the guilt of rebellion. Whilst, therefore, he made to the President empty protestations of zeal and loyalty to the Government, he maintained a private correspondence, expressing equally inefficient devotion to the Prince; and without joining either party, endeavoured to keep fair terms with both, till he should make himself of such importance as to cast the balance between them by his own force.

The vacillation and duplicity of Lord Lovat was the more unhappy for the cause which he finally adopted, because his example lost all the weight which a decisive resolution would have given it in the eyes of those who looked upon him as a model of cautious wisdom. It is generally allowed in the Highlands, that had Lovat taken arms in the beginning of the affair, the two great chiefs, Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, and MacLeod of MacLeod, would certainly have done the same.

ambition, to change his principles again, and was, in secret, an enthusiast in Jacobitism. He had greatly augmented his estate, and obtained a considerable interest in the Highlands, where, however, he was more dreaded than beloved. He was bold, enterprising, vain, arbitrary, rapacious, cruel, and deceitful; but his character was chiefly marked by a species of low cunning and dissimulation, which however overshot his purposes, and contributed to his ruin."—SMOLLETT, b. ii. c. 8.]

The power of these three chiefs would have nearly doubled the numbers which the Chevalier collected from other quarters; nor would it be too much to assert, that with so great a force, the Chevalier might have ventured upon an instant march to England after the battle of Preston, and made a fair experiment of what impression he could have effected in that country, while the full freshness of victory shone upon his arms. But Lovat had proposed to himself to exercise the influence which he possessed over these island chiefs in a very different manner. He had formed a plan of uniting their men from the island of Skye and elsewhere, with the MacPhersons, under the command of Cluny; the MacIntoshes, the Farquharsons, and other branches of the Clan Chattan, over whom he possessed considerable influence; with these he proposed to form a northern army at the pass of Corryarrack, which would, as he calculated, probably have amounted to five or six thousand men, and might, at his own option, have been employed in a decided manner, either for the purpose of effecting a restoration of the Stewarts, or for that of putting down the unnatural rebellion against King George, as might happen eventually best to suit the interests of Simon, Lord Lovat.

This plan was too obviously selfish to succeed. The two chiefs of MacLeod and MacDonald of Sleat became aware of Lovat's desire to profit by their feudal power and following, and thought it as reasonable to secure to themselves the price of their own services. The ambiguous conduct and

delays of Lord Lovat inclined the two chiefs to listen to the more sincere and profitable counsel of Lord President Forbes, who exhorted them by all means to keep their dependents from joining in the rebellion; and, finally, persuaded them to raise their vassals in behalf of the reigning sovereign.

The President was furnished with means of conviction more powerful than mere words. Government having, as already noticed, placed a hundred commissions of companies at the disposal of this active and intelligent judge, he was enabled still farther to improve his influence among the Highlanders, by distributing them among such clans as were disposed to take arms in behalf of the Government. Both Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod were prevailed upon to accept some of these commissions; and when Alexander MacLeod of Muiravonside, a sincere adherent of the Chevalier, went to Skye for the purpose of inducing them to join the Prince, he found that they had committed themselves to the opposite party, in a degree far more active than the political principles which they had hitherto professed gave the slightest reason to expect. The other chiefs among whom commissions were distributed, were the Lord Seaforth, the Earl of Sutherland, Lord Reay, Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, the Master of Ross, and the Laird of Grant. The companies which were raised under these commissions, were ordered to assemble at Inverness, and thus a northern army of loyalists was on foot about the end of October, in the rear of the rebels, while the increasing forces under

Marshal Wade threatened to prevent the possibility of any attempt upon England.

The defection of MacDonald and MacLeod rendered altogether abortive Lovat's plan of a northern army of Highlanders assembling at Corryarrack, and it might have been expected that he would have been now forced openly to adopt either one side or the other. But, ingenious in overreaching himself, the wily old man imagined he had invented a scheme by which he could render Charles Edward such assistance as would greatly forward his enterprise, while, at the same time, he might himself avoid all personal responsibility.

This plan, which he finally adopted, was, that his eldest son, the Master of Lovat, should join the Adventurer with seven or eight hundred of his best-armed and most warlike followers, and take upon himself the whole guilt of the rebellion;[1] while he, the father, should remain at home, affecting a neutrality between the contending parties, and avoiding all visible accession to the insurrection. Even when he adopted the unnatural scheme of saving himself from personal danger, by making

[1] ["The victory obtained by the Chevalier determined his sentiments; and in presence of many of his vassals, being urged by an emissary of the Prince to 'throw off the mask,' he flung down his hat and drank success to the young adventurer by the title which he claimed, and confusion to the White Horse and all his adherents. But with the Machiavelism inherent in his nature, he resolved that his own personal interest in the insurrection should be as little evident as possible, and determined that his son, whose safety he was bound by the laws of God and man to prefer to his own, should be his stalking-horse, and in case of need, his scape-goat."—SCOTT, *ante*, vol. xx. p. 81.]

a cat's-paw of his eldest son, the old Lord interposed so many doubts and delays, that the Master of Lovat, who was a noble and gallant gentleman, shed tears of rage and indignation at the train of dark and treacherous intrigue in which he was involved, and flung into the fire the white cockade which his father had commanded him to assume, yet refused for a time to let him display in the field.[1]

When Lovat finally took the resolution of despatching his son, with the best part of his clan, to the assistance of Charles Edward, a resolution which was not adopted without much hesitation and many misgivings, he feigned, with characteristic finesse, an apology for his march. It was pretended that some of the rebel clans had driven a great prey of cattle from the country of Lovat, and that the Master was obliged to march with his clan for the purpose of recovering them. It was even averred, that, advancing too near the insurgent army, the Frasers were obliged to join them by actual compulsion.

[1] [" It appears from the evidence of Fraser of Dunballoch and others, upon Lord Lovat's trial, that all this while the threats and arguments of the father were urging the son (afterwards the highly esteemed General Fraser) to a step of which he disapproved, and that he was still more disgusted by the duplicity and versatility with which his father qualified it."—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Ibid.* " He was at the University of St Andrews at the breaking out of the Rebellion, 1745, and was sent for from thence by his father to head his clan in support of the rebels, which he unwillingly did. A full and free pardon passed the seals for him in April 1750, and every act of his future life justified the favour of Government."—WOOD'S *Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 161.]

It is singular to remark how the craft of Lovat disappointed his own expectations. He had doubtless desired to give real assistance to the insurrection, for he could hardly suppose that his neighbour, the Lord President, was imposed on by his pretext of neutrality; and he must have feared being called to a severe account, if tranquillity was restored under the old government.[1] And yet, notwithstand-

[1] [Lovat, on 6th November, 1745, addresses the President, "Foyers and Kilbokie, whose familys always used to be the leading familys of the clan on both sides, were the maddest and the keenest to go off; and when they saw that I absolutely forbid them to move or go out of the country, they drew up with my son, and they easily got him to condescend to go at their head." "Though I had ten thousand lives to save I could do no more in this affair to save myself than I have done; and if the Government would punish me for the insolent behaviour of my son to myself, and his mad behaviour towards the Government, it would be a greater severity than ever was used to any subject." "I know your Lordship has and will have more power than what would save me, and ten families like mine; otherwise the King and Government will be most ungrateful to you; for your Lordship has done more service to King George, and to his family and Government, than if he had ane army of 5000 men in the north. For if it was not for your Lordship's great zeal, extraordinary and unheard of activity, the Venturer Prince would have (had) 10,000 before he went south instead of two; and with that number would have marched straight to London without any opposition." To which the President replies, "The representation which your Lordship makes, I shall fairly transmit, if your Lordship insist on it, though with very great concern for the unhappy young man. But I should not act the part of that real friend I have always professed to be, if I did not freely express to your Lordship my apprehensions that the account given will not answer the end proposed, and which I so earnestly wish, the preservation of your Lordship's family. The affection of your clan, and their attachment to you in the year 1715 and downward, will be re-

ing the interest he took in Charles's success, he delayed his son's junction with the rebel forces so late, as to deprive that Prince of the assistance of the Frasers in his march into England, which was begun before the Master of Lovat commenced his journey southward. This delay induced the young nobleman to halt at Perth, where he united his corps with other reinforcements designed for the Prince's army Thus, the indirect policy of Lord Lovat, while it led him to contribute aid to Charles's cause, in such a manner as to ruin himself with Government, induced him, at the same time, to delay and postpone his assistance, until the period was past when it might have been essentially useful.

The Chevalier was aware of the difficulties of his situation, and, not inclining to remain at Edinburgh, like Mar at Perth, while they thickened around him, was disposed to supply by activity his want of numerical force. Having, therefore, received all such supplies as he seemed likely to bring together, he informed his council abruptly, that he

membered; it will not be easily believed that your Lordship's authority is less with them now than it was at that time; it will not be credited that their engagements or inclinations were stronger against the Government when the present commotions began, than they were thirty years ago, when the clan was at Perth. It will be alleged that the people were not universally forward to enter upon the present spell of work; that many of them were reluctant, and some actually threatened, others forced into the service; and I do not know whether, if jealousy were to promote an enquiry, many circumstances might not come out which I choose not to think of and hope never to hear of."—*Culloden Papers.*]

designed to march for Newcastle, and give battle to Marshal Wade, who, he was convinced, would fly before him. This proposal seems to have been exclusively the suggestion of the sanguine temper which originally dictated his enterprise. His father's courtiers, who endeavoured to outvie each other in professing doctrines of unlimited obedience, had impressed the young man with an early belief that his father's cause, as that of an injured and banished monarch, was that of Heaven itself, and that Heaven would not fail to befriend him, if he boldly asserted those rights with which Providence had invested him. He believed the opinions of his English subjects to be the same in which he himself had been brought up. The manner in which the populace of Edinburgh had received him, and the unexpected and decisive victory at Preston, both confirmed him in his sanguine confidence of success; and he was strongly persuaded, that even the paid soldiers of the English would hesitate to lift their weapons against their rightful Prince.

These sentiments, though they might well suit a Prince born and educated like Charles Edward, were too vague and visionary to gain the approbation of his council.

To his proposal of marching into England, it was replied, that the Scottish army which he now commanded, consisting only, after every augmentation, of upwards of 5500 men, was far beneath the number necessary to compel the English to accept him as their sovereign; that, therefore, it would be time enough for him to march into that

country when he should be invited by his friends there, either to join them, or to favour their rising in arms. 2dly, It was urged, that, as Marshal Wade had assembled most of the troops in England, or lately arrived from Flanders, at Newcastle, with a view to a march into Scotland, it would be better to let him advance, than to go forward to meet him, because, in the former case, he must of necessity leave England undefended, and exposed to any insurrection of the Jacobites, or to the landing of the French armament, which the Marquis D'Eguilles and the Prince himself seemed daily to expect.

The council also observed, that it was the Prince's interest, as it was understood to be the King of France's advice and opinion, to postpone a decisive action as long as possible, because, in case of his sustaining a defeat, the French ministers would send no troops to support him, and the loss would be irretrievable; whereas the longer the insurgents remained unbroken and in force, the greater would be the interest and encouragement which their allies would have in affording them effectual assistance. To these arguments the Prince only replied, by again asserting, that he was confident the French auxiliary force would be landed by the time he could cross the Border; and that he possessed a strong party in London and elsewhere, who would receive him as the people of Edinburgh had done. To which the members of his council could only answer, that

they hoped it might prove so. They then dispersed for the night.

The next morning the debate was renewed, and the Prince again proposed to march into England, and fight Marshal Wade. As he found the council in no more complacent humour than they had been the day before, he was induced for the time to be silent upon the main proposition in debate, and limit his proposal to a march to the Borders, in order that the troops might be kept in activity, and make some progress in learning their duty. This was agreed to, and orders were given out that the army should be ready to rendezvous at Dalkeith, and to march forward at the word of command.

On the evening of that same day, the Chevalier, for the third time, laid before his officers, then assembled in his own apartment, the proposal for a march upon Newcastle. To the objections which had been formerly offered, he replied, by saying, in a positive manner, "I see, gentlemen, you are determined to stay in Scotland and defend your country; but I am not less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go alone."

It being at length clear that the Prince's determination was taken, and that they could not separate themselves from his project without endangering his person, and ruining the expedition irretrievably, Lord George Murray and the other counsellors thought of obtaining some middle conclusion betwixt their own plan of remaining in

Scotland, and that of the Prince for marching directly to fight Marshal Wade. Lord George Murray, therefore, proposed, that since the army must needs enter England, it should be on the western frontier; they would thus, he calculated, avoid a hasty collision with the English army, which it was their obvious interest to defer, and would, at the same time, afford the English an opportunity to rise, or the French to land their troops, if either were disposed to act upon it. If, on the contrary, Marshal Wade should march across the country towards Carlisle, in order to give them battle, he would be compelled to do so at the expense of a fatiguing march over a mountainous country, while the Highlanders would fight to advantage among hills not dissimilar to their own. This plan of the western march was not instantly adopted, but the Chevalier at length came into it, rather than abandon his favourite scheme of moving southward.

On the 31st of October, 1745, Charles Edward marched out of Edinburgh at the head of his guards, and of Lord Pitsligo's horse; they rendezvoused at Dalkeith, where they were joined by other corps of their army from the camp at Duddingston, and different quarters. Here the Adventurer's army was separated into two divisions.

One of these consisted of the Athole Brigade, Perth's, Ogilvie's, Roy Stewart's, and Glenbucket's of foot regiments; Kilmarnock's and the hussars, of horse; with all the baggage and the artillery. This division was commanded by the

Duke of Perth, and took the western road towards Carlisle. At Ecclesfechan they were compelled, by the badness of the roads, to leave a part of their baggage, which, after they had marched on, was taken possession of by the people of Dumfries.

The other column of the Highland army consisted chiefly of the three MacDonald regiments, Glengarry's, Clanranald's, and Keppoch's, with Elcho and Pitsligo's horse; this division was commanded by the Prince in person.[1] On the 5th of November, after halting two days at Kelso, they marched to Jedburgh, thus taking a turn towards the west. Their original demonstration to the eastward, was designed to alarm Marshal Wade, and to prevent his taking any measures for moving towards Carlisle, their real object of attack. On

[1] ["When the rebels began their march to the southward," says Home, "they were not 6000 men complete; they exceeded 5500, of whom 400 or 500 were cavalry; and of the whole number, not quite 4000 were real Highlanders, who formed the clan regiments, and were indeed the strength of the rebel army. All the regiments of foot wore the Highland garb; they were thirteen in number, many of them very small. Besides the two troops of horse-guards, there were Lord Pitsligo's and Strathallan's horse, Lord Kilmarnock's horse-grenadiers, and a troop of light horse or hussars, to scour the country and procure intelligence. The pay of a captain in this army was 2s. 6d. a-day, of a lieutenant 2s., of an ensign 1s. 6d., and every private received 6d. a-day without deduction. In the clan regiments every company had two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. The front rank of each regiment consisted of persons who called themselves gentlemen, and were paid 1s. a-day; these gentlemen were better armed than the men in the ranks behind them, and had all of them targets, which many of the others had not."—*Hist.* ch. vi.]

Monday the 8th, the Prince, marching by Hawick and Hagiehaugh, took post at the village of Brampton, in England,[1] with the purpose of facing Wade, should he attempt to advance from Newcastle in the direction of Carlisle.

In the mean time, the column under the Duke of Perth, consisting chiefly of Lowland regiments, horse, and artillery, advanced more to the westward, and reached Carlisle. This town had long been the principal garrison of England upon the western frontier, and many a Scottish army had, in former days, besieged it in vain. The walls by which it was surrounded were of the period of Henry VIII., improved by additional defences in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The castle, situated upon an abrupt and steep eminence, and surrounded by deep ditches on the only accessible point, was very ancient, but strong from its situation and the thickness of its walls. Upon the whole, although Carlisle was in no respect qualified to stand a regular siege, yet it might have defied the efforts of an enemy who possessed no cannon of larger calibre than four-pounders.

It was a considerable discouragement to the Highland leaders, that their men had deserted in great numbers. The march into England was by no means popular among the common soldiers, who attached to the movement some superstitious ideas of misfortune, which must necessarily attend their

1 ["When they entered England, they drew their swords and huzza'd, but in drawing Lochiel cut his hand, which was looked upon as a bad omen."—LOCKHART *Papers*, v. ii. p. 455.]

crossing the Border. When the army of the Prince marched off from Dalkeith, it was upwards of 5500 strong, and they were computed to have lost by desertion at least 1000 men before the one column arrived at Brampton, and the other in the vicinity of Carlisle.

The town of Carlisle showed a spirit of defence. The mayor, whose name was Pattison, was at the trouble to issue a proclamation to inform the citizens, that he was not Paterson, a Scottishman, but Pattison, a true-born native of England,[1] determined to hold out the town to the last. The commandant of the castle, whose name was Durand, and who had lately been sent down to that important situation, was equally vehement in his protestations of defence.

The Duke of Perth, who commanded the right column of the Prince's army, thought it necessary, notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, to attempt the reduction of this important place. He opened, therefore, a trench on the east side of the

[1] ["O, Pattison! ohon! ohon!
Thou wonder of a mayor!
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
And bluster'd like a player.
What hast thou done with sword or gun
To baffle the Pretender?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease
Thou much more fit defender!

"O front of brass and brain of ass,
With heart of hare compounded,
How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
And all thy pride confounded!
Thou need'st not rave, lest Scotland crave
Thy kindred or thy favour;
Thy wretched race can give no grace,
No glory thy behaviour."

Song, The Mayor of Carlisle.]

town, and in two days afterwards began to construct a battery. On seeing these operations, the town of Carlisle, and its valiant Mayor, desired to capitulate. The Duke of Perth refused to accept of their submission, unless the castle surrendered, but allowed them a reasonable time for determination. The consequence was, that both town and citadel surrendered, on condition that the privileges of the community should be respected, and that the garrison, being chiefly militia, should be allowed to retire from the town, after delivering up their arms and horses, and engaging not to serve against the Chevalier for the space of twelve months.[1] This capitulation was signed by the Duke of Perth and Colonel Durand, whose defence must have been but a sorry one, since during the short siege there was only one man killed and another wounded in the besieging army.

On the 17th of November, the Prince himself made a triumphal entry into Carlisle. The inhabitants, who entertained no affection for his cause, received him coldly; yet they could not help expressing a sense of the gentleness with

[1] ["About three months' provisions for the militia, and near 200 horses, with their furniture, were seized. In the castle were found 1000 stand of arms, 100 barrels of powder, and a great deal of military stores. The country for several miles round had secured their money, plate, and most valuable effects in the Castle, which followed of course."—"The rebels, while here, made excessive demands. The cess, excise, and land-tax were exacted under the severest penalties; a contribution from the inhabitants upon pain of military execution was extorted, and the private men among them committed many outrages, which the chiefs could not prevent."—HENDERSON, p. 57.]

which they had been treated by the Duke of Perth, whose conduct towards them had been generous and liberal. Their expressions of gratitude, and those of favour which the Prince thought himself obliged to bestow upon the Duke, were productive of great injury to the cause, by fostering the jealousy which subsisted between Lord George Murray and his Grace. We have already noticed that this discord had its origin as early as the time when the Duke and Lord George first joined the Prince at Perth, and that the Secretary Murray had sought to gratify his own ambition by encouraging the pretensions of the Duke of Perth (whom he found an easy practicable person, very willing to adopt his suggestions), in preference to those of Lord George Murray, who, though an officer of much higher military talents, was haughty, blunt, and not unwilling to combat the opinions of the Prince himself, far more those of his favourite secretary.

There being thus a sort of jealousy betwixt these eminent persons, Lord George considered the preference given to the Duke of Perth, to command the proceedings of the siege of Carlisle, as an encroachment upon his own pretensions; he regarded also, or seemed to regard, the Duke's religion, being a Catholic, as a disqualification to his holding such an ostensible character in the expedition. Under the influence of these feelings, he wrote a letter to the Prince, during the time of the siege, in which he observed he was sorry to see that he did not possess his Royal Highness's confidence, and that, although a Lieutenant-General, others

were employed in preference to him; for these reasons, he perceived he was likely to be of more service as a volunteer than as a general officer; so that he begged his Royal Highness's acceptance of the resignation of his commission in the latter capacity. The Chevalier intimated to him, accordingly, that his resignation was accepted.

But, however acceptable the preference given to the Duke of Perth over Lord George Murray might be to Secretary Murray, and to the immediate personal favourites of the Prince, the Duke's principles and tenets being more acceptable to them than those of an uncompromising soldier of high rank, there was a general feeling of anxiety and apprehension spread through the bulk of the army, who had a much higher opinion of the military capacity of Lord George than of that of the Duke, though partial to the extreme good-nature, personal valour, and gentlemanlike conduct of the latter. The principal persons, therefore, in the army, chiefs, commanders of corps, and men who held similar situations of importance, united in a petition, which was delivered to the Prince at Carlisle, praying that he would be pleased to discharge all Roman Catholics from his councils. This request was grounded upon an allegation which had appeared in the newspapers, stating that the Prince was altogether guided by the advice of Roman Catholics, and comparing Sir Thomas Sheridan to his grandfather, James the Second's father-confessor, the Jesuit Petre. In allusion to the surrender of Carlisle, the petition expressed an

affected alarm upon the subject of Papists assuming the discussion and decision of articles of capitulation, in which the Church of England was intimately concerned. To mark the application of the whole, the Prince was entreated to request Lord George Murray might resume his command. To this last article of the petition the Prince returned a favourable answer; to the rest he waved making any reply. Thus, the intrigue was for a period put a stop to, which, joined to his own rough and uncourtly style of remonstrance, had nearly deprived the insurgents of the invaluable services of Lord George Murray, who was undoubtedly the most able officer of their party.

The Prince might not have found it easy to extricate himself from this difficulty, had the Duke of Perth remained tenacious of the advantage which he had gained. He could not, indeed, be supposed to admit the principle of a petition, which was founded on the idea that the religion which he professed was a bar to his holding high rank in the Prince's service, and accordingly repelled with spirit the objections to his precedence on this ground. But when it was pointed out to him that Charles could not at that moment adhere to his resolution in his favour, without losing, to the great disadvantage of his affairs, the benefit of Lord George Murray's services, he at once professed his willingness to serve in any capacity, and submit to any thing, by which the interest of Charles and the expedition might be most readily promoted.

While the Prince lay at Carlisle, he received in-

telligence, which showed that his successes in Scotland had been but momentary, and of a kind which had not made any serious impression upon the minds of the people. The populace of the towns of Perth and Dundee had already intimated their dislike of the Stewart cause, and their adherence to the House of Hanover. Upon the birth-day of King George, the populace in both places assembled to celebrate the festival with the customary demonstrations of joy, notwithstanding their Jacobite commandants, and the new magistracy, which had been nominated in both towns by the prevailing party. At Perth, the mob had cooped up Mr Oliphant of Gask, with his friends, in the council-house, and shots and blows had been exchanged betwixt the parties. At Dundee, Fotheringham, the Jacobite governor, had been driven from the town, and although both he and Gask had been able to reassert their authority on the succeeding day, yet the temporary success of the citizens of both places, showed that the popular opinion was not on the side of Prince Charles.

A more marked expression of public feeling was now exhibited in the metropolis. The force which had restrained the general sentiment in Edinburgh was removed by the march of the Highland army towards England. The troops from the castle had resumed possession of the deserted city. The Lord Justice Clerk, the Lords of Session, the Sheriffs of the three counties of Lothian, with many other Whig gentlemen who had left the town on the approach of the rebels, had re-entered Edin-

burgh in a kind of solemn procession, and had given orders to prosecute the levy of 1000 men, formerly voted to Government. General Handyside also had marched into the capital on the 14th of November, with Price's and Ligonier's regiments, which had come from Newcastle; also the two regiments of dragoons, who had behaved so indifferently at Preston. The towns of Glasgow, Stirling, Paisley, and Dumfries, were also embodying their militia; and Colonel John Campbell, then heir of the Argyle family, had arrived at Inverary and was raising the feudal interest of that powerful house, as well as the militia of the county of Argyle.

All these were symptoms that showed the frail tenure of the Chevalier's influence in Scotland, and that it was not, in the Lowlands at least, likely to survive long the absence of the Highland army.

Neither were the Highlands in a safe situation, so far as the Prince's interest was concerned. Lord Loudon was at Inverness, with the MacLeods and MacDonalds of Skye, and overawed the Jacobites north of Inverness, as well as those of Nairn and Moray. It is true, Lord Lewis Gordon, who commanded in Banff and Aberdeenshire, had raised three battalions for the Prince, commanded by Moir of Stonywood, Gordon of Abachie, and Farquharson of Monaltry. The rest of Charles's reinforcements lay at Perth; they consisted of the Frasers, as already mentioned, MacGillivray of Drumnaglas, who commanded the MacIntoshes; the Farquharsons, the Earl of Cromarty, the Mas-

ter of Lovat, with several detachments of MacDonalds of various tribes, and one hundred and fifty of the Stewarts of Appin. A large body of MacGregors lay at Doune, under the command of MacGregor of Glengyle, and kept the country in great awe. All these troops made a considerable force; those at Perth, in particular, together with Glengyle's people, amounted to between three and four thousand men, as good as any the Prince had in his army, and Colonel MacLauchlan was despatched to order them immediately to march and join their countrymen in England.

In those circumstances, several of the Prince's followers were much surprised, when, in a council at Carlisle, the sanguine young Adventurer proposed that they should, without delay, pursue their march to London, as if the kingdom of England had been wholly defenceless. It was objected, that the Scottish gentlemen had consented to the invasion of England, in the hope of being joined by the English friends of the Prince, or in expectation of a descent from France; without one or other of these events, they had never, it was stated, undertaken to effect the restoration of the Stewart family. To this the Prince answered, that he was confident in expecting the junction of a strong party in Lancashire, if the Scots would consent to march forward. D'Eguilles vehemently affirmed his immediate expectation of a French landing; and Mr Murray, who was treasurer as well as secretary, assured them that it was impossible to stay longer at Carlisle for want of money. All

these were urgent reasons for marching southward.

Whether the Prince had any stronger reasons than he avowed for believing in the actual probability of a Jacobite rising which he averred, will probably never be exactly known. It is certain that many families of distinction were understood to be engaged to join the Prince in 1740, provided he appeared at the head of a French force, and with a certain quantity of money and arms; but the same difficulties occurred in England, which he had encountered on his first landing in Scotland. The persons who had come under an agreement to join, under certain conditions, in a perilous enterprise, considered themselves as under no obligation to do so, when these conditions were not complied with.. It is probable, nevertheless, that many of those zealous and fanatical partisans, which belong to every undertaking of the kind, and are usually as desperate in their plans as in their fortunes, might, since his entering England, have opened a communication with the Prince, and excited his own sanguine temper by their representations. But, at the same time, it is pretty clear that the Prince had no information of such credit as to be laid before his council; at least, if it were so, it was never seen by them; nor were there any indications of a formed plan of insurrection in his favour, although there seemed a strong disposition on the part of the gentry in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Wales, to embrace his interest. As for Lord George Murray, and the counsellors who

differed in opinion from Charles, they assented to the advance into England, merely lest it might be said that, by their restiveness, the Prince had lost the chance of forming an union with his English friends, or profiting by a descent from France.

The army was now reduced to about 4400 men, out of which a garrison of two or three hundred were to be left in Carlisle; with the remainder it was now resolved to march to London by the Lancashire road, although, including the militia and newly-raised regiments, there were upwards of 6000 men under arms upon the side of the Government, who lay directly in their road. It would, therefore, seem, that the better course would have been to have waited at Carlisle until the reinforcements arrived from Perth; but this proposal was made and overruled. On the 21st of November, the Prince marched from Carlisle, and arrived that night at Penrith, Lord George Murray commanding the army as general under him. He halted a day at Penrith, with the purpose of fighting Field-marshal Wade, who had made a demonstration towards Hexham, to raise the siege of Carlisle; but who had marched back, on account, as was alleged, of a heavy snow-storm. Wade was now an old man, and his military movements partook of the slowness and irresolution of advanced age. The Prince, neglecting the old Marshal, pushed southward, resumed his adventurous march, and advanced through Lancaster to Preston, where the whole army arrived on the 26th. They marched in two divisions, of which the first,

commanded by Lord George Murray, comprehended what were called the Lowland regiments, that is to say, the whole army except the clans; although the greater part so called Lowland, were Highlanders by language, and all of them by dress, the Highland garb being the uniform of all the infantry of the Jacobite army. The Prince himself, at the head of the clans properly so called, each of which formed a regiment, led the way on foot, with his target on his shoulder, sharing the fatigues of his hardy followers. The little army was compelled, for convenience of quarters, to move, as we have said, in two divisions, which generally kept half a day's march separate from each other.

These adventurous movements, from the very audacity of their character,—for who could have supposed them to be hazarded on vague expectations?—struck a terror into the English nation, at which those who witnessed and shared it were afterwards surprised and ashamed. It was concluded that an enterprise so desperate would not have been undertaken without some private assurances of internal assistance,[1] and every one expect-

[1] ["] We have had ocular demonstration," says the editor of Johnston's Memoirs in 1820, "from the archives of the Stewart family, lately discovered at Rome, by Mr Watson of Elgin, and now in possession of his Majesty, that he (Prince Charles) was first invited into Great Britain, and then abandoned to his fate, by a great part of the English aristocracy. This fact cannot be denied, as there is evidence of it in their own handwriting. These archives, which consist of more than half a million of documents, equally curious and instructive, and which throw so much additional light on the religion, politics, and morals of almost every nation in Europe, during one of the most

ed some dreadful and widely-spread conspiracy to explode. In the mean time, the people remained wonderfully passive. "London," says a contemporary, writing on the spur of the moment, "lies open as a prize to the first comers, whether Scotch or Dutch;" and a letter from the poet Gray to Horace Walpole, paints an indifference yet more ominous to the public cause than the general panic: "The common people in town at least know how to be afraid; but we are such uncommon people here" (at Cambridge) "as to have no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought where and when the battle of Cannæ was. I heard three sensible, middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place in the high-road) to see the Pretender and Highlanders as they passed." A further evidence of the feelings under which the public laboured during this crisis, is to be found in a letter from the well-

interesting periods of modern times, leave no douht as to the truth of what a perusal of the selection from the Culloden papers, puhlished in 1815, led us strongly to suspect, that the project of the Pretender was not so wild as, since the result, it has usually been pronounced; and that the conduct of the Highland chiefs, who staked their lives and properties upon the issue, though certainly hold, was not so imprudent as it might at first sight appear to he. Having, however, surmounted the greatest danger, to which every enterprise of that nature is exposed, namely, the danger of heing crushed in the outset, they could hardly anticipate, when they advaneed into England, that the powerful party which had promised to join them, would, when the risk was so much less, be so much more regardless of their word than they themselves had been."—Pp. 64–5.]

known Sir Andrew Mitchell to the Lord President.[1] "If I had not," says the writer, "lived long enough in England to know the natural bravery of the people, particularly of the better sort, I should, from their behaviour of late, have had a very false opinion of them; for the least scrap of good news exalts them most absurdly, and the smallest reverse of fortune depresses them meanly."

In fact, the alarm was not groundless; not that the number of the Chevalier's individual followers ought to have been an object of serious, at least of permanent alarm, to so great a kingdom; but because, in many counties, a great proportion of the landed interest were Jacobitically disposed, although, with the prudence which distinguished the opposite party in 1688, they declined joining the invaders, until it should appear whether they could maintain their ground without them.

In the mean time, the unfortunate Prince marched on in full confidence in his stars, his fortunes, and his strength, like a daring gambler, encouraged by a run of luck which was hitherto extraordinary; but his English friends remained as much palsied as his enemies, nor did anything appear to announce that general declaration in his favour which he had asserted with so much confidence.

On arriving at Preston, in Lancashire, Lord George Murray had to combat the superstition of the soldiers whom he commanded. The defeat of the Duke of Hamilton in the great Civil War,

[1] Culloden Papers, p. 255.

with the subsequent misfortune of Brigadier Mac-Intosh in 1715, had given rise to a belief, that Preston was to a Scottish army the fatal point, beyond which they were not to pass. To counteract this superstition, Lord George led a part of his troops across the Ribble-bridge, a mile beyond Preston, at which town the Chevalier arrived in the evening. The spell which arrested the progress of the Scottish troops was thus supposed to be broken, and their road to London was considered as laid open.

The people of Preston received Charles Edward with several cheers, which were the first he had heard since entering England; but on officers being appointed to beat up for recruits, no one would enlist. When this was stated to the Prince, he continued, in reply, to assure his followers with unabated confidence, that he would be joined by all his English friends when they advanced as far as Manchester; and Monsieur D'Eguilles, with similar confidence, offered to lay considerable wagers, that the French either had already landed, or would land within a week. Thus, the murmurers were once more reduced to silence.

During this long and fatiguing march, Charles, as we have already said, shared with alacrity the fatigues of his soldiers.[1] He usually wore a Highland dress, and marched on foot at the head of one

[1] ["All the bridges over the river Mersey being broken down, Charles chose the route to Stockport, and forded the river at the head of his division, though the water rose to his middle."—SMOLLETT, b. ii. c. 8.]

of the columns, insisting that the infirm and aged Lord Pitsligo should occupy his carriage. He never took dinner, but, making a hearty meal at supper, threw himself upon his bed about eleven o'clock, without undressing, and rose by four the next morning, and, as he had a very strong constitution, supported this severe labour day after day. In all the towns where the Highland army passed, they levied the public revenue with great accuracy; and where any subscriptions had been levied in behalf of Government, as was the case in most considerable places, they exacted an equivalent sum from each subscriber.

On the march between Preston and Wigan, the road was thronged with people anxious to see the army pass by, who expressed their good wishes for the Prince's success; but when arms were offered to them, and they were invited to enrol themselves in his service, they unanimously declined, saying in excuse, they did not understand fighting. On the 29th, when the Prince arrived at Manchester, there was a still stronger appearance of favour to his cause; bonfires, acclamations, the display of white cockades, solemnized his arrival, and a considerable number of persons came to kiss his hand, and to offer their services. About two hundred men of the populace were here enlisted, and being embodied with the few who had before joined his standard, composed what was termed the Manchester regiment. The officers were in general respectable men, enthusiasts in the Jacobite cause; and Mr Townley, a gentleman of good family, and

considerable literary accomplishments, was named colonel of the regiment. But the common soldiers were the very lowest of the populace.[1] All this success was of a character very inferior to that which the Prince had promised, and which his followers expected; yet it was welcome, and was re-

[1] ["One of my sergeants," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "named Dickson, whom I had enlisted from among the prisoners of war at Gladsmuir, a young Scotsman, as brave and intrepid as a lion, informed me on the 27th at Preston, that he had been beating up for recruits all day without getting one. He had quitted Preston, in the evening, with his mistress and my drummer; and having marched all night, he arrived next morning at Manchester, and immediately began to beat up for recruits for 'the yellow haired laddie.' The populace at first did not interrupt him, conceiving our army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive until the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner alive or dead. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him; and by turning round continually, facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle, which a crowd of people had formed round them. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of Stewart, took arms, and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he soon had five or six hundred to aid him who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn, and putting himself at the head of his followers, he proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting all who offered themselves. On presenting me with a list of 180 recruits, I was agreeably surprised to find that the whole amount of his expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure of Dickson gave rise to many a joke at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the singular circumstance of its having been taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl."—*Memoirs*, pp. 48–49; RAY, p. 139.]

garded as the commencement of a rising in their favour, so that even Lord George Murray, when consulted by a friend, whether they should not now renounce an expedition which promised so ill, gave it as his opinion, that, before doing so, they should advance as far as Derby, undertaking that, if they were not joined by the English Jacobites in considerable numbers at that place, he would then propose a retreat.

The Highland army advanced accordingly to Derby; but in their road through Macclesfield, Leek, Congleton, and other places, were received with signs of greater aversion to their cause than they had yet experienced, so that all hopes founded on the encouragement they had received from the junction of the Manchester Regiment, were quite obscured and forgotten.

They now also began to receive notice of the enemy. Colonel Ker of Gradon nearly surprised a party of English dragoons, and made prisoner one Weir, a principal spy of the Duke of Cumberland, whom the Highland officers were desirous of sending to instant execution. Lord George Murray saved him from the gallows, and thus obtained some valuable information concerning the numbers and position of the enemy. Accuracy in these particulars was of the last consequence, for having arrived at Derby, Charles might be said to be at the very crisis of his fate. He was within 127 miles of London, and, at the same time, less than a day's march of an army of 10,000 and upwards, which had been originally assembled under General Ligo-

nier, and was now commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who had his headquarters at Litchfield, somewhat farther from the metropolis than those of Charles Edward.[1] On the other hand, another English army, equal in numbers to their own, was moving up along the west side of Yorkshire, being about this time near Ferrybridge, two or three marches in the rear of the Scottish invaders, who were thus in danger of being placed between two fires.

Besides these two armies, George the Second was himself preparing to take the field at the head of his own Guards. For this purpose they were marched out of London, and encamped upon Finchley Common. Several regiments who had served abroad were destined to compose this third army, and form the defence of the capital, should its services be required.[2]

[1] [" There was a great disproportion," says the Chevalier Johnstone, " between the numbers of the two armies ; but the inequality was balanced by the heroic ardour of the Highlanders, animated on that occasion to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and breathing nothing but a desire for the combat. They were to be seen during the whole day in crowds before the shops of the cutlers, quarrelling about who should be the first to sharpen and give a proper edge to their swords."—*Memoirs*, 4to, p. 51.]

[2] [To this, in his account of affairs in London at that period, Smollett adds, " Some Romish priests were apprehended. The militia of London and Middlesex were kept in readiness to march ; double watches were posted at the city gates, and signals of alarm appointed. The volunteers of the city were incorporated into a regiment ; the practitioners of the law were headed by the judges ; weavers of Spittalfields, and other communities engaged in associations ; and even the managers of the theatres offered to

The Prince showed no abatement of the high confidence which he had hitherto entertained of success. It seems to have been his idea to push forward at the head of his active troops, and, eluding the Duke of Cumberland (which, from their mutual position with respect to London, he would not have found difficult, being the nearest to the capital by nearly a day's march), to press forward upon the metropolis, and dispute the pretensions of the reigning monarch beneath its very walls. He continued to entertain the belief that George the Second was a detested usurper, in whose favour no one would willingly draw his sword; that the people of England, as was their duty, still nourished that allegiance for the race of their native princes, which they were bound to hold sacred; and that, if he did but persevere in his daring attempt, Heaven itself would fight in his cause. His discourse, therefore, when at table, at Derby, was entirely about the manner in which he should enter London, whether on foot or horseback, or whether in Lowland or Highland garb; without hinting at the possibility of his having to retreat without

raise a body of their dependents for the service of the Government. Notwithstanding these precautions and appearances of unanimity, the trading part of the city, and those concerned in the money corporations, were overwhelmed with fear and dejection. They prognosticated their own ruin in the approaching revolution; and their countenances exhibited the plainest marks of horror and despair. On the other hand the Jacobites were elevated to an insolence of hope which they were at no pains to conceal; while many people who had no private property to lose, and thought no change could be for the worse, waited the issue of this crisis with the most calm indifference."—*Hist.* b. ii. c. 8.]

making the final experiment on the faith and fortitude of the English. He remained at Derby for nearly two days to refresh his forces.

On the morning of the 5th of December, Lord George Murray, with all the commanders of battalions and squadrons, waited on the Prince, and informed him, that it was the opinion of all present, that the Scots had now done every thing that could be expected of them. They had marched into the heart of England, through the counties represented as most favourable to the cause, and had not been joined, except by a very insignificant number. They had been assured also of a descent from France, to act in conjunction with them; but of this there had not been the slightest appearance; nevertheless, Lord George stated, that if the Prince could produce a letter from any English person of distinction, containing an invitation to the Scottish army either to march to London or elsewhere, they were ready to obey. If, however, no one was disposed to intermeddle with their affairs, he stated they must be under the necessity of caring for themselves, in which point of view their situation must be considered as critical. The army of the Duke of Cumberland, ten thousand strong, lay within a day's march in front, or nearly so; that of Marshal Wade was only two or three marches in their rear. Supposing that, nevertheless, they could give both armies the slip, a battle under the walls of London with George the Second's army was inevitable. He urged, that with whomsoever they fought, they could not reckon even upon vic-

tory, without such a loss as would make it impossible to gather in the fruits which ought to follow it; and that four or five thousand men were an army inadequate even to taking possession of the city of London, although undefended by regular troops, unless the populace were strongly in his favour, of which good disposition some friend would certainly have informed them, if any such had existed.

Lord George Murray, to these causes for retreat, added a plan for a Scottish campaign, which he thought might be prosecuted to advantage. In retreating to that country the Prince had the advantage of retiring upon his reinforcements, which included the body of Highlanders lying at Perth, as well as a detachment of French troops which had been landed at Montrose under Lord John Drummond. He, therefore, requested, in the name of the persons present, that they should go back and join their friends in Scotland, and live or die with them.

After Lord George had spoken, many of the council expressed similar opinions. The Duke of Perth and Sir John Gordon only proposed penetrating into Wales, to give the people there an opportunity to join. To this was opposed the necessity of fighting with the Duke of Cumberland, with unequal numbers, and perhaps with Marshal Wade also, who was likely to strain every nerve to come up in their rear.

Charles Edward heard these arguments with the utmost impatience, expressed his determination to

advance to London, having gained a day's march on the Duke of Cumberland, and plainly stigmatized as traitors all who should adhere to any other resolution. He broke up the council, and used much argument with the members in private to alter their way of thinking. The Irish officers alone seemed convinced by his reasoning, for they were little accustomed to dispute his opinions; and besides, if made prisoners, they could only be subjected to a few months' imprisonment, as most of them had regular commissions in the French service. But at length the Chevalier, knowing that little weight would be given to their sanction, and finding that his own absolute commands were in danger of being disobeyed, was compelled to submit to the advice, or remonstrance, of the Scottish leaders.

On the 5th, therefore, in the evening, the council of war was again convoked, and the Chevalier told them, with sullen resignation, that he consented to return to Scotland, but at the same time informed them, that in future he should call no more councils, since he was accountable to nobody for his actions excepting to Heaven and to his Father, and would, therefore, no longer either ask or accept their advice.

Thus terminated the celebrated march to Derby, and with it every chance, however remote, of the Chevalier's success in his romantic expedition. Whether he ought ever to have entered England, at least without collecting all the forces which he could command, is a very disputable point; but it

was clear, that whatever influence he might for a time possess, arose from the boldness of his advance. The charm, however, was broken the moment he showed, by a movement in retreat, that he had undertaken an enterprise too difficult for him to achieve.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Retreat of the Highland Army from Derby—Dejection of the Prince—Pursuit by the Duke of Cumberland—Skirmish at Clifton—Reinforcements left with the Jacobite Garrison in Carlisle—the Highland Army re-enter Scotland.

[1745.]

Upon the 6th of December, the Highland army began its retreat northward. As they marched in the grey of the morning, the men did not at first perceive in what direction they were moving; but so soon as the daylight gave them the means of perceiving that they were in retreat, an expression of deep regret and lamentation was heard among the ranks; with such confidence had these brave men looked forward to a successful issue, even in the precarious situation in which they were placed.

It was also observed, that from the time the retreat commenced, the Highlanders became more reckless in their conduct. They had behaved with exemplary discipline while there remained any possibility of conciliating the inhabitants. The English might then stare with wonder on men speaking an unknown language, wearing a wild and unwonted dress, and bearing much of the external appearance of barbarians, but their behaviour was

that of an orderly and civilized people. Now, when irritated by disappointment, they did not scruple to commit plunder in the towns and villages through which they passed; and several acts of violence induced the country people not only to fear them as outlandish strangers, but to hate them as robbers.[1] In the advance, they showed the sentiments of brave men, come, in their opinion, to liberate their fellow-citizens;—in the retreat, they were as caterans returning from a creagh. They evinced no ferocity, however, and their rapine was combined with singular simplicity. Iron being a scarce commodity in their own country, some of them were observed, as they left Derby, to load themselves

[1] [And as cannibals also, by the Chevalier Johnstone's account. "The terror of the English," says he, "was truly inconceivable, and in many cases they seemed quite bereft of their senses. One evening, as Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and with uplifted hands, and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself; when she answered that every body said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food. Mr Cameron having assured her that they would not injure her or her little children, or any person whatever, she looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice, 'Come out, children; the gentleman will not eat you.' The children immediately left the press, where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet. They affirmed in the newspapers of London that we had dogs in our army trained to fight; and that we were indebted for our victory at Gladsmuir to those dogs, who darted with fury on the English army. They represented the Highlanders as monsters with claws instead of hands. In a word they never ceased to circulate, every day, the most extravagant and ridiculous stories with respect to the Highlanders."—*Memoirs*, pp. 76, 77.]

with bars of it, which they proposed to carry down to Scotland with them!

The behaviour of the Prince also tended to dishearten the soldiers. He seemed to conduct himself on the retreat as if he were no longer commander of the army. Instead of taking the vanguard on foot, at the head of his people, with his target at his back, as had been his custom during the advance, he now lingered behind his men, so as to retard them, and then rode forward and regained his place in the column; he showed, in short, obvious marks of being dejected and out of humour.

The few English insurgents by whom the Prince had been joined, were divided in opinion whether they should follow this retrograde movement, which coincided so ill with their more sanguine hopes, or remain behind, and desert the cause. Morgan, one of these English volunteers, came up to Vaughan, a gentleman of the same country, and observed, in a tone of surprise, that the army were going to Scotland; "Be it so," answered Vaughan, "I am determined to go with them wherever their course lies."—Morgan replied, with an oath, it was better to be hanged in England than starved in Scotland. He had the misfortune to be hanged accordingly, while Vaughan escaped, and died an officer in the Spanish service.

The people of the country, who had shown them little good-will upon their advance, appeared more actively malevolent when they beheld the Scots in retreat, and in the act of pillaging the places they

passed through. At a village near Stockport, the inhabitants fired upon the patrols of the Highlanders, who, in retaliation, set fire to the place. Most of the country-people were in arms, and all stragglers were killed or made prisoners. The sick men also, of the Jacobite army, who were necessarily left behind the march, were killed or treated with violence. On the 9th of December the army approached Manchester; but in that city, which had lately appeared so friendly, they now encountered opposition. A violent mob was in possession of the town, and opposed the quartermasters of the Chevalier's army. Two battalions and two squadrons were detached to support the quartermasters, by whom the mob was dispersed. L.2500 was demanded from the town, in consequence of this riot. On leaving the place, the mob even pursued, and fired upon the rear of the Chevalier's army, although they uniformly retreated so soon as the rear-guard faced about. The temper of the people, however, served to show how little reliance could at any time have been placed upon their attachment.

The Duke of Cumberland, who, as I already said, was lying at Litchfield, while Prince Charles was at Derby, did not learn for two days that the Highlanders had left Derby for Ashburn on the 6th; and did not commence any pursuit until the 8th, when the Duke marched northward with all his cavalry, and a number of infantry mounted upon horses furnished by the neighbouring gentry. The troops advanced with the utmost spirit. The

retreat of the Scottish army, whose advance had been regarded with a vague apprehension of terror, was naturally considered as an avowal of their inability to execute their purpose; and it was concluded by the regular soldiery, that they were pressing upon the flight of a disappointed and disheartened body of adventurers, who had failed in an attempt to execute a desperate object. The English troops also felt in spirits, as being under the command of a Prince of the blood, of undoubted experience and courage, who had arrived in Britain in time to assert the cause of his father, and to fix upon his head the crown which had been so boldly struck at. They anticipated little opposition from an enemy in full retreat, and whom, it might be supposed, a brisk attack would throw into utter disorder; their cavalry, therefore, pressed forward, in spirits, and by forced marches.

On their part, the Highlanders retreated with speed, regularity, and unabated courage. Lord George Murray, to vindicate the sincerity of his attachment to the cause he had embraced, undertook the charge of the rear-guard, the post of danger and of honour. This frequently detained him a considerable time beyond the march of the main body, more especially for the purpose of bringing up the baggage and artillery of the army, which, from the bad weather and bad state of the roads, was perpetually breaking down, and detained the rear-guard considerably.

Towards the evening of the 17th of December, the Prince, with the main body of his army, had

entered the town of Penrith, in the county of Cumberland. Lord George Murray had, in the mean while, been delayed so much by those various accidents, that he was forced to pass the night six miles in the rear, at the town of Shap. The Glengarry regiment of Highlanders were at that time in charge of the rear-guard; and at Shap, Lord George found Colonel Roy Stewart, with another small regiment of 200 men. In the mean time, the Chevalier had determined to halt at Penrith until he was joined by his rear-guard.

Next day, being the 18th of December, Lord George Murray marched with both the corps which we have mentioned. The march began, as usual, before daybreak; but when it became broad daylight, he discovered the village of Clifton, which is within three or four miles south of Penrith, and the heights beyond it, crowned with several parties of cavalry, drawn up betwixt him and the village. The Highlanders, you must be reminded, had, in former times, an aversion to encounter the Lowland horse; but since their success at Preston, they had learned to despise the troops of whom they formerly stood in awe. They had been instructed, chiefly by the standing orders of Lord George Murray, that if they encountered the cavalry manfully, striking with their swords at the heads and limbs of the horses, they might be sure to throw them into disorder. The MacDonalds, therefore, of Glengarry, on receiving the word of command to attack those horsemen who appeared disposed to interrupt their passage, stript off their

plaids without hesitation, and rushed upon them sword in hand. The cavalry in question were not regulars, but volunteers of the country, who had assembled themselves for the purpose of harassing the rear of the Highland army, and giving time for the Duke of Cumberland, who was in full pursuit, to advance and overtake them. On the fierce attack of Glengarry's men they immediately galloped off, but not before several prisoners were made; among the rest a footman of the Duke of Cumberland, who told his captors that his Royal Highness was coming up in their rear with 4000 horse.

Lord George Murray despatched this information to the Chevalier at Penrith, requesting some support, which he limited to 1000 men. Colonel Roy Stewart, who was charged with the message, returned with orders that the rear-guard should retreat upon Penrith.[1] At the same time, Mac-Pherson of Cluny, with his clan, was sent back as far as Cliftonbridge, with the Appin regiment, under command of Stewart of Ardshiel. With

[1] ["Lord George Murray desired Colonel Stewart not to mention this order to any other person."—HOME.—"The officers who were with me, says Lord George, agreed in my opinion, that to retreat when the enemy were within less than musket-shot would be very dangerous, and we would probably be destroyed before we came up with the rest of our army. We had nothing for it but a brisk attack; and therefore, after receiving the enemy's fire, we went in sword in hand and dislodged them; after which we made our retreat in good order. I own I disobeyed orders; but what I did was the only safe and honourable measure I could take, and it succeeded."—*Letter to Hamilton of Bangour*, HOME's *Appendix*, No. 42.]

the assistance of these reinforcements, Lord George Murray was still far inferior in number to the enemy, yet he determined to make good his retreat.

The Duke of Cumberland's whole cavalry was now drawn up in the rear of the Highland army, upon the open moor of Clifton; beyond the moor, the rear-guard of the Highlanders must necessarily pursue their retreat through large plantations of fir-trees, part of Lord Lonsdale's enclosures. Lord George Murray foresaw an attack in this critical posture, and prepared to meet and repel it. He drew up the Glengarry regiment upon the high-road, within the fields, placed the Appin Stewarts in the enclosures on their left, and again the Mac-Pherson regiment to the left of them. On the right he stationed Roy Stewart's men, covered by a wall.

The night was dark, with occasional glimpses of the moon. The English advanced about 1000 dismounted dragoons, with the intention of attacking the Highlanders on the flank, while the Duke of Cumberland and the rest of his cavalry kept their station on the moor, with the purpose of operating in the rear of their opponents. Lord George Murray perceived, by a glimpse of moonshine, this large body of men coming from the moor, and advancing towards the Clifton enclosures. The MacPherson and Stewart regiments, which were under Lord George's immediate command, were stationed behind a hedge; but Lord George, observing a second hedge in front, protected by a

deep ditch, ordered his men to advance and gain possession of it. It was already lined on the opposite side by the enemy, who, as was then the custom of dragoons, acted as infantry when occasion required. Lord George asked Cluny his opinion of what was to be done: "I will attack the enemy sword in hand," replied the undaunted chief, "provided you order me." As they advanced, the MacPhersons, who were nearest to the hedge of which they wished to take possession, received a fire from the soldiers who had lined it on the opposite side. Cluny, surprised at receiving a discharge of musketry, when he conceived he was marching against a body of horse, exclaimed, "What the devil is this!" Lord George Murray replied, "There is no time to be lost—we must instantly charge!" and at the same time drawing his broadsword, exclaimed, "Claymore!" which was the word for attacking sword in hand. The MacPhersons rushed on, headed by their chief, with uncontrollable fury; they gave their fire, and then burst, sword in hand, through the hedge, and attacked the dragoons by whom it was lined. Lord George himself headed the assault, and in dashing through the hedge lost his bonnet and wig (the last of which was then universally worn), and fought bare-headed, the foremost in the skirmish. Colonel Honeywood, who commanded the dragoons, was left severely wounded on the spot, and his sword, of considerable value, fell into the hands of the chief of the MacPhersons. The dragoons on the right were compelled, with considerable loss, to

retreat to their party on the moor. At the same moment, or nearly so, another body of dismounted dragoons pressed forward upon the high-road, and were repulsed by the Glengarry regiment, and that of John Roy Stewart. The Highlanders were with difficulty recalled from the pursuit, exclaiming, that it was a shame to see so many of the king's enemies standing fast upon the moor without attacking them. A very few of the MacPhersons, not exceeding twelve, who ventured too far, were either killed or taken. But the loss of the English was much more considerable, nor did they feel disposed to renew the attack upon the rear of the Highlanders. Lord George Murray sent a second message to the Prince, to propose that he should detach a reinforcement from the main body, with which he offered to engage and defeat the cavalry opposed to him. The Prince, doubtful of the event, or jealous of his general, declined to comply with this request.

On receiving this answer, Lord George Murray retreated to Penrith, and united the rear-guard with the main body; and it seems that the Duke of Cumberland became satisfied that a good deal of risk might be incurred by a precipitate attack on the Highland army, since he did not again repeat the experiment.[1] The next day, Charles re-

[1] ["The Duke of Cumberland's footman declared, that his master would have been killed, if the pistol with which a Highlander took aim at his head, had not missed fire. The Prince had the politeness to send him back to his master."—JOHNSTONE, p. 61.—"Cumberland and his cavalry fled with precipitation, and in such great confusion, that if the Prince had been

treated to Carlisle, and arrived there with his army on the morning of the 19th of December.

It was thought desirable that the Highland garrison in that town should be reinforced, but it was not easy to find forces willing to be left behind in a place almost certain to be sacrificed. The men of the Manchester regiment, who were disheartened at the prospect of a retreat into Scotland, were pitched upon for this duty, together with a number of French and Irish. The last had little to fear, being generally engaged in the French service, and the English were probably of the mind of Captain Morgan, that hanging in England was preferable to starving in Scotland.

The skirmish at Clifton seems to have abated the speed of the English pursuers, who no longer attempted to annoy the retreat of their active enemy. The Scottish army left Carlisle upon the 20th of December, and effected their retreat into Scotland by crossing the Esk at Langtoun; the river was swollen, but the men, wading in arm in arm, supported each other against the force of the current, and got safely through, though with some difficulty. It is said that the Chevalier showed both dexterity and humanity on this occasion. He was crossing on horseback, beneath the place where

provided in a sufficient number of cavalry to have taken advantage of the disorder, it is beyond question that the Duke of Cumberland and the bulk of his cavalry had been taken prisoners."—M'PHERSON'S *MS. Memoirs, quoted in Notes to Waverley*, v. ii. p. 288.]

some of his men were fording the river, one or two of whom drifted from the hold of their companions, and were carried down the stream in great danger of perishing. As one of them passed, the Chevalier caught him by the hair, called out in Gaelic, "*Cohear, cohear!*" that is, "Help, help!" supported the man till he was taken safely from the water, and thus gave himself an additional claim to the attachment of his followers.[1]

The Highland army, marching in two divisions,

[1] ["The Esk, which is usually shallow, had been swelled by an incessant rain of four days to a depth of four feet. Nothing could be better arranged than the passage. Our cavalry formed in the river, to break the force of the current, about twenty-five paces above that part of the ford where our infantry were to pass; and the Highlanders formed themselves into ranks of ten or twelve abreast, with their arms locked in such a manner as to support one another against the rapidity of the river, leaving sufficient intervals between their ranks for the passage of the water. Cavalry were likewise stationed in the river below the ford, to pick up and save those who might be carried away by the violence of the current. The interval between the cavalry appeared like a paved street through the river, the heads of the Highlanders being generally all that was seen above the water. By means of this contrivance, our army passed the Esk in an hour's time, without losing a single man; and a few girls, determined to share the fortune of their lovers, were the only persons who were carried away by the rapidity of the stream. Fires were kindled to dry our people as soon as they quitted the water; and the bagpipers having commenced playing, the Highlanders began all to dance, expressing the utmost joy on seeing their country again; and forgetting the chagrin which had incessantly devoured them, and which they had continually nourished ever since their department from Derby."—JOHNSTONE, pp. 75, 76. —Compare Viscount Dundee's exiled officers' passage of the Rhine.—*Ante*, vol. xxiv. p. 398.]

arrived at Annan and Ecclefechan on the same day, and pursued their road through the west of Scotland.

While the Scottish rebels were advancing, the utmost alarm prevailed in London; there was a sharp run upon the Bank, which threatened the stability of that national establishment;[1] the offers of support from public bodies showed the urgency of the crisis; the theatres, for example, proposed to raise armed corps of real not personated soldiers. There was the more alarm indicated in all this, because the Highlanders, who had not been at first sufficiently respected as soldiers, had acquired by their late actions credit for valour of a most romantic cast. There was something also in the audacity of the attempt, which inclined men to give Charles credit for secret resources, until his retreat showed that he was possessed of none except a firm belief in the justice of his own cause, and a confidence that it was universally regarded in the same light by the English nation. The apathy of the English had dissipated this vision, few or none, excepting Catholics, and a handful of

[1] ["People thronged to the bank to obtain payment of its notes; and it only escaped bankruptcy by a stratagem. Payment was not indeed refused: but as those who came first were entitled to priority of payment, the bank took care to be continually surrounded by agents with notes, who were paid in sixpences in order to gain time. These agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back by another, so that the *bona fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them; and the bank, by this artifice, preserved credit, and literally faced its creditors."—JOHNSTONE, p. 57]

Jacobites of Manchester, having shown themselves disposed to acknowledge his cause. The retreat, therefore, from Derby was considered throughout England as the close of the rebellion; as a physician regards a distemper to be nearly overcome, when he can drive it from the stomach and nobler parts into the extremities of the body.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

State of Affairs in Scotland—Spirit of Resistance to the Jacobites—Fines levied by Prince Charles from Dumfries and Glasgow—Levies for his Service assembled at Perth—Failure of Richelieu's projected Expedition—Junction of the Jacobite Forces, at Stirling—Surrender of Carlisle to the Duke of Cumberland, who is recalled to London—General Hawley appointed to the Command in Scotland—Battle of Falkirk—The Duke of Cumberland appointed to the Chief Command in Scotland.

[1746.]

THE state of Scotland had materially changed during the absence of the Prince and his army upon the expedition to Derby; and the nation was now in the situation of one, who, having received a stunning blow, recovers at last from his stupor, and aims, though feebly and with uncertainty, at retaliating the injury which he has sustained.

Inverness was in the hands of Lord Loudon, commanding an army composed of the MacLeods, MacDonalds of Skye, and other northern clans, who, to the number of two thousand men, had associated against the insurgents. The Earl of Loudon even felt himself strong enough to lay hands on Lord Lovat in his own castle, named Castle Downie, and brought him to Inverness, where he detained him in a sort of honourable

captivity. Fraser of Gortuleg, one of his clansmen, relieved Lovat by a stratagem. The old chief, having made his escape, lurked in the Highlands, keeping up his correspondence with Charles Edward. The house of Gortuleg was Lovat's chief residence. Matters in the North were, therefore, unfavourable to the Chevalier's cause.

The capital of Scotland was again in possession of the constituted authorities, garrisoned by a part of Marshal Wade's army which had been sent down for the purpose, and preparing to redeem, by a more obstinate resistance to the Highlanders upon their return from England, the honour which they might be supposed to have lost by their surrender in the September preceding.[1]

This spirit of resistance had reached the Western Border, where reports were generally disseminated that the Chevalier and his forces had been defeated in England, and were now flying across the Border in such extreme confusion, that the militia and volunteers of the country would have little trouble in totally destroying them. For this purpose, many of the peasants of Dumfriesshire had assumed arms, but they showed little inclination to use

[1] ["The gentlemen of the counties through which they passed contributed a fund for their use; each soldier had a pound of beef, a pound of bread, a glass full of good *Scots* spirits, and a bottle of ale; besides, the people of the country so liberally supplied them, that their kindness was like pouring water into the ocean. It was dark before they entered Edinburgh (3d January), yet were they received with all possible demonstrations of joy; the city was finely illuminated; the people huzza'd; the militia lined the streets, and warm quarters were immediately assigned them."—HENDERSON, p. 87.]

them, when they saw the Chevalier's army return in complete order, and unbroken in strength or spirit.

The Highland army, after crossing the river Esk, was divided into three bodies. The first, consisting of the clans, moved with the Chevalier to Annan. Lord George Murray was ordered to Ecclefechan with the Athole brigade and Lowland regiments. Lord Elcho, with the cavalry, received orders to go to Dumfries, and to disarm and punish that refractory town. The Prince himself shortly followed with the infantry, which he commanded in person.

Dumfries's ancient contumacy to the Jacobite cause had been manifested, not only by their conduct in the year 1715, but by a recent attack upon the Chevalier's baggage, as he marched into England in the November preceding.[1] The horse marched thither accordingly, with purposes of vengeance, and were speedily followed by the Prince's own division. He laid a fine of L.2000 upon the town, and demanded, for the use of the army, 1000 pairs of shoes. Some of the money required was instantly paid down, and for the rest hostages were granted. No violence was commit-

[1] ["About thirty cart-load of baggage belonging to the Highland army was left at Lockerby for want of horses. The party that guarded it, either from an eagerness to assist at the siege of Carlisle, or for fear of being overpowered by about 1000 country people, from about Dumfries, headed by four gentlemen of distinction, that were advancing to attack them, marched off for Carlisle, leaving the baggage, which was thereupon seized on the 14th Nov."—*Scots Mag. Nov.* 1745.]

ted on the town or inhabitants, for the Highlanders, though they threatened hard,[1] did not, in fact, commit any violence or pillage.[2]

The magistrates and community of Glasgow were yet more guilty in the eyes of the Prince than those of the smaller town of Dumfries. That city had raised a body of 600 men, called the Glasgow regiment, many of them serving without pay, under the command of the Earls of Home and Glencairn. This corps had been sent to Stirling to assist General Blakeny, the governor of the castle, to defend the passes of the Forth. From Stirling,

[1] ["The Lowlanders," says Mr R. Chambers, "were often highly amused by the demands of their Highland guests, or rather by the uncouth broken language in which these demands were preferred. It is still told by the aged people of Dumfries as a good joke, that they would come into houses and ask for 'a pread, a putter, and a sheese, till *something petter pe ready.*' It is remembered, in another part of the country, that some of them gave out their orders to the mistress of the house for a morning meal, in the following language: 'You'll put down a pread, matam—and a putter, matam—and a sheese, matam—and a tea, matam—shentleman's preckfast, matam—and you'll give her a shilling to carry her to the neisht town, matam!'"—*Hist.* vol. ii. p. 307.]

[2] The provost of Dumfries, a gentleman of family named Corsan, who had showed himself a stanch adherent of the Government, was menaced with the destruction of his house and property. It is not very long since the late Mrs MacCulloch of Ardwell, daughter of provost Corsan, told your Grandfather that she remembered well, when a child of six years old, being taken out of her father's house, as if it was to be instantly burnt. Too young to be sensible of the danger, she asked the Highland officer, who held her in his arms, to show her the Pretender, which the good-natured Gael did, under condition that little Miss Corsan was in future to call him the Prince. Neither did they carry their threats into execution against the provost or his mansion.

the Glasgow regiment fell back with the other troops which had assembled there, and took post at Edinburgh. This was with a view to the defence of the capital, since the Highlanders, having bent their march to the westward, were likely to pay Edinburgh the next visit.

While the citizens of the capital were suffering from the apprehension of the neighbourhood of the rebels, those of Glasgow were paying the actual penalty attached to their presence. Clothing for the troops, and stores, were demanded from the town to the extent of more than L.10,000 sterling, which they were compelled to pay, under the threat of military execution.[1]

At Glasgow, the Prince learned, for the first time with some accuracy, the extent of the interest which France had taken in his cause, and the supplies of every kind which she had sent to him; supplies which, in amount, remind us of those administered to a man perishing of famine, by a comrade, who dropt into his mouth, from time to time, a small shell-fish, affording nutriment enough to keep the sufferer from dying, but not sufficient to restore him to the power of active exertion.

The principal part of these succours came under Lord John Drummond, brother to the Duke of

[1] [" Charles required the magistrates of Glasgow to furnish his army with 1200 shirts, 6000 short coats, 6000 pair of shoes, 6000 bonnets, 6000 pairs of stockings; the value of which, added to the L.5500 paid on the 27th of September, amounted to L.10,000. Parliament, in 1749, granted L.10,000 to the magistrates of Glasgow, to reimburse them."—HOME, chap. vii.]

Perth, and a general officer in the army of France. They consisted of his own regiment in the French service, called the Royal Scots ; the picquets of six Irish regiments; and Fitz-James's light horse. Of the latter, not more than two squadrons appear to have mustered. He also brought some money and military stores. Lord John Drummond had been intrusted with letters from France, giving an account how matters had been conducted there, and what was designed for the assistance of the Chevalier. Charles's brother, the titular Duke of York, had arrived at Paris in August, 1745, and, on the news of the battle of Preston, there had originated a sincere desire on the part of the French to assist the attempt of the House of Stewart effectually.

The original plan was, to put the Irish regiments in the French service under the command of the said Duke of York, and place them on board of fishing-boats, which should instantly transport them to England. This scheme was laid aside, and a much greater expedition projected, under the command of the Duke of Richelieu, which it was designed should amount to 9000 foot, and 1350 horse. The troops were assembled for this purpose at Dunkirk, Boulogne, and Calais, and a number of small vessels were collected for the embarkation. The French, however, were so dilatory in their preparations, that the design took air, and the English Government, to whom the expedition, had it sailed during the time of Charles's irruption into the West frontier, must have been

highly dangerous, instantly ordered Admiral Vernon, with a strong fleet, into the Channel, and assembled an army on the coast of Kent and Essex. Upon this, the French abandoned the expedition, the danger of which was greatly diminished by the retreat of the Highlanders from Derby.

The Prince did not, for a long time, either hear or believe that this scheme, of a descent in favour of his family, was ultimately abandoned; and his confidence that the French continued to persevere in it, led him into more than one serious mistake. It was now agitated among the Prince and his adherents, in which way his small body of forces could be best employed. Some were of opinion, that they ought to direct their march upon the capital of Scotland. It is true, that part of the troops which had constituted Wade's army at Newcastle were now preparing to defend Edinburgh, and that the rest of those forces were advancing thither under the command of General Hawley. It was nevertheless alleged, that the Highlanders might, in this severe season, distress the English troops considerably, by preventing them from dividing in their winter march in quest of quarters, and by obliging them to keep the field in a body, and undergo hardships which would be destructive to them, though little heeded by the hardy mountaineers. But although this scheme promised considerable advantages, Charles preferred another, which engaged him in the siege of Stirling castle, although his best troops were very unequal to that species of service. The Prince was, no doubt, the rather inclined to

this scheme, that Lord John Drummond had brought both battering guns and engineers from France; and, thus supplied, he probably imagined that his success in sieges would be equally distinguished with that which he had attained by open war.

Before leaving the west country, the Highlanders burnt and plundered the village of Lesmahago, and particularly the clergyman's house, on account of the inhabitants having, under that reverend person's direction, attacked and made prisoner MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, who was traversing the country unattended, having been sent by the Prince on a mission to the Western Isles.[1]

On the 3d of January, Prince Charles Edward evacuated Glasgow,[2] and fixed his headquarters on the following day at the house of Bannockburn, while his troops occupied St Ninian's, and other villages in the neighbourhood of Stirling. The town was summoned, and not being effectually fortified, was surrendered by the magistrates, although there were about six hundred militia within it.

[1] This unfortunate gentleman, at whose house Prince Charles landed on his first arrival, and who held the office of his aide-de-camp, was afterwards executed.

[2] [" The whole of the shirts, &c. imposed on Glasgow not being made when the insurgents marched, Messrs Archibald Coates and George Carmichael, merchants, were carried away as hostages. The Pretender's son lay at Mr Campbell's of Shawfield, near Kilsyth, on the 3d. Mr Campbell's steward was ordered to provide every thing, and promised payment; but was told next morning that the hill should be allowed to his master at accounting for the rents of Kilsyth, that being a forfeited estate." —*Scots Mag. Jan.* 1746.]

Some of these left the place, and others retired to the castle, where there lay a good garrison under General Blakney, a brave and steady officer. Having summoned this fortress, and received a resolute refusal to surrender, the Chevalier resolved to open trenches without delay; and having brought him to this resolution, we will resume the narrative of what had happened in the north of Scotland, and also in England, that you may understand what new actors had now come upon this eventful stage.

The arrival of Lord John Drummond at Montrose, already noticed, with his French forces, gave additional courage to Lord Lewis Gordon, who was levying men and money in Aberdeenshire in behalf of Prince Charles. He was brother of the Duke of Gordon, a brave and active young man, but had in the beginning seemed uncertain which side to take in the civil turmoil. At first he is said to have offered his service to Sir John Cope on his way northward. But Lord Lewis received little encouragement; and affronted, it was supposed, with the neglect shown him by the commander-in-chief, he finally embraced the cause of the Chevalier, and acted for him in Aberdeenshire, where his family interest, and the Jacobite propensity of the country gentlemen, gave him much influence. Thus strengthened, Lord Lewis was now joined by one part of Lord John Drummond's auxiliaries, while the rest were sent to Perth to unite with Lord Strathallan, who, as we have seen, commanded in that city a considerable Highland reinforcement, destined to

follow their countrymen into England had the Prince's command been obeyed.

Lord Loudon, who, on the part of the Government, commanded at Inverness, was desirous to put a stop to the progress of Lord Lewis Gordon. For this purpose he despatched MacLeod, with 450 of his own men, and 200 Monros, and other volunteers, commanded by Monro of Culcairn. With these he advanced as far as Inverury, about ten miles from Aberdeen, to dispute with the Jacobite leader the command of the north of Scotland. On receiving intelligence of their approach, Lord Lewis Gordon got 750 under arms, chiefly Lowland men of Aberdeenshire, under Moir of Stonywood, and Farquharson of Monaltry, with a proportion of the Royal Scots regiment, and hastened against the enemy. MacLeod was nearly surprised, having sent many of his men to billet at a distance from the little town of Inverury. He had, however, time to get those who remained with him under arms, and to take possession of the most defensible parts of the town, when Lord Lewis Gordon marched in at the other end of the place, and a sharp action of musketry commenced. It was remarkable on this occasion, that the Islesmen, who appeared on the part of Government, were all Highlanders, in their proper garb; and that the greater part of those who fought for the Stewarts wore the Lowland dress, being the reverse of what was usually the case in the civil war. Lord Lewis Gordon, however, made his attack with much spirit —the firing continued severe on both sides—at

length the Aberdeenshire men made a show of rushing to close combat, and the MacLeods gave way, and retreated or fled. As the battle was fought at night, the pursuit did not continue far, or cost much bloodshed. The MacLeods fled as far as Forres, having lost about forty of their men.

It was generally believed of that martial clan, that they would have behaved with more steadiness if they had been fighting on the other side.[1] Lord Lewis Gordon after this success, which he obtained on the 23d of December, marched his men to join the general rendezvous of Charles Edward's reinforcements, which was held at Perth.

There were thus assembled at Perth, the Frasers, the MacKenzies, the MacIntoshes, and the Farquharsons, all which clans had joined the cause since the Prince left Edinburgh; there were also the various forces raised by Lord Lewis Gordon, together with the regiments of Royal Scots and

[1] Several of the MacLeods, although they thought their Laird justified in refusing to join Prince Charles, since he came without the stipulated supplies of forces and money, were yet displeased at his yielding to President Forbes's persuasions, and raising his clan on the side of Government. One gentleman, a subordinate chieftain of the clan, who was summoned to arms by MacLeod, sent to his chieftain the twenty men which composed his immediate followers, with a letter to this purpose:—"Dear Sir,—I place at your disposal the twenty men of your tribe who are under my immediate command, and in any other quarrel would not fail to be at their head; but in the present I must go where a higher and more imperious duty calls me." Accordingly, he joined the camp of Charles Edward. MacLeod of Raasa also took arms for the Prince, with one hundred men. But the MacGilliechallum, as that chief is called, had always asserted his independence of MacLeod of Dunvegan.

French picquets, which had come over with Lord John Drummond: their number, taken altogether, might amount to 4000 men and upwards—of whom more than one-half were as good Highlanders as any in the Prince's service. These reinforcements had, you may remember, received an order from Prince Charles, by the hand of Colonel MacLachlan, to follow the army up to England. The Highlanders lying at Perth were unanimously disposed to follow their Prince and countrymen, and to share their fate. Lord Strathallan, on the other hand, supported by the Lowland and French officers, demurred to obeying this order. The parties were considerably irritated against each other on this occasion, and the dispute was not ended until the return of the Prince from England, when an order was transmitted from Dumfries, summoning the body of men in Perth to join the Prince at Stirling.

By this junction, the adventurer's force was augmented to about 9000 men, being the largest number which he ever united under his command. With this, as we have already said, Charles formed the siege of the castle of Stirling. He opened trenches before the fortress on the 10th of January, 1746, but was soon interrupted in his operations by the approach of a formidable enemy.

We must now turn our eyes to a different quarter, and remark what measures the English Government were taking for putting an end to the present disturbances.

The Duke of Cumberland, whom we left after

the skirmish at Clifton, did not renew his attempt upon the rear of the Highland army. But they had no sooner crossed the Esk than he formed the investment of Carlisle, in which the Highlanders had left a garrison of about 300 men. They refused to surrender to the Duke's summons, conceiving, probably, which seems to have been the idea of Charles himself, that the Duke of Cumberland had no battering cannon at his command; there were such, however, at Whitehaven, and he sent to obtain the use of them. They were placed on two batteries, the one commanding the English and the other the Scottish, or North gate. The governor of the place, upon a breach being made, although not yet practicable, sent out a white flag, demanding what terms would be allowed to the garrison. They were informed, in reply, that if they surrendered at discretion, they should not be put to the sword. These were the only conditions of the surrender, the garrison being understood to be reserved for the king's pleasure. Colonel Townley, the commander of the Manchester Regiment, was here made prisoner, with about twenty of his officers, and one Mr Cappoch, a clergyman, who was designed by the Prince to be Bishop of Carlisle. Governor Hamilton, with about 100 Scottish men, also surrendered, as did Geohagan and other Irish officers in the French service. The melancholy fate of the gentlemen included in this surrender might have been so easily foreseen, that the Chevalier was severely censured for leaving so many faithful adherents in a situation which neces-

sarily exposed them to fall into the power of the government which they had offended in his behalf. The defence of the measure is, that, conceiving he might be presently recalled to England to aid a descent of the French, he deemed it essential to hold Carlisle as a gate into that country. But to this it may be replied, that, by blowing up the fortifications of Carlisle, and dismantling the Castle, he might have kept that entrance at all times open without leaving a garrison in so precarious a situation.

On December the 31st, the Duke of Cumberland entered Carlisle on horseback, and presently after received the congratulations of deputies, not only from every place in the neighbourhood, but from Edinburgh itself, to congratulate him upon the advantages which he had obtained over the rebels.

In the mean time, the Duke's pursuit of the Highlanders in person was interrupted by despatches which called him to London, to be ready to take the command against the projected invasion from France. The greater part of the infantry, which had been lately under his command, when his headquarters were at Litchfield, was now marched to the coasts of Kent and Sussex, being the readiest force at hand in case the descent should actually take place. It was at the same time, however, resolved, that such part of the Duke's army (being chiefly cavalry) as had followed him to the neighbourhood of Carlisle, should continue their march northward, and unite themselves with the

troops which had long lain at Newcastle under the command of Field-marshal Wade. This aged officer had not been alert in his movements during the winter campaign, particularly in his march for the relief of Carlisle, and was therefore removed from his command.

General Henry Hawley was in the mean time named by the Duke of Cumberland to the command of the forces destined to follow the Highland army. Hawley was an officer of military experience, but dreaded and disliked by the soldiers, as a man of a severe and even savage disposition; and, although personally brave, yet of a temper more fitted to obey than to command. This general had been a lieutenant in Evans's dragoons at the battle of Sheriffmuir, and as he fought in the right wing of the Duke of Argyle's army, he had seen the success of the cavalry when engaged with Highlanders. This experience had given him a poor opinion of the latter force, and he had frequently been heard to impute the miscarriage of General Cope to that officer's cowardice and want of conduct, and to affirm that a very different result might be expected from an encounter betwixt Highlanders and dragoons, when the last were properly led on to action.[1]

With these feelings of confidence in himself, and with that experience of the Highland mode of fighting which his campaign in 1715 was supposed

[1] ["General Hawley had often boasted that two regiments of dragoons were sufficient to ride over the whole Highland army." —*Culloden papers*, 265.]

to have given him, General Hawley marched into Scotland at the head of a force which, when joined by the troops already at Edinburgh, amounted to 8000 men, two-thirds of whom were veterans. The rest consisted of upwards of a thousand Argyleshire men, commanded by Colonel Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyle), and of the Glasgow regiment, to the amount of 600 men. There also joined, from Yorkshire, a body of volunteer light horse, called the Yorkshire Hunters, who were in arms for the House of Hanover and the established government.

Hawley, on arriving in Edinburgh, gave a specimen of his disposition, by directing gibbets to be erected, as an indication of the fate of the rebels who should fall into his hands; a preparation designed to strike terror, but which rather inspired aversion and hatred. The time was speedily approaching when such vaunts were to be made good by action. General Hawley, at the head of such a gallant force as he now commanded, conceived himself fully able to march towards Stirling, and attack the rebels, who were engaged in the siege of the castle. Having, accordingly, directed his forces to move in two divisions, the first marched from Edinburgh on the 13th of January, under the orders of General Huske, Hawley's second in command. This gentleman was of sounder judgment and better temper than his superior officer; he had formerly been quartered in Scotland, and was well known and esteemed by many of the inhabitants.

The Highland army, lying before Stirling, were

regularly apprised of the movements of the enemy. Upon the 13th of January, Lord George Murray, who lay at Falkirk, obtained intelligence that the people of the neighbouring town of Linlithgow had received orders from Edinburgh to prepare provisions and forage for a body of troops who were instantly to advance in that direction. Lord George, made aware of Hawley's intention, resolved to move with a sufficient force and disappoint these measures, by destroying or carrying off the provisions which should be collected in obedience to the requisition.

The Jacobite general marched to Linlithgow, accordingly, with the three MacDonald regiments, those of Appin and of Cluny, and the horse, commanded by Elcho and Pitsligo. Parties of the cavalry were despatched to patrol on the road to Edinburgh for intelligence. About noon, the patrolling party sent back information that they perceived a small body of dragoons, being the advance of General Huske's division, which, as I have stated, marched from Edinburgh that morning. Lord George sent orders to the patrol to drive the dragoons who had shown themselves back upon the main body, if they had one, and not to retire until they saw themselves in danger of being overpowered. In the mean time, he drew up the infantry in line of battle in front of the town of Linlithgow. Lord Elcho, according to his orders, drove back the advanced party of horse upon a detachment of sixty dragoons, and then forced the whole to retire upon a village in which there were masses both of

horse and foot. Having thus reconnoitred close up to the main body of the enemy, Lord Elcho sent to acquaint Lord George Murray what force he had in his front, so far as he could discern, and received orders to retreat, leaving a small corps of observation. It was not Lord George's purpose to engage an enemy whose strength, obviously considerable, was unknown to him; he therefore determined to remain in Linlithgow until the enemy arrived very near the town, and then to make his retreat in good order. This object he accomplished accordingly; and, on his repassing the bridge, there was so little distance betwixt the advanced guard of general Huske's division and the rear-guard of Lord George Murray's, that abusive language was exchanged between them, though without any actual violence. Lord George continued his retreat to Falkirk, where he halted for that night. On the next day, he again retreated to the villages in the vicinity of Bannockburn, where he learned that general Huske, with half the Government army, had arrived at Falkirk, and that general Hawley had also arrived there on the 16th, with the second division; that besides his regular troops, he was joined by 1000 Highlanders, followers of the Argyle family, and that they seemed determined upon battle.

Upon the 15th and 16th of January, the Chevalier, leaving 1000 or 1200 men under Gordon of Glenbucket, to protect the trenches and continue the blockade of Stirling castle, drew up his men in a plain about a mile to the east of Bannockburn,

expecting an attack. His horse reconnoitred close to the enemy's camp, but saw no appearance of advance. On the 17th, the same manœuvre was repeated, the Highland army being drawn up on the same open ground near Bannockburn, while that of the Government remained in Falkirk, totally inactive.

The cause of this inactivity is stated to have been the contempt which General Hawley entertained for the enemy, and his unhesitating belief, that, far from venturing on any offensive movement, the insurgents were upon the point of dispersing themselves, from the dread of his approach. It is moreover said, that General Hawley, having felt the influence of the wit and gaiety of the Countess of Kilmarnock (whose husband was in the Prince's army), had been unable to resist her ladyship's invitation to Callander house, and that he had resided there from the time of his arrival in Falkirk on the 16th until the afternoon of the 17th of January, old style, with less attention to the army which he commanded than became an old soldier. In the mean time, rougher cheer was preparing for him than he probably experienced at Callander.

The Highlanders, holding a council of war on the field where they rendezvoused, had determined, since the English General did not move forward to fight them, that they would save him the trouble by an immediate advance on their side. There were only about seven miles between the two

armies; and General Hawley, with a carelessness very unbecoming a veteran officer, appears to have sent out no patrols from his camp. This gave the insurgents an opportunity of trying a stratagem, which proved eminently successful. It was determined that Lord John Drummond, with his own regiment, the Irish picquets, and all the cavalry of the rebel army, should advance upon the straight road leading from Stirling and Bannockburn towards Falkirk. They were also to carry with them the royal standard, and other colours, of which they were to make a display in front of the decayed forest called the Torwood. This march and position of Lord John Drummond was, however, only designed as a feint, to persuade the King's army that the whole rebel force was advancing in that quarter.

Mean while, Lord George Murray, making a circuit by the south side of the Torwood, had crossed the river Carron near Dunnipace, and was advancing to the southward of the high ground called Falkirk Moor, then an open and unenclosed common, swelling into a considerable ridge or eminence, which lay on the westward, and to the left of the royal camp. General Huske, who, as we have said, was second in command, was first aware of the approach of the enemy. About eleven o'clock Lord John Drummond's division was visible from the camp, and, as had been designed, attracted exclusive attention, till about two hours later, when General Huske, by infor-

mation, and by the aid of spy-glasses, descried the approach of Lord George Murray's division, from which the real attack was to be apprehended.

But though Huske saw the danger, General Hawley, whose task it peculiarly was to apply the remedy, was still at Callander-house. In this dilemma, the second in command formed the line of battle in front of the camp, but, in the absence of his superior officer, he had it not in his power to direct any movement either towards the division of Highlanders which kept the road, under Lord John Drummond, or against that which was ascending the heights to the left, under the command of Lord George Murray. The regiments remained on their ground in wonder, impatience, and anxiety, waiting for orders, and receiving none.

Hawley, however, at length caught the alarm. He suddenly appeared in front of the camp, and, ordering the whole line to advance, placed himself at the head of three regiments of dragoons, drew his sword, and led them at a rapid pace up the hill called Falkirk moor, trusting, by a rapid movement, to anticipate the Highlanders, who were pressing on towards the same point from the opposite side of the eminence.

In the mean time, that part of the Highland army which was designed to possess themselves of the heights, marched on in three divisions, keeping along the moor in such a manner, that first the thickets of the Torwood, and afterwards the acclivity of the ground, hid them in some measure from Hawley's camp. In this movement they kept

their columns parallel to the ridge ; and when they had proceeded as far in this direction as was necessary to gain room for their formation, each column wheeled up and formed in line of battle, in which they proceeded to ascend the eminence.

The first line consisted of the clans,—the Mac-Donalds having the right and the Camerons the left ; in the second line, the Athole brigade had the right, Lord Lewis Gordon's Aberdeenshiremen the left, and Lord Ogilvie's regiment the centre ; the third line, or reserve, was weak in numbers, chiefly consisting of cavalry, and the Irish picquets. It may be remarked, that Lord John Drummond, who made the feint, remained with his troops on the high-road until the whole of the other division had passed the Carron, and then fell into the rear, and joined the cavalry who were with the Prince, thus reinforcing the third line of the army.

When Hawley set off with his three regiments of dragoons, the infantry of the King's army followed in line of battle, having six battalions in the first line, and the same number in the second. Howard's regiment marched in the rear, and formed a small body of reserve.

At the moment that the Highlanders were pressing up Falkirk moor on the one side, the dragoons, who had advanced briskly, had gained the eminence, and displayed a line of horse occupying about as much ground as one half of the first line of the Chevalier's army. The Highlanders, however, were in high spirits, and their natural ardour was

still farther increased at the sight of the enemy. They kept their ranks, and advanced at a prodigious rate towards the ridge occupied by Hawley's three regiments. The dragoons, having in vain endeavoured to stop this movement of the clans towards them by one or two feints, resolved at length to make a serious attack, while they still retained the advantage of the higher ground. Their first movement was to take the enemy in flank, but the MacDonalds, who were upon the right of the whole Highland line, inclined to a morass, which effectually disconcerted that scheme; the dragoons then came on in front at a full trot, with their sabres drawn, to charge the Highlanders, who were still advancing. The clans, seeing the menaced charge, reserved their fire as resolutely as could have been done by the steadiest troops in Europe, until Lord George Murray, who was in front, and in the centre of the line, presented his own fusee within about ten yards of the cavalry. On this signal they gave a general discharge, so close, and so well levelled, that the dragoons were completely broken. Some few made their way through the first line of the Highlanders, but were for the most part slain by those in the second line.[1]

1 ["The cavalry closing their ranks, which were opened by our discharge," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "put spurs to their horses, and rushed upon the Highlanders at a hard trot, breaking their ranks, throwing down every thing before them, and trampling the Highlanders under the feet of their horses. The most singular and extraordinary combat immediately followed. The Highlanders, stretched on the ground, thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses. Some seized the riders by

About 400 fell, either man or horse being killed or wounded. The greater part went to the right in complete disorder, and fled along the front of the Highland line, who poured a destructive fire on them, by which many fell.

This defeat of the cavalry began the battle bravely on the part of the insurgents, but they had nearly paid dear for their success. At the instant when the attack commenced, a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which blew straight in the faces of the King's troops, and greatly disconcerted them. Lord George Murray called to the MacDonalds to stand fast, and not to regard the flying horsemen, but keep their ranks, and reload. It was in vain. The Highlanders, in their usual manner, rushed on sword in hand, and dropt their muskets. Their left wing, at the same moment, fell furiously sword in hand upon the right and centre of Hawley's foot, broke them, and put them to flight ;[1] but the lines of the contending armies not

their clothes, dragged them down, and stabbed them with their dirks; several, again, used their pistols; but few of them had sufficient space to handle their swords. Clanranald assured me, that whilst he was lying upon the ground, under a dead horse, which had fallen upon him, without the power of extricating himself, he saw a dismounted horseman struggling with a Highlander. Fortunately for him, the Highlander being the strongest, threw his antagonist, and having killed him with his dirk, he came to his assistance, and drew him with difficulty from under his horse."—*Memoirs*, pp. 92, 93.]

[1] [" The reason assigned by the Highlanders for their custom of throwing their muskets on the ground, is not without its force. They say they embarrass them in their operations, even when slung behind them, and on gaining a battle, they can pick them up again along with the arms of their enemies; but if they should

being exactly parallel, the extreme right of Hawley's first line stretched considerably beyond the left of the Highlanders. Three regiments, Price's, Ligonier's, and Burrell's, on the extreme flank, stood fast, with the greater advantage, that they had a ravine in front which prevented the Highlanders from attacking them sword in hand, according to their favourite mode of fighting. These corps gallantly maintained this natural fortification, and by repeated and steady firing repulsed the Highlanders from the opposite side of the ravine. One of the three routed regiments of dragoons, called Cobham's, rallied in the rear of this body of infantry who stood firm; the other two, being the same which had been at Preston, did not behave better, and could not well behave worse, than they had done on that memorable occasion.

The battle was now in a singular state; "both armies," says Mr Home, "were in flight at the same time." Hawley's cavalry, and most of his infantry, excepting those on his extreme right, had been completely thrown into confusion and routed,[1]

be beaten, they have no occasion for muskets. Their attack is so terrible, that the best troops in Europe would with difficulty sustain the first shock of it; and if the swords of the Highlanders once come in contact with them, their defeat is inevitable."—JOHNSTONE, p. 86.]

[1] ["Gae dight your face, and turn the chace,
For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley,
And Highland Geordie's at your tail
Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.
Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid
An hour, or may be twa, Hawley,
Your bacon bouk and bastard snout,
Ye might have sav'd them a', Hawley.

but the three regiments which continued fighting had a decided advantage over the Prince's left, and many Highlanders fled under the impression that the day was lost.[1]

The advantage, upon the whole, was undeniably with Charles Edward; but from the want of discipline among the troops he commanded, and the extreme severity of the tempest, it became difficult even to learn the extent of the victory, and impossible to follow it up. The Highlanders were in great disorder. Almost all the second line were mixed and in confusion,—the victorious right had no idea, from the darkness of the weather, what had befallen the left,—nor were there any mounted generals or aides-de-camp, who might have discovered with certainty what was the position of

Up and rin awa, Hawley,
Up and scour awa, Hawley;
The Highland dirk is at your doup,
And that's the Highland law, Hawley."
Jacobite Ballads.]

[1] ["Says brave Lochiel, 'Pray have we won?
I see no troops, I hear no gun:'
Says Drummond, 'Faith the battle's done,
I know not how nor why, man;
But, my good lads, this thing I crave,
Have we defeat these heroes brave?'
Says Murray, 'I believe we have,
If not, we're here to try, man.'

"But tried they up, or tried they down,
There was no foe in Falkirk town,
Nor yet in a' the country roun',
To break a sword at a', man.
They were sae bauld at break o' day,
When tow'rd the west they took their way;
But the Highland men came down the brae,
And made the dogs to blaw, man."
Ibid.]

affairs. In the mean time, the English regiments which had been routed fled down the hill in great confusion, both cavalry and infantry, towards the camp and town of Falkirk.[1] General Huske brought up the rear of a very disorderly retreat, or flight, with the regiments who had behaved so well on the right; this he effected in good order, with drums beating and colours flying. Cobham's dragoons, such at least who had rallied, also retreated in tolerable order. General Hawley felt no inclination to remain in the camp which he had taken possession of with such an affectation of anticipated triumph. He caused the tents to be set on fire, and withdrew his confused and dismayed followers to Linlithgow,[2] and from thence the next

[1] ["It was Lord Kilmarnock who first discovered the flight of the English. Being well acquainted with the nature of the ground, as a part of his estates lay in the neighbourhood, he was sent by the Prince to reconnoitre the enemy; and having approached the great road to Edinburgh, beyond the town of Falkirk, passing by by-paths and across fields, he saw the English army panic-struck and flying in the greatest disorder as fast as their legs could carry them. Lord Kilmarnock immediately returned to the Prince, with an account of this fortunate discovery, who still remained on the field of battle, notwithstanding the wind and rain."—"It is impossible, without having been in our situation, to form an idea of the extreme joy which we derived from this agreeable surprise."—JOHNSTONE, p. 97.]

[2] ["On the night of the 17th, Hawley's disordered troops were quartered in the palace of Linlithgow, and began to make such great fires on the hearths as to endanger the safety of the edifice. A lady of the Livingstone family, who had apartments there, remonstrated with General Hawley, who treated her fears with contempt. 'I can run away from fire as fast as you can, General,' answered the high-spirited dame, and with this sarcasm took horse for Edinburgh. Very soon after her departure her

day retreated to Edinburgh, with his forces in a pitiable state of disarray and perturbation. The Glasgow regiment of volunteers fell into the power of the rebels upon this occasion, and were treated with considerable rigour; for the Highlanders were observed to be uniformly disposed to severity against those voluntary opponents, who, in their opinion, were not, like the regular soldiers, called upon by duty to take part in the contention.[1]

Many valuable lives were lost in this battle;[2]

apprehensions were realized; the palace of Linlithgow caught fire, and was burned to the ground. The ruins alone remain to show its former splendour."—SCOTT, *ante*, vol. vii., p. 394.]

[1] ["Home, in his own History," says Sir Walter Scott, "is silent on the behaviour of the Glasgow regiment, but not so a metrical chronicler, who wrote a history of the insurrection, in doggrel verse indeed, but sufficiently accurate. This author, who is, indeed, no other than Dugald Grahame, bellman of Glasgow, says that the Highlanders, having beaten the horse"—(*ante*, vol. xix. p. 305)—

"The south side being fairly won,
They faced north, as had been done;
Where next stood, to bide the crush,
The volunteers, who zealous,
Kept firing close, till near surrounded,
And by the flying horse confounded:
They suffered sair into this place,
No Highlander pitied their case:
'You cursed militia,' they did swear,
'What a devil did bring you here?'".

History of the Rebellion in 1745-1746.]

[2] [Sir Harry Munro of Fowlis, to the Lord President, says, "This battle proves to me a series of woe: There both my dear father and uncle, Obsdale, were slain: The last, your Lordship knows, had no particular business to go to the action; but out of a most tender love and concern for his brother, could not be dissuaded from attending him, to give assistance if need required. My father, after being deserted, was attacked by six of Locheal's Regiment, and for some time defended himself with his half-pike.

about twenty officers and four or five hundred privates were slain, on the part of General Hawley; and several prisoners were made, of whom the greater part were sent to Doune castle.[1]

Two of the six, I'm inform'd, he kill'd; a seventh, coming up, fired a Pistol into my father's Groin; upon which falling, the Highlander with his sword gave him two strokes in the face, one over the eyes and another on the mouth, which instantly ended a brave man. The same Highlander fired another pistol into my uncle's breast, and with his sword terribly slashed him; whom when killed, he then despatch'd a servant of my father's. That thus my dearest father and uncle perished, I am informed; and this information I can depend on, as it comes from some who were eyewitnesses to it. My father's corpse was honourably interred in the churchyard of Falkirk by direction of the E. of Cromertie, and the Macdonalds, and all the chiefs, attended his funeralls. Sir Robert's was the only body on the field on our side that was taken care of."—*Culloden papers*, pp. 267, 268. —For further particulars respecting the Munroes, see DODDRIDGE's *Appendix to his Life of Gardiner.*]

[1] ["This noble ruin," says Sir Walter Scott, "holds a commanding station on the banks of the river Teith, and has been one of the largest castles in Scotland. Murdock, Duke of Albany, the founder of this stately pile, was beheaded on the Castle-hill of Stirling, from which he might see the towers of Doune, the monument of his fallen greatness. In 1745–6, a garrison on the part of the Chevalier was put into the castle, then less ruinous than at present. It was commanded by Mr Stewart of Balloch, as governor for Prince Charles; he was a man of property near Callander. This castle became at that time the actual scene of a romantic escape made by John Home, the author of Douglas, and some other prisoners, who, having been taken at the battle of Falkirk, were confined there by the insurgents. The poet, who had in his own mind a large stock of that romantic and enthusiastic spirit of adventure, which he has described as animating the youthful hero of his drama, devised and undertook the perilous enterprise of escaping from his prison. He inspired his companions with his sentiments, and when every attempt at open force was deemed hopeless, they resolved to twist their bed-clothes into ropes, and thus to descend. Four persons, with Home him-

The loss of the rebels was not considerable ;[1] and they had only one made prisoner, but in a manner rather remarkable. A Highland officer, a brother of MacDonald of Keppoch, had seized upon a trooper's horse and mounted him, without accurately considering his own incapacity to manage the animal. When the horse heard the kettle-drums beat to rally the dragoons, the instinct of discipline prevailed, and in spite of the efforts of his rider, he galloped with all speed to his own regiment. The Highlander, finding himself in this predicament, endeavoured to pass himself for an officer of the Campbell regiment, but being detected was secured; and although the ludicrous manner in which he was taken might have pleaded for some compassion, he was afterwards executed as a traitor.

The defeat at Falkirk struck consternation and

self, reached the ground in safety. But the rope broke with the fifth, who was a tall lusty man. The sixth was Thomas Barrow, a brave young Englishman, a particular friend of Home's. Determined to take the risk, even in such unfavourable circumstances, Barrow committed himself to the broken rope, slid down on it as far as it could assist him, and then let himself drop. His friends beneath succeeded in breaking his fall. Nevertheless, he dislocated his ankle, and had several of his ribs broken. His companions, however, were able to bear him off in safety. The Highlanders next morning sought for their prisoners, with great activity. An old gentleman told the author, he remembered seeing the commander Stewart,

'Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste,'

riding furiously through the country in quest of the fugitives."—*Note*, *Waverley*, vol. ii. pp. 81, 82.]

[1] ["The Highlanders acknowledged that their army had lost three captains and four subalterns, with forty men killed and twice as many wounded."—HOME.]

terror into all parts of Britain. The rebellion had been regarded as ended when the Highlanders left England, and Hawley's own assertions had prepared all the nation to expect tidings very different from those which were to be gathered from the disastrous appearance of his army, and the humiliating confession of his own looks and demeanour.[1]

There were more visages rendered blank and dismayed by the unexpected event of the battle of Falkirk, than that of the unfortunate general. Throughout the whole civil war, those of the better ranks in England had shown themselves more easily exalted and depressed, than consisted with their usual reputation for steadiness. In the march upon Derby, they might have been said to be more afraid than the nature of the danger warranted, were it not that the peril chiefly consisted in the very stupor which it inspired. After the retreat had commenced, the hopes and spirit of the nation rose again to spring-tide, as if nothing farther were to be apprehended from a band of men so desperately brave, who had already done so much with such little means. The news of the defeat at

[1] How Hawley looked on this occasion, we learn by a letter from General Wightman to President Forbes.—"General Hawley is in much the same situation as General Cope; he was never seen in the field during the battle; and every thing would have gone to wreck, in a worse manner than at Preston, if General Huske had not acted with judgment and courage, and appeared every where. Hawley seems to be sensible of his misconduct, for, when I was with him on Saturday morning, at Linlithgow, he looked most wretchedly, even worse than Cope did a few hours after his scuffle, when I saw him at Fala."—*Culloden Papers*, p. 267.

Falkirk, therefore, were received with general alarm; and at court, during a levee held immediately after the battle, only two persons appeared with countenances unmarked by signs of perturbation. These were, George the Second himself, who, whatever may have been his other foibles, had too much of the lion about him to be afraid; and Sir John Cope, who was radiant with joy at the idea that Hawley's misfortune or misconduct was likely to efface his own from the public recollection.[1]

[1] "Hawley," says Sir Walter Scott, "had not a better head, and certainly a much worse heart than Sir John Cope, who was a humane, good-tempered man. The new general ridiculed severely the conduct of his predecessor, and remembering that he had seen, in 1715, the left wing of the Highlanders broken by a charge of the Duke of Argyle's horse, which came upon them across a morass, he resolved to manœuvre in the same manner. He forgot, however, a material circumstance—that the morass at Sheriffmuir was hard frozen, which made some difference in favour of the cavalry. Hawley's manœuvre, as commanded and executed, plunged a great part of his dragoons up to the saddle-laps in a bog, where the Highlanders cut them to pieces with so little trouble, that, as one of the performers assured us, the feat was as easy as slicing *bacon*. The gallantry of some of the English regiments beat off the Highland charge on another point, and, amid a tempest of wind and rain which has been seldom equalled, the field presented the singular prospect of two armies flying different ways at the same moment. The King's troops, however, ran fastest and farthest, and were the last to recover their courage; indeed, they retreated that night to Falkirk, leaving their guns, burning their tents, and striking a new panic into the British nation, which was but just recovering from the flutter excited by what, in olden times, would have been called the Raid of Derby. In the drawingroom which took place at Saint James's on the day the news arrived, all countenances were marked with doubt and apprehension, excepting those of George the Second,

No person was now thought of sufficient consequence to be placed at the head of the army, but the Duke of Cumberland, who was, therefore, appointed to the chief command. His Royal Highness set off from St James's on the 25th of January, 1746, attended by Lord Cathcart, Lord Bury, Colonel Conway, and Colonel York, his aides-de-camp. His arrival at Holyrood House restored the drooping spirits of the members of the government. To the army, also, the arrival of the commander-in-chief was very acceptable, not only from a reliance on his talents, but as his presence put a stop to a course of cruel punishments instituted by General Hawley, who had invoked the assistance of the gibbet and the scourge to rectify a disaster, which had its principal source, perhaps, in his own want of military skill. The Duke's timely arrival at Edinburgh saved the lives of two dragoons who were under sentence of death, and rescued others who were destined to inferior punishments, many of which had already taken place.[1]

the Earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope, who was radiant with joy at Hawley's discomfiture. Indeed, the idea of the two generals was so closely connected, that a noble peer of Scotland, upon the same day, addressed Sir John Cope by the title of General Hawley, to the no small amusement of those who heard the *quia pro quo*."—*Ante*, xix., p. 303. ["Cope had, according to the English custom, offered bets, to the amount of ten thousand guineas, in the different coffeehouses in London, that the first general sent to command an army against us in Scotland, would be beaten as he had been; and by the defeat of General Hawley he gained a considerable sum of money, and recovered his honour to a certain degree."—JOHNSTONE, p. 106.]

[1] ["As I have by your permission been sounding the temper and inclinations of the soldiers (who rather seem ashamed as dis-

The army which the Duke commanded consisted of twelve squadrons of horse and fourteen battalions of infantry; but several of them had suffered much in the late action, and the whole were far from being complete. Every effort had, however, been made, to repair the losses which had taken place on Falkirk moor; and it may be said, the Duke of Cumberland was at the head of as gallant and well-furnished an army as ever took the field. Hawley, who was a personal favourite with the King,[1] continued to act as lieutenant-general under the Duke; and Lord Albemarle held the same situation. The major-generals were Bland, Huske, Lord Semple, and Brigadier Mordaunt.

In a council of war held at Edinburgh, it was resolved that the troops should march the next morning towards Stirling, in order to raise the siege of the castle, and give battle to the rebels, if they should dare to accept of it, under better auspices than that of Falkirk. Great pains had been taken, in previous general orders, to explain to the common soldiers the mode in which the Highlanders fought,—a passage so curious, that I shall extract it from the orderly-book for your amusement.

affected), I am afraid the shooting two soldiers, while it is not known what determination is against the officers, supposed without doors to be more more guilty, may have a bad effect among the common soldiers. I therefore submit to your consideration, whether it may not be for the general good, that the execution of these private men be delayed at least for some little time."—*Lord Milton to Hawley, 26th January.* The Duke of Cumberland arrived at Holyrood on the 30th of January.]

[1] [Hawley was commonly supposed to be a natural son of K. George II.]

Perhaps the most comfortable part of the instructions might be the assurance, that there were but few *true* Highlanders in the Prince's army.[1]

[1] "*Edinburgh*, 12*th January*, 1745-6, *Sunday*.

"Parole 1.—Derby.

"Field-officer for the day, to-morrow, Major Willson. The manner of the Highlanders' way of fighting, whicb there is nothing so easy to resist, if officers and men are not prepossessed with the lyes and accounts which are told of them. They commonly form their front rank of what they call their best men, or True Highlanders, tbe number of whicb being always but few; wben tbey form in battalions, they commonly form four deep, and these Highlanders form the front of the four, the rest being Lowlanders and arrant scum. When these battalions come within a large musket shott, or three score yards, this front rank gives their fire, and immediately throw down tbeir firelocks and come down in a cluster, with tbeir swords and targets, making a noise, and endeavouring to pearce the body, or battallion, before them, becoming 12 or 14 deep by the time tbey come up to the people they attack. Tbe sure way to demolish them is at three deep to fire by ranks diagonally to the centre where they come, the rear rank first, and even that rank not to fire till they are witbin 10 or 12 paces; but if the fire is given at a distance, you probably will be broke, for you never get time to load a second cartridge; and if you give way, you may give yourselves for dead, for they,* being witbout a firelock or any load, no man witb his arms, accoutrements, &c. can escape them, and they give no quarters; but if you will but observe the above directions, tbey are the most despicable enemy that are."

* Viz.—the Highlanders.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Retreat of Prince Charles's Army from Stirling into the Highlands—The Rout of Moy—Arrival of Hessian Troops to the assistance of Government—Council held at Edinburgh by the Duke of Cumberland and the Prince of Hesse Cassel—Disappointment of Prince Charles's hopes of Assistance from France—Lord George Murray seizes the Military Posts in Athole—invests the Castle of Blair, but is forced to raise the Siege—The Prince's suspicions of Lord George Murray's fidelity.

The insurgents did not reap such advantages from the battle of Falkirk as might have been expected. The extreme confusion of their own forces, and their consequent ignorance respecting the condition of the enemy, prevented their pursuing Hawley's army, which might, in all probability, have been an easy prey. Had they done so, they might, on the spur of the moment, have again obtained possession of the capital, with all the eclat attendant on such success.

But the Chevalier, who had kept his word in convoking no councils since the retreat from Derby, saving that held on the field of battle, acted only by the advice of his secretary Mr Murray, his quartermaster John Hay, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the Irish officers, who were suspected of

being less ready to give unbiassed advice to the young Prince, than willing to echo back his own opinions. On this occasion he conceived, that raising the siege of Stirling would be a disgrace to his arms, and resolved, therefore, to proceed with it at all events. This proved an unlucky determination.

M. Mirabelle de Gordon, the French engineer who conducted the siege, was imperfectly acquainted with his profession. He constructed a battery upon the Gowan Hill; but opening it when only three guns were mounted, they were speedily silenced by the superior fire of the castle.[1] Some skirmishing took place at the same time between the English armed vessels, which endeavoured to force their way up the Forth, and the batteries which were established on the sides of the river; but these events were of little consequence. The progress of the siege seemed protracted, and was liable to interruption by the advance of the Duke of Cumberland and his army.

On the other hand, the Highland army had suffered great diminution since the battle of Falkirk,

[1] ["As it is always the distinctive mark of ignorance to find nothing difficult, not even the things that are impossible, M. Mirabelle, without hesitation, immediately undertook to open the trenches on a hill to the north of the castle, where there were not fifteen inches' depth of earth above the solid rock; and it became necessary to supply the want of earth with bags of wool, and sacks filled with earth brought from a distance. Thus the trenches were so bad that we lost a great many men, sometimes twenty-five in one day."—JOHNSTONE, vol. ii. p. 90.]

less from loss in the action, than from the effects of the victory, which, as usual, occasioned a great desertion among the privates of the clans, who, according to their invariable practice, went home to store up their plunder.[1] An accident also, which happened the day after the battle of Falkirk, cost the Chevalier the loss of a clan regiment of no small distinction. A private soldier, one of Clanranald's followers, was tampering with a loaded musket, when the piece went off, and by mishap killed a younger son of Glengarry, major of that chief's regiment. To prevent a quarrel between two powerful tribes, the unlucky fellow who had caused the mischief was condemned to death, though innocent of all intentional guilt, and was shot accordingly.[2] This sacrifice did not, however, propitiate the tribe of Glengarry; they became disgusted with the service on the loss of their major, and most of them returned to their moun-

[1] ["The grandfather of our informant," says Mr R. Chambers, "visiting the battle-ground of Falkirk next day, saw a Highlander engaged in stripping a richly dressed English officer. He had got one foot extended upon the body of the deceased, and was endeavouring with all his strength to pull off the boots. At every interval between the successive pulls, he muttered to himself in a tone of great gratulation, 'Praw proichen! praw proichen!' (Fine brogues, fine brogues.)—*Hist.* vol ii. p. 303.]

[2] [The musket had been double loaded, and the Highlander, unaware of that, after extracting one bullet, imagined in emptying the barrel he was firing off only the powder. The young chieftain, in his dying moments, convinced of the poor fellow's innocence, earnestly requested that no harm might be done him; yet his kindred insisted.]

tains without obtaining any leave, a desertion severely felt at this critical moment.[1]

The chiefs of clans, and men of quality in the army, observing the diminution of their numbers, and disgusted at not being consulted upon the motions of the army, held a council, by their own authority, in the town of Falkirk, and drew up a paper addressed to the Prince, which was signed

[1] [Lord Kilmarnock had brought up to the front of Charles's lodging the prisoners he had taken the preceding night, and the Prince was standing at the open window with a list of them in his hand, apparently conversing with Lord Kilmarnock about his capture. While looking at them, Charles observed the eyes of all bent in one direction, and that towards a soldier dressed in the royal uniform, armed with musket and bayonet. He pointed him out to Lord Kilmarnock, who instantly left the room, and going up to the soldier, now opposite the window, struck off his hat, and set his foot on the black cockade. Immediately a Highlander interfered, laid hands on Lord Kilmarnock, and pushed him back; he, presenting a pistol at the clansman's head, was in return saluted with a dirk held close to his Lordship's breast. In this posture they stood about half a minute, till a crowd of Highlanders rushed in and drove away his Lordship. The man with the dirk in his hand took up the hat, put it on the soldier's head, and the Highlanders marched off with him in triumph. This pantomimic exhibition perplexed the volunteers especially, who fancied many things, and expected every moment to hear a shot. It was soon explained thus by a Highland officer; "The soldier in the royal uniform is a Cameron, who, after yesterday's defeat, joined his clan—they received him with great joy—told him he should wear his arms, his clothes, and every thing else, till he was provided with other clothes and arms. The Highlander who interposed his dirk is the soldier's brother—the crowd who rushed in are the Camerons, many of them his near relations, and, in my opinion," continued the officer, "no colonel nor general in the Prince's army can take that cockade out of his hat, except Lochiel himself."—See HOME, ch. viii. vol. iii. pp. 162, 163.]

by them all, advising a retreat to the north. The purport of this document expressed, that so many of their men had gone home since the last battle, that they were in no condition to prosecute the siege of Stirling, or to repel the army of the Duke of Cumberland, which was advancing to raise it. They concluded by advising the Prince to retreat with his army to Inverness, there to annihilate the forces of Lord Loudon, with his other enemies in that country, and to take or demolish the Highland forts, thus making himself complete master of the north. This being effected, they assured him they would be ready to take the field next spring, with eight or ten thousand Highlanders, to follow him wherever he pleased.

This advice, which had, in the circumstances in which it was given, the effect of a command, came upon Charles like a clap of thunder. He had concluded that a battle was to be fought; and the sick and wounded, with the followers of the camp, had been sent to Dunblane with that view. Lord George Murray had also been at headquarters, and showed to Charles a plan which he had drawn of the proposed battle, which the Prince had approved of, and corrected with his own hand. When, therefore, this proposition for a retreat was presented to him, he was at first struck with a feeling of despair, exclaiming, "Good God! have I lived to see this?" He dashed his head with such violence against the wall, that he staggered, and then sent Sir Thomas Sheridan to Falkirk, to reason against the resolution which the chiefs had

adopted. But it was found unalterable, and their number and importance were too great for Charles to contend with.[1]

The Prince, after yielding to the measure of retreating, concerted with Lord George Murray, that, on the 1st of February, all the army should be ordered to cross the Forth at the fords of Frew, very early in the morning; that the heavy cannon should be spiked; that the ammunition which could not be carried along with the army, should be destroyed; and, finally, that a strong rearguard, composed of 1200 picked Highlanders, and Lord Elcho's body of horse, should protect the retreat of the army.

None of these precautions were, however, resorted to; and the retreat, attended with every species of haste and disorder, resembled a flight so much, that there was nowhere one thousand men together. The army passed the river in small bodies, and in great confusion, leaving carts and cannon upon the road behind them. There was no rearguard, and Lord Elcho's troop, which had been commanded to wait at the bridge of Carron till farther orders, was totally forgotten, and had nearly been intercepted by a body of troops from the town and castle of Stirling, ere they received orders to retreat. This confusion was supposed

[1] The address recommending the retreat was signed by Lord George Murray, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, Ardshiel, Lochgarry, Scothouse, and the Master of Lovat, all persons of importance and of considerable following, and unquestionably faithful to his cause.

to have arisen from the recklessness with which the Prince altered the order of retreat, after it had been adjusted betwixt himself and Lord George Murray; a recklessness which seemed to show that he was so much vexed at the measure, as to be indifferent with what degree of order or confusion it was carried into execution.

Accident added to the damage which attended this hasty movement. In destroying their magazine at St Ninians, the Highlanders managed so awkwardly as to blow up at the same time the church itself, by which several lives were lost. This was represented, by the malice of party spirit, as having been an intentional act on the part of the Prince's army; a thing scarcely to be supposed, since some of themselves, and particularly the man who fired the train, were killed by the explosion.[1]

The retreat from Stirling was, nevertheless, conducted without much loss, except from temporary dispersion. The march of the Highland army was by Dunblane and Crieff. On the 3d of February, a council of war was held at a place called Fairnton, near the latter town. Here the argument concerning the necessity of the retreat from Stirling was renewed, and those officers who were hostile to Lord George Murray, took care to throw on him

[1] ["To the concussion three or four of the soldiers, and ten of the natives had fallen victims. Several more were hurt. One man was blown 200 yards off, but, wonderful! received no damage. The adjoining tower, from the weight probably of the incumbent materials, was unharmed, and remains a desolate and unaccountable spectacle to the passing stranger."—NIMMO, p. 562.]

the blame of a measure, which, however necessary, was most unpalatable to the Prince, and had been in a great degree forced upon him. It was now said that the desertion was not half so great as apprehended, and did not exceed a thousand men; and that the Prince need not, on account of such a deficiency, have been forced into a measure resembling flight, which, in a contest where so much depended on opinion, must, it was said, lower his character both with friends and foes. But the resolution had been finally adopted, and it was now necessary to follow it out.

At Crieff, the army of Charles separated. One division, chiefly consisting of west Highlanders, marched northward by the Highland road. Another, under Lord George Murray, took the coast road, by Montrose and Aberdeen, to Inverness. It consisted chiefly of the Lowland regiments and cavalry, the latter of whom suffered much, having lost many of their horses by forced marches at that inclement season of the year. The troopers, being chiefly gentlemen, continued to adhere with fidelity to their ill-omened standards. A small part of the army, belonging to that part of the Highlands, went by Braemar.

The Duke of Cumberland followed the Highlanders as far as Perth, and found that, moving with rapidity and precision amid their disorder, they had accomplished their purpose of retreating to the Highlands, and carrying off their garrisons from Montrose and elsewhere. The presence of Charles in Inverness-shire, was likely to be attended with advantages which might protract the war.

It is a mountainous province, giving access to those more western Highlands of which the Jacobite clans were chiefly inhabitants, and itself containing several tribes devoted to his cause. It was also thought the Prince would obtain recruits both in Caithness and Sutherland.

The Chevalier's only enemy in the north was the small army which Lord Loudon had raised by means of the Grants, Monros, Rosses, and other northern clans, with whom he had united the MacDonalds of Skye and the MacLeods. Their number, however, was not such as to prevent the Prince's troops from spreading through the country; and, to indulge the humour of the Highlanders, as well as for their more easy subsistence, they were suffered to stroll up and down at pleasure, Prince Charles retaining only a few hundreds about his person. He appeared, indeed, to be everywhere master in the open country; and the little army of Lord Loudon, amounting at the utmost to 2000 men, remained cooped up in Inverness, which they had in some degree fortified with a ditch and palisade. In these circumstances, Charles found it easy to attack and take the barracks at Ruthven of Badenoch, which had resisted him on his descent from the Highlands; and after this success, he went to reside for two or three days at the castle of Moy, the chief seat of the Laird of MacIntosh, a distinction which was well deserved by the zealous attachment of the Lady MacIntosh to his cause. The husband of this Lady, Æneas, or Angus MacIntosh of that Ilk, appears to have had no steady political attachments of his own; for at one time he seems to

have nourished the purpose of raising his clan in behalf of the Chevalier,[1] notwithstanding which, he continued to hold a commission in Lord Loudon's army. Not so his lady, who, observing the indecision, perhaps we ought to say the imbecility, of her husband, gave vent to her own Jacobite feelings, and those of the clan of MacIntosh, by levying the fighting men of that ancient tribe, to the amount of three hundred men, at whose head she rode, with a man's bonnet on her head, a tartan riding-habit richly laced, and pistols at her saddle-bow. MacGillivray of Drumnaglass commanded

[1] There is an ancient dispute between the families of MacIntosh and MacPherson, concerning the leading of the confederated tribes forming the Clan Chattan. The Chevalier, it would seem, had assigned the right of leading the whole tribe to Cluny, who was his own adherent. In the subsequent letter, it will be seen that MacIntosh having, for the moment, resolved to join the Prince, was desirous to assert his claim to the patriarchal following:—

"D^R S^R,—As I am now fully determined to command my own people and run the same fate with them, having yesterday rece^d a letter from the Prince, and another from the Duke of Atholl, I hope, notwithstanding of the order you obtained from the Prince, you will not offer to middle with any of my men, as wee are booth designed on the same errand. I am resolved to maintain the rank due to my family, and if you think proper to accept the nixt rank to me, youl be very wellcome. If you judge otherwise, act as you have a mind. But do not put me to the necessity of requiring my men of you in a more publick maner, the consequence of which may be disagreeable to booth. My kinde complements to Lady Cluny and Miss Fraser, and I am, D^r S^r, your most humble serv^t and affectionat cousine.

(Signed) "ÆNEAS MACINTOSH.

"Inverness, 1st October."

Directed on the back,

"To Evan MacPherson, Younger of Cluny, Esq."

this body in the field as colonel. The spirit excited by this gallant Amazon called at least for every civility which could be shown her by the Prince, and that of a visit at her castle was considered as the most flattering.

Charles Edward was living there in perfect security, and had not more than three hundred men about his person, when Lord Loudon made a bold attempt to end the civil war, by making the Adventurer prisoner. For this purpose, he proposed to employ chiefly the Highlanders of Mac-Leod's clan, as well qualified to execute a swift and secret enterprise. They were accompanied by several volunteers. It is said that Lady Mac-Intosh had private intelligence of this intention ;[1] at any rate, she had employed the blacksmith of the clan, a person always of some importance in a Highland tribe, with a few followers, to patrol betwixt Inverness and Moy castle. On the night of the 16th of February, this able and intelligent partisan fell in with the vanguard of the Mac-Leods, bending their course in secrecy and silence

[1] [" Of this design against her guest, Lady Mackintosh was informed in the evening by two letters from Inverness. One, it is said, from Fraser of Gortuleg, and one from her own mother, who was a Whig, but did not like that Charles should be killed or taken prisoner in her daughter's house."—HOME. Another account is, that some English officers being overheard in a tavern discussing the project, the daughter of the landlady, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, found means to escape from the town, and running as fast as she could to Moy, without shoes or stockings, which she had taken off to accelerate her progress, gave Lady MacIntosh a breathless narrative of the plot.—*See* JOHNSTONE, p. 110.]

towards Moy. The party thus advancing consisted of one thousand five hundred men. The smith and his followers, not above six or seven in all, divided into different parts of the wood, and fired upon the advancing columns, who could not discover the numbers by which they were opposed. The MacIntoshes, at the same time, cried the war-cries of Lochiel, Keppoch, and other well-known sounds of the most distinguished clans; and two or three bagpipers played most furiously the gathering tunes of the same tribes.

Those who are engaged in an attempt to surprise others, are generally themselves most accessible to surprise. The sudden attack astonished the MacLeods, who conceived that they had fallen into an ambush consisting of the Chevalier's whole army. The consequence was, that they turned their backs, and fled back to Inverness in extreme confusion, incurring much danger and some loss, not from the fire of the enemy, but from throwing down and treading upon each other. The confusion was so great, that the Master of Ross, a gallant officer, who was afterwards in many perils, informed Mr Home, that he had never been in a condition so grievous as what was called the *Rout of Moy*.

Some accounts state, that the Prince was never disturbed from sleep during all the confusion attending this attack, which, but for the presence of mind of the lady,[1] so admirably seconded by her

[1] [President Forbes, in a letter to Sir Andrew Mitchell, says, "And what was more grievous to men of gallantry, and if you believe me, more mischievous to the public, all the fine ladies, if

retainer, might have put an end to his enterprise and to his life. It is at any rate certain, that early on the following day Charles assembled his army, or such part of it as could be immediately got together, and advanced upon Inverness, with the purpose of repaying to Lord Loudon the unfriendly visit of the preceding night. Neither the strength of the place, nor the number of Lord Loudon's forces, entitled him to make any stand against an army so superior to his own. He was therefore compelled to retreat by the Kessoch ferry; and having carried the boats with him, he prevented for a time the pursuit of the rebels. But Lord Cromarty, having marched round the head of the ferry, dislodged Lord Loudon from the town of Cromarty, afterwards pursued him to Tain,

you except one or two, became passionately fond of the young Adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner."—"One of the ladies noticed by the President," says General Stewart, "finding she could not prevail upon her husband to join the rebels, though his men were ready, and perceiving one morning that he intended to set off for Culloden with the offers of his service as a loyal subject, contrived while making tea for breakfast, to pour, as if by accident, a quantity of scalding hot water on his knees and legs, and thus effectually put an end to all active movements on his part for that season, while she despatched his men to join the rebels under a commander more obedient to her wishes."—*Sketches*, vol. i. p. 112.—Lady MacIntosh was the daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld, and "of all the fine ladies," adds Stewart, "few were more accomplished, more beautiful, or more enthusiastic." Her husband was afterwards taken prisoner by the rebels, when the Prince gave him in charge to his wife, saying, "that he could not be in better security, or more honourably treated." —*Ibid.*]

and compelled him finally to cross the Great Ferry into Sutherland.

The Highland army took possession of Inverness on the 18th, and on the 20th, the citadel, called Fort George, was also yielded to them. By these movements, it was proposed to follow up the plan of tactics recommended in the Address of the chiefs at Falkirk; that on retiring to the north, they should employ the winter season in destroying Lord Loudon's power, and reducing the forts held in the Highlands. With the latter purpose, the siege of Fort Augustus was formed by Lord John Drummond's regiment, and the French picquets. The battering cannon proving too small for the purpose, cohorns were employed to throw shells, by means of which the garrison, being only three companies, was compelled to surrender. It was determined by the Prince to send the officers to France, to remain as hostages for such of his own followers as had already fallen into the hands of the Government, or might have that fate in future. We have seen that such a scheme had been proposed after the battle of Preston, and was refused by the Prince from motives of generosity; and that the prisoners were dismissed into Angus-shire upon their parole of honour. At the time of General Hawley's movement upon Stirling, some risings had taken place in support of Government in the county of Angus, of which the prisoners of war had availed themselves, under the idea that they were thus liberated from their pa-

role.[1] The Highlanders were of a different opinion, and expressed their sentiments in a singular manner, after the battle of Falkirk. General Hawley had, previous to that action, been pleased to foresee occasion for an extraordinary number of executioners in his camp. As some of these functionaries became prisoners to the insurgent army after the battle, they endeavoured to express their scorn of the behaviour of the regular officers who had, as they alleged, eluded their parole, by liberating these hangmen on their word of honour, as if equally worthy of trust with those who bore King George's commission. The scheme of sending the captive officers to France might have operated as some check on the Government's judicial proceedings after the close of the rebellion, had it been adopted in the early part of the insurrection. As it was, the current of the insurgents'

[1] ["We had from four to five hundred officers, prisoners," says Johnstone, "to whom the Prince gave permission to go wherever they pleased, on their parole not to serve against him for the space of eighteen months. The Prince obliged those who were taken at Falkirk to add their oath to their parole, to bind them more effectually; but the Duke of Cumberland, on leaving Edinburgh, sent circular letters to all the English officers, our prisoners of war, to absolve them from their oath and their parole; declaring that they could not be bound by any parole given to rebels; and he added, that unless they immediately joined their respective regiments he would punish their disobedience by disposing of their commissions to others. To the eternal disgrace of the English officers, there were only four who refused to accept of the absolution of the Duke of Cumberland, viz. Sir Peter Halket, a son of Lord Ross, and two others who replied, 'that he was master of their commissions but not of their probity and honour.'"—*Memoirs*, p. 125, 126.]

success had begun to turn, and there was no further prospect of succeeding by this method, which was adopted too late to be of service.

While the Highlanders were pushing their petty and unimportant advantages against the forts in the north, the Duke of Cumberland, advancing on their rear, and occupying successively the districts which they abandoned, was already bringing up important succours, by which he hoped to narrow their quarters, and, finally, to destroy their army. Following the track of the Highlanders, he had arrived at Perth on the 6th of February, and detached Sir Andrew Agnew, with 500 men, and 100 of the Campbells, to take possession of the castle of Blair-in-Athole, while Lieutenant-colonel Leighton, with a similar force, occupied castle Menzies. These garrisons were designed to straiten the Highland army, and to prevent their drawing reinforcements from the countries in which their cause had most favour.

About the same time, the Duke of Cumberland learned that a body of auxiliaries, consisting of 6000 Hessians, had disembarked at Leith, under the command of Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel. These troops had been sent for, because a dilemma had occurred, which occasioned the withdrawing of the 6000 Dutch troops originally destined to assist the King of England. So soon as Lord John Drummond had arrived with the French auxiliaries, a message had been despatched to the Dutch commandant, formally acquainting him, that the colours of France were displayed in the Che-

valier's camp, and that as troops upon their parole not to serve against that country, the Dutch were cited to withdraw themselves from the civil war of Britain. They recognised the summons, and withdrew their forces from Britain accordingly.

In order to replace these auxiliaries, the King of Great Britain concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, which was confirmed in Parliament, and it was in consequence of this engagement that the Hessian troops had now arrived at Leith. The Duke of Cumberland made a hasty visit to Edinburgh, where he held a council with the Prince of Hesse and the principal officers. A general opinion was entertained and expressed, that the Highlanders would break up and disperse, and never venture a battle against the Duke of Cumberland and his army. Lord Milton, a Scottish judge, being asked to deliver his sentiments, was of a different opinion. He declared himself persuaded, that the Highlanders would, according to their ready habits, again unite in a large body and make another struggle for the accomplishment of their enterprise.

This opinion of Lord Milton made a deep impression upon the Duke of Cumberland's mind, who resolved to proceed upon the probability that a battle would be necessary, and to move northwards slowly, but with an overpowering force. For this purpose he returned to Perth, and sending three regiments of infantry to Dundee, proceeded with the main body of his army to the north, and reached Aberdeen on the 27th of Feb-

ruary. The Hessian troops, with their Prince, arrived at Perth after the Duke of Cumberland's departure. Their mustaches and blue dress occasioned some surprise to the Scottish people, who were greatly edified, however, by their quiet and civil behaviour, which formed a strong contrast to the profligate language and demeanour of the English soldiery.[1] The country between Perth and Aberdeen, including Blair-in-Athole, and some posts still farther north, were occupied by parties, both of the Campbells and of the regular troops. The Duke of Cumberland's headquarters were at Aberdeen, where it was generally believed by the rebels he intended to remain till summer.

In the mean time, the clans resolved to proceed in subjecting the forts upon the chain, of which

[1] [" The Prince of Hesse, during his stay at Edinburgh, was beloved and esteemed by every body, on account of the moderation of his conduct and the propriety of his behaviour to the partisans of the Prince, mingling indifferently in all circles, without appearing to take any personal interest in the quarrel between the Houses of Hanover and Stewart; and the Hessians, imitating the example of their prince, were equally well liked."—JOHNSTONE, p. 116.—" It ought perhaps to be recorded for the snuff-taking part of the population of Scotland, that the Hessians were the first to introduce the use of *black rappee* into this country, in opposition to the original native brown, which still bears its name. It may be added on good authority, as a still more minute, but not less curious fact, that Edinburgh owes all the benefit which it derives from that useful institution Gillespie's Hospital, to the same cause; the two brothers Gillespie who founded that charity, having commenced the fortune which enabled them to do so, by supplying the public with the new-fashioned species of snuffs in sufficient quantities and of excellent quality, immediately on the Hessians introducing it."—CHAMBERS, vol. ii. p. 309.]

Fort-William still remained in possession of the regular troops. General Campbell had taken care that it should be provided with every thing necessary for a siege, and had reinforced the garrison with some companies of his own followers, so that it amounted to about six hundred men, under a commandant named Campbell. Lochiel and Keppoch formed the blockade, but could not cut off the garrison's communications by sea, as two sloops of war supported them with their guns. General Stapleton soon after came up with the French picquets, and formed a regular battery against the fort; but, as we shall hereafter see, to little good purpose.

About this time Charles heard news of the succours from France, which he had expected so anxiously. On the 23d of February, he received a letter from Captain Shee of Fitz-James's dragoons, acquainting him that he made part of an armament commanded by the Marquis de Fimarion; that he had landed with a part of the above regiment; that the rest of the squadron conveyed about eight hundred men, and that each of the ships brought a certain sum of money.

In confirmation of this news, the Prince was informed that one of the squadron announced by Captain Shee, having appeared off Peterhead, had landed two thousand louis-d'or for his service, but had declined to land the soldiers who were on board, without an order from the Marquis D'Eguilles, called the ambassador of France. Prince Charles despatched Lord John Drummond and the Marquis D'Eguilles, with a strong body of troops

to superintend the landing of this important reinforcement; but they came too late. The Duke of Cumberland, moving with all his forces, had arrived at Aberdeen on the 27th; and Moir of Stonywood, who commanded there for the Prince, was compelled to retreat to Fochabers, where he, and Captain Shee who accompanied him, met with Lord John Drummond, who had advanced so far to protect the disembarkation. A picquet of Berwick's regiment was also safely landed at Portsoy, but no other troops of the embarkation afterwards reached the Prince's army. The remainder of Fitz-James's cavalry were taken by Commodore Knowles, and sent to the Thames. The Marquis de Fimarion, having held a council of war, thought it most prudent to return to France.

Thus unpitiably rigorous was fortune, from beginning to end, in all that might be considered as the *chances* from which Prince Charles might receive advantage. The miscarriage of the reinforcements was the greater, as the supplies of treasure were become almost indispensable. His money now began to run short, so that he was compelled to pay his soldiers partly in meal, which caused great discontent. Many threatened to abandon the enterprise; some actually deserted; and the army, under these adverse circumstances, became more refractory and unmanageable than heretofore.

Yet their spirit of military adventure was still shown, in the instinctive ingenuity with which they carried on enterprises of irregular warfare. This

was particularly evident, from a series of attacks planned and executed by Lord George Murray, for delivering his native country of Athole from the small forts and military stations which had been established there by the Duke of Cumberland. This expedition was undertaken in the middle of March, and Lord George Murray himself commanded the detachment destined for the service, which amounted to 700 men; one half of these were natives of Athole, the other half were MacPhersons, under the command of Cluny, their chief. They marched from Dalwhinny when daylight began to fail, and halted at Dalspiddel about midnight, when it was explained to them, that the purpose of the expedition was to surprise and cut off all the military posts in Athole, which were occupied either by the regular troops or by the Campbells.

These posts were very numerous, and it was necessary they should be all attacked about the same time. The most important were gentlemen's houses, such as Kinnachin, Blairfettie, Lude, Faskallie, and the like,[1] which, in the Highlands, and indeed throughout Scotland generally, were of

[1] ["The house of Kinnachin was occupied by a party of the 21st regiment; their sentinel was surprised and killed, and the whole party made prisoners. At Blairfettie the sentinel was surprised, and the enemy was in the house before the Argyleshire men knew they were attacked, notwithstanding which, they resisted, and defended themselves for some time before they laid down their arms. At Faskallie, which is not far from Lude, there was a party of Argyleshire men, who were surprised and taken. At Blair, those who attacked the public-house met with such resistance, that all the officers escaped, and got to the castle

a castellated form, and capable of defence. Other small posts were slightly fortified, and commanded by non-commissioned officers. Lord George Murray's force of 700 men was divided into as many small parties as there were posts to be carried; and in each were included an equal number of Athole-men and MacPhersons. Each party was expected to perform the duty assigned to it before daybreak, and all were then to repair to the bridge of Bruar, within two miles of the castle of Blair-in-Athole. The various detachments set out with eagerness upon an enterprise which promised to relieve their country or neighbourhood from invasion and military occupation; and Lord George and Cluny, with only 25 men, and a few elderly gentlemen, proceeded to the bridge of Bruar, being the rendezvous, there to await the success of their undertaking and the return of their companions.

It had nearly chanced, that, in an expedition designed to surprise others, they had been surprised themselves. For, in the grey of the morning, a man from the village of Blair came to inform Lord

of Blair. At Bun-Rannoch there was a late-wake[1] that night, and the Argyleshire men quartered there were engaged as guests in that barbarous and now obsolete festivity. Their sentinel was surprised—the party entered the house without a shot being fired, and made them all prisoners."—HOME.]

[1] ["It was formerly a custom in Scotland, at the death of any person, to assemble a company of the neighbours, who sat up all night in the room where the corpse lay. This company (of which some of the nearest relations always made a part), played at cards, told tales, and drank till day-light. Such was the late-wake, a custom once universal in Scotland, now almost as universally disused."—NOTE, *Ibid.*]

George Murray, that Sir Andrew Agnew, who commanded at Blair castle, had caught the alarm, from an attack on a neighbouring post; had got a great proportion of his garrison of 500 men under arms, and was advancing to the bridge of Bruar, to see what enemies were in the neighbourhood. Lord George Murray and Cluny were in no condition to engage the veteran; and it was proposed, as the only mode of escape, to betake themselves to the neighbouring mountains. Lord George Murray rejected the proposition. "If," he said, "we leave the place of rendezvous, our parties, as they return in detail from discharging the duty intrusted to them, will be liable to be surprised by the enemy. This must not be. I will rather try what can be done to impose upon Sir Andrew Agnew's caution, by a fictitious display of strength." With this resolution Lord George took possession of a turf-dyke, or wall, which stretched along a neighbouring field, and disposed his followers behind it, at distant intervals from each other, so as to convey the idea of a very extended front. The colours of both regiments were placed in the centre of the pretended line, and every precaution used to give the appearance of a continued line of soldiers, to what was in reality only a few men placed at a distance from each other. The bagpipers were not forgotten; they had orders to blow up a clamorous pibroch, so soon as the advance of the regulars should be observed, upon the road from Blair. The sun just arose when Sir Andrew's troops came in sight; the pipers struck up, and the men behind

the turf-wall brandished their broadswords, like officers at the head of their troops preparing to charge. Sir Andrew was deceived into the idea that he had before him a large body of Highlanders drawn up to attack him, and anxious for the safety of his post, he marched back his garrison to the castle of Blair-in-Athole.

Lord George Murray remained at the bridge to receive his detachments, who came in soon after sunrise; they had all succeeded more or less completely, and brought in upwards of 300 prisoners, taken at the various posts, which, great and small, amounted to thirty in number. Only one or two of the clansmen were killed, and but five or six of the King's troops; for the Highlanders, though in some respects a wild and fierce people, were seldom guilty of unnecessary bloodshed. Encouraged by this success, Lord George Murray was tempted to make an effort to possess himself of the castle of Blair, notwithstanding its natural strength, and that of its garrison.[1] With this view he

[1] [" Lord George here played off a jocular experiment upon the well-known choleric temper of Sir Andrew Agnew. He sent down a summons, written on a very shabby piece of paper, requiring the Baronet forthwith to surrender the castle, garrison, stores, &c. No Highlander could be prevailed upon to carry that summons; but the errand was undertaken by a handsome Highland girl, the maid of M'Glashan's inn at Blair, the rendezvous of Sir Andrew's officers. She conceived herself on so good a footing with some of the young officers, that she need not be afraid of being shot, taking care, however, as she approached the castle, to wave the paper containing the summons over her head, in token of her embassy. She delivered her message with much earnestness, and strongly advised a compliance, as the Highlanders were a thousand strong,

invested the place, which was a very large, strong old tower, long a principal residence of the Athole family. There was little hope from battering with two light field-pieces a castle whose walls were seven feet thick; the situation was so rocky as to put mining out of the question; but Lord George, as the garrison was numerous, and supposed to be indifferently provided for a siege, conceived the possibility of reducing the place by famine. For this purpose he formed a close blockade of the place, and fired with his Highland marksmen upon all who showed themselves at the windows of the tower, or upon the battlements. And here, as in this motley world that which is ridiculous is often intermixed with what is deeply serious, I may tell you an anecdote of a ludicrous nature.

and would batter the castle about their ears. The young officers relished the joke, desired Molly to return and tell those gentlemen they would soon be driven away, when the garrison would become visitors at M'Glashan's as before; but she insisted that the summons be delivered to the Governor, and a timid lieutenant, with a constitution impaired by drinking, was prevailed upon to carry it. No sooner, however, did the peerless knight hear something of it read than he furiously drove the lieutenant from his presence to return the paper, vociferating after him a volley of epithets against Lord George Murray, and threatening to shoot through the head any other messenger he should send; which Molly overhearing, was glad to retreat in safety with her summons to her employer, who with Lord Nairn, Cluny, and some other chiefs, were waiting in the churchyard of Blair to receive her, and appeared highly diverted with her report."— *Genuine Narrative of the Blockade of Blair Castle, by a subaltern officer (Ensign, afterwards General Melville) employed in the defence.* —*Scots Magazine*, 1808, p. 332.]

Sir Andrew Agnew, famous in Scottish tradition, was a soldier of the old military school, severe in discipline, stiff and formal in manners, brave to the last degree, but somewhat of an humourist, upon whom his young officers were occasionally tempted to play tricks, not entirely consistent with the respect due to their commandant. At the siege of Blair, some of the young wags had obtained an old uniform coat of the excellent Sir Andrew, which, having stuffed with straw, they placed in a small window of a turret, with a spy-glass in the hand, as if in the act of reconnoitring the besiegers. This apparition did not escape the hawk's eyes of the Highlanders, who continued to pour their fire upon the turret window, without producing any adequate effect. The best deer-stalkers of Athole and Badenoch persevered, nevertheless, and wasted, as will easily be believed, their ammunition in vain on this impassible commander. At length Sir Andrew himself became curious to know what could possibly induce so constant a fire upon that particular point of the castle. He made some enquiry, and discovered the trick which had been played. His own head being as insensible to a jest of any kind as his peruke had proved to the balls of the Highlanders, he placed the contumacious wags under arrest, and threatened to proceed against them still more seriously; and would certainly have done so, but by good fortune for them, the blockade was raised after the garrison had suffered the extremity of famine.

The raising of the blockade was chiefly owing

to the advance of a body of Hessians from Perth, together with the Earl of Crawford.[1] Lord George

[1] ["] Before coming to the resolution either of a surrender or the desperate effort of a sally, Sir Andrew resolved if possible to send information of his circumstances to the Earl of Crawford, then at Dunkeld with the Hessians, and Wilson, the Duke of Athole's gardener, undertook the perilous journey. The great door being unbarricaded and opened without noise, he slipped out unperceived by the besiegers, and proceeded slowly on horseback to the bottom of the avenue leading to the high-road. When discovered and fired at, the soldiers in the castle directed their muskets to the places whence the firing proceeded and it ceased, which the garrison hoped was indicative that Wilson had escaped, but next day, to their sore grief, they perceived a Highlander mounted on the horse he had rode, then they feared he was either a prisoner or killed. In this state of matters they were looking forward with no very pleasant sensations, when, to their agreeable surprise, Molly of Blair inn brought them the joyful intelligence that the Highlanders had gone off towards Dalnacardach. The Governor, however, dreading a stratagem, would not permit them to relax, till on the 2d of April an officer arrived from the Earl of Crawford with intelligence that his lordship was on the road with some cavalry, and might be expected in an hour, and so it happened. The garrison being drawn out, the Earl was received by Sir Andrew at the head of it, with this compliment 'My lord, I am very glad to see you, but by all that's good you have been very dilatory.—We can give you nothing to eat.' To which his lordship answered, laughingly, with his usual good humour, 'I assure you, Sir Andrew, I made all the haste I possibly could, and I hope that you and the officers will do me the honour to partake with me of such fare as I can give you.' The invitation was most welcome to the almost-starved officers, and they adjourned to the summer house in the garden where a plentiful dinner was provided and excellent wines. They were then informed that their friend Wilson had performed his mission, but his horse, startled by the firing, had thrown him, and while he made his escape on foot the Highlanders made a prize of the animal. There was another cause of delay. Lord Crawford had in vain attempted to bring up the Hessians to their relief, for so great was their terror of being attacked in the pass of Killiecrankie by

Murray on this occasion sent an express to the Prince, that if he could spare him 1200 men, he would undertake to engage the Prince of Hesse and Lord Crawford. Charles returned for answer that he could not spare the men, being in the act of concentrating his army. Lord George Murray was therefore obliged to relinquish the blockade of Blair, and withdraw his forces into Strathspey, and from thence to Speyside. He himself went to the Chevalier's headquarters, where he found that his exploits in the field had not been able to save him from enemies, who had made a bad use of their master's ear.

We have seen that, from the very first meeting at Perth, Mr Murray, the secretary, had filled the Prince's mind with suspicions of Lord George, as a person who, if disposed to serve him, was not inclined to do so upon the pure principles of unlimited monarchy. The self-will and obstinacy of this nobleman, a brave soldier, but an unskilful courtier, gave all the advantage which his enemies could desire; and in despite of his gallant achievements, the Prince was almost made to believe that the best officer in his army was capable of betraying him at least, if not actually engaged in a conspiracy to do so. Thus prepossessed, though usually eager for fighting, the Chevalier, both at Clifton and on the present occasion, declined intrusting Lord George with a separate command of

the swords of the wild mountaineers, that they absolutely refused to march beyond it.—MELVILLE, *Scots Mag.* 1808, pp. 411, 413.]

troops, to avail himself of a favourable opportunity for action.

On the present occasion, Charles entertained the opinion that Lord George might have taken the castle of Blair, had he been so disposed; but that he abstained, least by doing so he might injure the house of his brother, the Duke of Athole. Lord George was altogether undeserving of such a suspicion, there being perhaps no man in the Prince's army who had fewer indirect motives to decide his political creed than this nobleman. If the Prince succeeded in his enterprise, his eldest brother would recover the dukedom, now held by the second. But it does not appear that Lord George Murray could be thus personally benefited. It is no small merit to him, that, faithful while suspected, and honest though calumniated, he adhered to the tenor of his principles, and continued to serve with zeal and fidelity a master by whom he knew he was not beloved, nor fully trusted. It is even said by Lord Elcho, that the Prince told some of the French and Irish officers that he suspected Lord George; and it is added, that being requested to watch whether his conduct in battle authorized such a suspicion, they undertook to put him to death if such should appear to be the case.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

Dispersion of the Forces under Lord Loudon, and Occupation of Sutherland by the Earl of Cromarty—The Duke of Cumberland's Army crosses the Spey—Dissatisfaction among Prince Charles's Followers—Resolution of the Prince to fight the Duke of Cumberland—Council of War—Night March undertaken with a view to surprise the Duke of Cumberland's Camp at Nairne—its Failure, and Retreat of the Highland army to Culloden—Battle of Culloden.

[April, 1746.]

The final act of this great domestic tragedy was now about to begin, yet there remain some other incidents to notice ere we approach that catastrophe. The outposts of the principal armies were extended along the river Spey, and the Highlanders appeared disposed for a time to preserve the line of that river, although a defensive war is not that which Highlanders could be expected to wage with most success. It is probable they did not expect the Duke of Cumberland to make a serious advance from his headquarters at Aberdeen, until the summer was fairly commenced, when their own army would be reassembled. Several affairs of posts took place betwixt General Bland, who commanded the advance of the Duke's army, and Lord John

Drummond, who was opposed to him on the side of the Chevalier. The Highlanders had rather the advantage in this irregular sort of warfare, and in particular, a party of a hundred regulars were surprised at the village of Keith, and entirely slain or made prisoners by John Roy Stewart.

About the same time, Prince Charles sustained a heavy loss in the Hazard sloop of war, which made her appearance in the North Seas, having on board 150 troops for his service, and, what he needed still more, a sum of gold equal to L.10,000 or L.12,000. This vessel, with a cargo of so much importance, being chased by an English frigate, was run ashore by her crew in the bay of Tongue, and the sailors and soldiers escaping ashore, carried the treasure along with them. They were, however, in a hostile, as well as a desolate country. The tribe of the MacKays assembled in arms, and, with some bands of Lord Loudon's army, pursued the strangers so closely as to oblige them to surrender themselves and the specie. It is said only L.8000 of gold was found upon them, the rest having been embezzled, either by their captors or by others, after they came ashore. This loss of the Hazard, which was productive of injurious consequences to the Highland army, was connected with a series of transactions in Sutherland, which I will here briefly tell you of.

Lord Loudon, you will recollect, had retreated from Inverness into Ross-shire, at the head of about 2000 men, composed of the Whig clans. In the beginning of March, Lord Cromarty had been

despatched by the Prince, with his own regiment, together with the MacKinnons, MacGregors, and Barrisdale's people, to dislodge Lord Loudon; this they effected by the temporary aid of Lord George Murray. Lord Loudon, retreating before an army which now consisted of the flower of the Highlanders, disposed his forces at various ferries upon the Frith which divides the shire of Sutherland from that of Ross, in order to defend the passage.

On the 20th of March, however, the rebels, under Lord Cromarty, pushed across near a place called the Meikle Ferry, and nearly surprised a party that kept guard there. The Earl of Loudon, informed of this invasion, concluded that, as his forces were inferior in number, and much scattered, there was no possibility of drawing them together for the purpose of making a stand; he therefore sent orders to the officers commanding the different posts, to provide for their safety, by marching the men whom they commanded into their several districts. Loudon himself, with the Lord President, and other persons of rank, who might be supposed particularly obnoxious to the insurgents, embarked with the MacLeods and MacDonalds, and returned with them to the isle of Skye. The army, therefore, might be said to be dispersed and disbanded. Owing to this dispersion, it happened that some of Lord Loudon's soldiers were in the MacKays' country, and assisted in taking prisoners the crew of the Hazard sloop of war when they landed.

Lord Cromarty was now in full possession of the coast of Sutherland and of the castle of Dunrobin, which the Earl of Sutherland had found it impossible to defend. The Jacobite general could not, however, exercise much influence in that country; the vassalage and tenantry not only declined to join the rebels, but kept possession of their arms, and refused the most favourable terms of submission. The Earl of Cromarty, indeed, collected some money, emptied the Earl of Sutherland's stables of nineteen or twenty good horses, and cut his carriages to pieces in order to convert the leather and brass mounting into targets; but the country itself being hostile to the Jacobite cause, obliged the Earl, though a mild good-natured man, to use some severity on this occasion. The houses and property of two of the captains of the militia were plundered and burnt, in order to strike terror into other recreants. This was alien to the inclinations of some of the Highlanders, the gentleness of whose conduct had hitherto been the subject of surprise and panegyric. "I like not this raising of fire," said an old Highlander, who looked on during the devastation; "hitherto five of us have put twenty to flight, but if we follow this inhuman course, we may look for twenty of us to fly before five of our enemies." In fact, the prophecy was not far from its accomplishment. The Earl of Cromarty extended his operations even into the islands of Orkney, but received as little encouragement from the inhabitants of that archipelago as from the people of Sutherland. In Caithness a few

gentlemen of the name of Sinclair adopted their cause; but it is said that not above forty-three men in all from that country joined the Chevalier's standard. The beginning of April was now come, and the indications of the Duke of Cumberland's advance in person made it plain that the insurgents would be no longer permitted to protract the campaign by a war of posts, but must either fight, or retire into the Highlands. The last measure, it was foreseen, must totally break up Prince Charles's Lowland cavalry, many of whom had already lost their horses in the retreat; it was necessary, therefore, to form them into a body of foot-guards.

The Prince did not hesitate a moment which course to pursue. He entertained, like others who play for deep stakes, a tendency to fatalism, which had been fostered by his success at Preston and Falkirk, and he was determined, like a desperate gamester, to push his luck to extremity. The kind of warfare which he had been waging for some weeks past, had necessarily led to a great dispersion of his forces, and, intent upon the impending contest, he now summoned his detachments from every side, to join his own standard at Inverness.

The powerful body of men under the Earl of Cromarty received similar orders. MacDonald of Barrisdale, in great haste to obey, set out on his march upon the 14th of April. On the 15th he was to have been followed by the Earl of Cromarty and his regiment. This projected evacuation of Sutherland, which ought to have been kept secret, was imprudently suffered to transpire; and the

Sutherland men resolved to annoy the rear of their unwelcome visitants as they left the country. With this view, a great many of the armed militia collected from the hills, in which they had taken shelter, and prepared to take such advantage of the retreating insurgents as opportunity should permit. About two hundred men assembled for this purpose, and approached the coast. One John MacKay, a vintner in Golspie, had a division of about twenty to act under his own separate command. The Earl of Cromarty, for whom the militia were lying in ambush, was far from suspecting the danger he was in. He remained, with his son Lord MacLeod, and several other officers, at the castle of Dunrobin, witnessing, it is said, the tricks of a juggler,[1] while his men, three hundred and fifty in number, were marched, under the command of subaltern officers, and with little precaution, to the ferry where they were to embark. The consequences were fatal. John MacKay with his twenty men, threw himself between the rear of the main body and Lord Cromarty and his officers, who were following in imagined security, and suddenly firing, with considerable execution, upon the Earl and his attendants, forced them back to Dunrobin castle, which they had just left. The same active partisan contrived to gain admittance into the castle without a single follower, and boldly summoned the Earl and his officers to sur-

[1] [Henderson says, "they staied behind to see a few bottles out, which Lady Sutherland had ordered in to drink her Lord's health."—P. 112.]

render, which at length, under a false apprehension of the amount of force by which they were surrounded, they were induced to do. The Earl of Cromarty, Lord MacLeod, and the other officers of Lord Cromarty's regiment, who had not marched with their men, were thus made prisoners, and put on board the Hound, a British sloop of war. The rebellion, therefore, was thus extinguished in Sutherland on the 16th of April, the very day on which it was put an end to throughout Scotland, by the great battle of Culloden.

Having given a short account of these distant operations, we must return to the motions of the main armies.

The Duke of Cumberland, with the last division of his army, left Aberdeen on the 8th of April, with the intention of moving upon Inverness, being Charles's headquarters, in the neighbourhood of which it was understood that the Prince designed to make a stand. As he advanced northward, the Duke of Cumberland was joined by Generals Bland and Mordaunt, who commanded his advanced divisions, and the whole army assembled at the town of Cullen, about ten miles from the banks of the Spey.

An opinion had been entertained, to which we have already alluded, that the Highlanders intended to defend the passage of this deep and rapid river. A trench and some remains of works seemed to show that such had been their original purpose, and a considerable division of the Lowland troops were drawn up under Lord John Drum-

mond, with the apparent purpose of maintaining these defences. The Prince's ultimate orders, however, were, that Lord John should retreat to Elgin as soon as the enemy should approach in force the south-eastern bank of the river. He did so, and the Duke of Cumberland forded the Spey with his army in three divisions, his music playing a tune calculated to insult his antagonists.[1] Several lives were lost, owing to the strength of the stream; they were chiefly females, followers of the camp.[2]

On the 13th of April, the Duke of Cumberland's army marched to the moor of Alves, and on the 14th advanced to Nairne, where there was a slight skirmish between their advance and the rearguard of the Highlanders, who were just leaving the town. The last were unexpectedly supported in their retreat, about five miles from Nairne, by the Chevalier himself, who arrived suddenly at the head of his guards and the MacIn-

[1] Will you play me fair play,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?

[2] ["The greatest division entered the Spey at a ford near Gormach, the next division to that at the ford by Gordon castle, and the division on the right at a ford near the church of Bellie." HOME.—"His royal Highness was the first to enter the water at the head of the horse, who forded it, while the Highlanders and grenadiers passed a little higher; the foot waded over as fast as they arrived, and though the water came up to their middles, they went on with great cheerfulness, and got over with no other loss but that of one dragoon and four women, who were carried down by the stream. Thus was one of the strongest passes in Scotland given up; a pass where 2000 men might very easily have kept back an army of 20,000; a sure prelude of the destruction of the rebels."—HENDERSON, p. 112.]

tosh Regiment, at a place called the Loch of the Clans. On the appearance of this additional force, the vanguard of the Duke's army retreated upon their main body, which was encamped near Nairne.

It is now necessary to examine the state of the contending armies, who were soon to be called upon to decide the fate of the contest by a bloody battle.

The Duke of Cumberland was at the head of an army of disciplined troops, completely organized, and supported by a fleet, which, advancing along the coast, could supply them with provisions, artillery, and every other material requisite for the carrying on of the campaign. They were under the command of a Prince, whose authority was absolute, whose courage was undoubted, whose high birth was the boast of his troops, and whose military skill and experience were, in the opinion of his followers, completely adequate to the successful termination of the war.

On the other hand, the army of Prince Charles lay widely dispersed, on account of the difficulty of procuring subsistence; so that there was great doubt of the possibility of assembling them in an united body within the short space afforded them for that purpose. The councils also of the adventurous Prince were unhappily divided; and those dissensions which had existed even in their days of prosperity, were increased in the present critical moment, even by the pressure of the emergency. The first difficulty might be in some degree surmounted, but the last was of a fatal

character; and I must once more remind you of the causes in which it originated.

The aversion of the Prince to Lord George Murray has been already stated; and although the fact may seem surprising, the unwarranted suspicion with which this individual was regarded by the Chevalier, is pretty well understood to have extended itself about this period to a great part of his other Scottish followers, more especially as the present state of the contest, joined to the private disaffection, or rather discontent, among the clans, tended to weaken the confidence of the commander. Such sparks of disagreement assume more importance in the time of adversity, as lights, little distinguished of themselves, are more visible on the approach of darkness. Since the council at Derby, the Prince had convoked or advised with no public assembly of his chiefs and followers of rank, as he had formerly been wont to do, if we except the council of war held near Crieff, which was in a manner forced on him by the retreat from Stirling. During all that time he had, in the fullest sense, commanded the army by his own authority. His trust and confidence had been chiefly reposed in Secretary Murray, in Sir Thomas Sheridan, his former tutor, and in the Irish officers, who made their way to his favour by assenting to all he proposed, and by subscribing, without hesitation, to the most unlimited doctrine of the monarch's absolute power. On the other hand, the Scottish nobility and gentry, who had engaged their lives and fortunes in the quarrel, naturally thought

themselves entitled to be consulted concerning the manner in which the war was to be conducted, and were indignant at being excluded from offering their advice, where they themselves were not only principally interested, but best acquainted with the localities and manners of the country in which the war was waged.

They were also displeased that in his communication with the court of France, announcing his successes at Preston, and at Falkirk, the Prince had intrusted his negotiations with the court of France to Irishmen in the French service. They suspected, unjustly, perhaps, that instead of pleading the cause of the insurgents fairly, and describing and insisting upon the amount and nature of the succours which were requisite, these gentlemen would be satisfied to make such representations as might give satisfaction to the French ministers, and insure to the messengers their own advancement in the French service. Accordingly, all the officers sent to France by Charles received promotion. The Scots also suspected that the Irish and French officers, willing to maintain themselves in exclusive favour, endeavoured to impress the Prince with suspicions of the fidelity of the Scottish people, and invidiously recalled to his memory the conduct of the nation to Charles I. It is said that Charles was not entirely convinced of the falsehood of these suspicions till the faithful services of so many of that nation, during the various perils of his escape, would have rendered it base ingratitude to harbour them longer.

There was another subject of discontent in the Prince's army, arising, perhaps, from too high pretensions on the part of one class of his followers, and too little consideration on that of Charles. Many of the gentlemen who served as privates in the Prince's cavalry, conceived that they were entitled to more personal notice than they received, and complained that they were regarded more in the light of ordinary troopers than as men of estate and birth, who were performing, at their own expense, the duty of private soldiers, to evince their loyalty to the cause of the Stewarts.

Notwithstanding these secret jealousies, Charles remained unaltered in the system which he had adopted. Neither did the discontent of his followers proceed further than murmurs, or in any case break out, as in Mar's insurrection, into mutiny, or even a desire on the part of the gentlemen engaged to make, by submission or otherwise, their separate peace with Government. Notwithstanding, however, what has been said, the gallant bravery and general deportment of the Prince secured him popularity with the common soldiers of his army, though those with higher pretensions were less easily satisfied, when mere civility was rendered instead of confidence.

The Chevalier had been unwell of a feverish complaint during several days of his residence at Elgin in the month of March. On his retreat to Inverness, he seemed perfectly recovered, and employed himself by hunting in the forenoon, and in the evening with balls, concerts, and parties of

pleasure, in which he appeared in as good spirits, and as confident, as after the battle of Preston. This exterior show of confidence would have been well had there been good grounds for its foundation; but those alleged by Charles rested upon a firm conviction that the army of the Duke of Cumberland would not seriously venture to oppose in battle their lawful prince; an idea which he found it impossible to impress upon such of his followers, as were in the least acquainted with the genius and temper of the English soldiery.

While the Prince was at Inverness, two gentlemen of the name of Haliburton arrived from France, with tidings of a cold description. They informed him that the court of that country had entirely laid aside the thoughts of an invasion upon a large scale, and that his brother, the Duke of York, who had been destined to be placed at the head of it, had left the coast, being recalled to Paris. This put a final end to the most reasonable hopes of the unfortunate Adventurer, which had always rested upon a grand exertion of France in his favour; although, indeed, he might have been convinced, that since they had made no such effort during the time of his inroad into England, when his affairs bore an aspect unexpectedly favourable, they would not undertake any considerable risk to redeem him from the destruction which seemed now to be impending.

Besides the discords in the Prince's camp, which, like a mutiny among the crew of a sinking vessel, prevented an unanimous exertion to secure the

common safety, the separation of his forces, and the pecuniary difficulties which now pressed hard upon him, were material obstacles to any probability of success in an action with the Duke of Cumberland. Charles endeavoured, indeed, to concentrate all his army near Inverness, but without entire success. General Stapleton, who had been engaged in attempting to reduce Fort William, abandoned that enterprise and returned to the Prince's camp, together with Lochiel and the other Highlanders by whom that irregular siege had been supported. But the Master of Fraser, who was employed in levying the full strength of his clan, together with Barrisdale and Cromarty, engaged as we have seen in Sutherland, were absent from the main army. Cluny, and his MacPhersons, had been despatched into Badenoch, with a view to their more easy subsistence in their own country, and were wanting in the hour when their services were most absolutely necessary. There were besides 800 or 1000 men of different Highland clans, who were dispersed in visiting their own several glens, and would certainly have returned to the army, if space had been allowed them for so doing.

It is also proper to mention, that, as already hinted, the cavalry of the Prince had suffered greatly. That of Lord Pitsligo might be said to have been entirely destroyed by their hard duty on the retreat from Stirling, and was in fact converted into a company of foot-guards. Now, although these horsemen, consisting of gentlemen and their servants, might have been unable to stand the shock

of heavy and regular regiments of horse, yet from their spirit and intelligence, they had been of the greatest service as light cavalry, and their loss to Charles Edward's army was a great misfortune.

The force which remained with the Prince was discontented from want of pay, and in a state of considerable disorganization. The troops were not duly supplied with provisions, and, like more regular soldiers under such circumstances, were guilty of repeated mutiny and disobedience of orders.[1] For all these evils Charles Edward saw no remedy but in a general action, to which he was the more disposed, that hitherto, by a variety of chances in his favour, as well as by the native courage of his followers, he had come off victorious, though against all ordinary expectation, in every action in which he had been engaged. On such an alternative then, and with troops mutinous for want of pay, half starved for want of provisions, and diminished in numbers from the absence of 3000 or 4000 men, he determined to risk an action with the Duke of Cumberland, at the head of an

[1] ["Our army had got no pay in money for some time past, but meal only, which the men being obliged to sell out and convert into money, it went but a short way for their other needs, at which the poor creatures grumbled exceedingly and were suspicious that we the officers had detained it from them. To appease them we had obliged ourselves to give them payment of all their arrears two days before the battle, which we not being able to perform made the fellows refractory and more negligent of their duty. However, on Tuesday the 15th we lay under our arms upon the hill all day expecting the enemy, without any other provision but a sea biscuit to each man."—LOCKHART *Papers*, v. ii. p. 508.]

army considerably outnumbering his own, and possessed of all those advantages of which he himself at the moment was so completely deprived.

The preparations for the engagement were not made with more prudence than that which was shown in the resolution to give instant battle. Charles drew out his forces upon an extensive moor, about five miles distant from Inverness, called Drummossie, but more frequently known by the name of Culloden, to which it is adjacent. The Highlanders lay upon their arms all the night of the 14th; on the next morning they were drawn up in order of battle, in the position which the Chevalier proposed they should maintain during the action. On their right there were some park walls, on their left a descent which slopes down upon Culloden house; their front was directly east. They were drawn up in two lines, of which the Athole brigade held the right of the whole, next to them Lochiel. The clans of Appin, Fraser, and MacIntosh, with those of MacLauchlan, MacLean, and Farquharson, composed the centre; and on the left were the three regiments of MacDonalds, styled, from their chiefs, Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry.

As if a fate had hung over the councils of Charles, the disposition of this order of battle involved the decision of a point of honour, esteemed of the utmost importance in this singular army, though in any other a mere question of idle precedence. The MacDonalds, as the most powerful and numerous of the clans, had claimed from the beginning of the

expedition the privilege of holding the right of the whole army. Lochiel and Appin had waived any dispute of this claim at the battle of Preston; the MacDonalds had also led the right at Falkirk; and now the left was assigned to this proud surname, which they regarded not only as an affront, but as an evil omen.[1] The Prince's second line, or reserve, was divided into three bodies, with an interval between each. On the right were Elcho's, FitzJames's and Lord Strathallan's horse, with Abbachie's and Lord Ogilvy's regiments of infantry. The centre division was formed of the Irish picquets, Lord John Drummond's regiment, and that of the Earl of Kilmarnock. The left wing of the second line consisted of the hussars, with Sir Alexander Bannerman's and Moir of Stonywood's Lowland battalions. The number of the whole first line might be about 4700 men; that of the second line 2300, of which 250 were cavalry; but, as I will presently show you, the numbers which

[1] ["This," says the MacDonald, "we of the clan thought ominous. We had not this day the right hand in battle as formerly, and as we engaged in this enterprise when the event proved successful, as at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, and which our clan maintains we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles in behalf of our royal family since the battle of Bannockburn, in which glorious day Robert the Bruce bestowed this honour upon Angus MacDonald, Lord of the Isles, as a reward for his never to be forgot fidelity, &c. This right we have, I say, enjoyed ever since, unless when yielded by us out of favour, upon particular occasions, as was done to the Laird of MacLean at the battle of Harlaw (1411); but our sweet P. was prevailed on by L. and his faction to assign this honour to another on this fatal day, which right we judge they will not refuse to yield us back again next fighting day."—LOCKHART *Papers*, v. ii. p. 510.]

appeared at the review were very considerably diminished before the action.

A great error on the part of the commissaries, or such as acted in that capacity, in the Highland army, was exhibited in the almost total want of provisions; a deficiency the more inexcusable, as it was said there was plenty of meal at Inverness. The soldiers, however, received no victuals, except a single biscuit per man during the whole day of the 15th, and this dearth of provisions was such, that whether the army had been victorious or vanquished, upon the day of the 16th, they must have dispersed to distant quarters for the mere purpose of obtaining subsistence.

Early on the 15th of April, Lord Elcho was despatched to reconnoitre the camp of the Duke of Cumberland, situated near the little town of Nairne. It was the anniversary of the royal Duke's birth-day, which was apparently dedicated to festivity and indulgence on the part of the soldiers whom he commanded. Lord Elcho remained within view of the enemy until high noon, and then retired to announce that to all appearance the English army did not mean to move that day.

Upon this report the Prince assembled the chief officers of his army, being the first council of war which he had held since that in which the retreat from Derby was resolved upon, excepting the meeting at Fairnton, near Crieff. Charles opened the business by asking the opinion of the council what was best to be done. There was a diversity of opinions. The want of provisions alone rendered

a battle inevitable, but the place and mode of giving that battle were matter of discussion. Lord George Murray, as usual, was the first to give his opinion, and enlarged much on the advantage which a Highland army was sure to possess in taking the enemy by surprise, and in darkness rather than in daylight. Regular soldiers, he said, depend entirely on their discipline, an advantage of which they are deprived by darkness and confusion. Highlanders, on the contrary, had, he observed, little discipline but what was of an intuitive nature, independent either of light or regularity. He concluded by giving his opinion, that the first line should march in two divisions at the dusk of the evening; he himself offered to lead that composed of the right wing of the first line, with which he designed to march round the town of Nairne, and attack the Duke of Cumberland's camp in the rear; at the same time he proposed that the Duke of Perth, with the left division of the first line, should attack the camp in front, when he did not doubt that the confusion occasioned by the sudden onset on two points, joined to the effects of the past day's festivity, would throw the regulars into total confusion, and afford the Prince a complete victory. This plan also included a march of the whole second line, or body of reserve, under the command of the Prince himself, to support the front attack.

To this proposal several objections were made; one was, that it was a pity to hazard any thing until the MacPhersons, a great part of the Frasers, MacDonald of Barrisdale, Glengyle, with his Mac-

Gregors, the Earl of Cromarty, whose misfortune was not known, and other reinforcements at present absent, should have joined the army. It was also stated, that in all probability the Duke would receive notice of the intended movement, either by his spies or his patrols; that in either case it would be difficult to provide against the necessary consequences of such discovery; and that, if the Highlanders were once thrown into confusion in a night attack, there would be no possibility of rallying them. The principal answer to these objections was founded on the exigency of the moment, which required a considerable hazard to be incurred in one shape or other, and that the plan of the night attack was as feasible as any which could be proposed.

Another objection strongly urged, was the impossibility of marching twelve miles, being the distance between Culloden and the enemy's camp, between nightfall and dawn. To this Lord George Murray returned for answer, that he would pledge himself for the success of the project, provided secrecy was observed. Other plans were proposed, but the night march was finally resolved upon.

Between seven and eight o'clock, the Chevalier ordered the heath to be set on fire, that the light might convey the idea of his troops being still in the same position there, and got all his men under arms, as had been agreed upon.

It was explained by the Prince's aide-de-camp, Colonel Ker of Gradon, that during the attack on the camp the Highlanders were not to employ their

fire-arms, but only broadswords, dirks, and Lochaber axes, with which they were instructed to beat down the tent poles, and to cut the ropes, taking care at the same moment to strike or stab with force wherever they observed any swelling or bulge in the fallen canvass of the tent. They were also instructed to observe the profoundest silence during the time of the march, and the watchword assigned to them was "King James the VIII."

Thus far all was well; and for resolute men, an attempt so desperate presented, from its very desperation, a considerable chance of success. But an inconvenience occurred on the march, for which, and the confusion which it was sure to occasion, due allowance seems scarcely to have been made in the original project. It had been proposed by Lord George Murray that the army should march in three columns, consisting of the first line in two divisions, and the whole reserve, or second line, under the Prince himself. But from the necessity of the three columns keeping the same road as far as the house of Kilravock, where the first division was to diverge from the others, and cross the river Nairne, in order to get in the rear of the enemy's camp, it followed that the army, instead of forming three distinct columns of march, each on its own ground, composed only one long one, the second line following the first, and the third the second, upon the same track, which greatly diminished the power of moving with rapidity. The night, besides, was very dark, which made the progress of the whole column ex-

tremely slow, especially as there was a frequent necessity for turning out of the straight road, in order to avoid all inhabited places, from which news of their motions might have been sent to the Duke of Cumberland.

Slow as the march was, the van considerably outmarched the rear. A gap, or interval, was left in the centre of the whole, and messages were sent repeatedly to Lochiel, who was in front, and to Lord George Murray, who commanded the head of the line, requesting them to halt until the rear of the columns should come up. Fifty of these messages were brought to the van of the column before they had marched above eight miles, by which time they had reached Kilravock, or Kilraick House, within four miles of the Duke of Cumberland's camp.

Hitherto Lord George Murray had not halted upon his line of march; but had only obeyed the aides-de-camp by marching more slowly, in the hope that the rear might come up. But at this place the Duke of Perth himself, who commanded the second division, came up to Lord George Murray, and putting his horse across the road, insisted that the rear could not advance unless the van was halted. Lord George Murray halted accordingly, and many of the principal officers came to the head of the column to consult what was to be done. They reported that many of the Highlanders had straggled from the ranks, and lain down to sleep in the wood of Kilravock; which must have been owing to faintness, or want of food, since an eight

miles' march could not be supposed to have fatigued these hardy mountaineers to such an excess. It was also said, that more gaps were left in the line than one, and that there was no possibility of the rear keeping pace with the head of the column. Watches were next consulted. It had been proposed to make the attack before two o'clock in the morning; but that hour was now come, and the head of the column was still four miles distant from the English camp. The object of the expedition, therefore, was frustrated. Some of the gentlemen volunteers were of opinion that they ought to proceed at all risks; but, as they must have marched for at least two miles in broad light, all hopes of a surprise must have been ended. In these doubtful circumstances Mr O'Sullivan found the officers at the head of the column, when he came to Lord George Murray with orders from the Prince, expressing it to be his desire, if possible, that the attack should proceed; yet referring to Lord George, as nearest to the head of the column, to form his own judgment whether the attempt could be made with advantage or not. At this moment the distant roll of the drums from the Duke of Cumberland's camp announced that his army was upon the alert, and that the moment was gone by when the camp might have been taken by surprise. "They are awake," said Lord George.—"I never expected to have found them otherwise," said Mr Hepburn of Keith, who had joined the van as a volunteer; "but we may yet find them unprepared." Lord George applauded Hepburn's courage, but con-

sidered that, from the lateness of the hour, and the great diminution of the strength of the attacking column, the plan could not be persevered in with any hope of success. He therefore ordered the troops to march back with as much expedition as possible.

As this retreat, though apparently unavoidable, was executed by Lord George Murray without the express orders of the Prince, though in execution of an optional power reposed in Lord George himself, it was at the time, and has been since, used as a handle by those who were inclined to accuse that nobleman of treachery to a cause, which he had served with so much valour and talent.[1]

[1] I have taken Lord George Murray's account of this night-march as he himself gave it, for vindication of his own conduct. The Chevalier himself, then called Comte D'Albanie, returned a different answer to some enquiries on the part of Mr John Home. It is singular enough that his reply acquits Lord George Murray of the alleged crime of commanding the retreat without orders, even more completely than Lord George's own account acquits himself. The Chevalier says, that he rode up in person to the head of the column, and was at first anxious for advancing; but when he heard Lord George's reasoning against it, he himself gave orders for the retreat. This striking difference between the evidence of two persons deeply interested in a subject of such importance to both, proves the uncertainty of human evidence. But it is natural to suppose Lord George Murray's account the more correct, because it was given as early as 1749. Besides, it is not likely he should make his own case worse than it really was, by resting his defence on the option transmitted to him by O'Sullivan, if, in fact, it was the Prince himself who gave the order for retreat, which Lord George was censured for having issued contrary to his intentions. ["Had Prince Charles slept during the whole of the expedition, and allowed Lord George to act for him, according to his own judgment, there is every reason

It may be here remarked, that the Duke of Cumberland's army took no alarm either from the march or countermarch of the enemy, and that but for the inauspicious circumstances which delayed the movement, the attacking column had a great chance of success.[1]

The retreat was executed with much more rapidity than the advance, it being unnecessary to take any precautions for concealing their motions; so that the whole army had regained the heights of Culloden moor before five o'clock in the morning. The disadvantages of the night march, and of the preceding day's abstinence, became now visible. The men went off from their colours in great numbers, to seek food at Inverness and the neighbouring villages. They were unpaid, unfed, exhausted with famine and want of sleep, and replied with indifference to the officers who endeavoured to force them to return to their colours, that they might shoot them if they chose, but that they would not return till they had procured some food. The principal officers themselves were exhausted from want of rest and sustenance. They went, as

for supposing he would have found the crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke."—JOHNSTONE, p. 140.]

[1] ["The Duke had certain information of the night-march; and spies who spoke the Gaelic language, and wore the Highland dress, mixed with the rebels as they marched; but none of these spies knew any thing of the intended attack, and it is believed the Duke supposed that the rebels intended only to approach his camp, take their ground in the night, and attack him in the morning, for the soldiers were ordered to lie down to rest with their arms by them."—HOME.]

if instinctively, to the house of Culloden, where they had previously assembled, but were so worn out, that, instead of holding a council of war, each laid himself down to sleep, on beds or tables, or on the floor where such conveniences were not to be had.[1]

The time was now arrived for putting into execution the alternative proposed in the council of war of the preceding day, which was only postponed to the proposed march to Nairne. This was, that the Highland army should retire, and take up a strong position beyond the river Nairne, inaccessible to cavalry. Such a movement would have been no difficult matter, had the confused state of the Chevalier's army, and the total want of provi-

[1] ["The Prince with great difficulty got some bread and whiskey at Culloden house, where, after he had reposed himself a little, he was acquainted that the enemy was appearing, upon which those about Culloden were ordered to arms."—LOCKHART *Papers*, vol. ii. p. 519. "When at the foot of the stairs, he was met by the Steward, who told him, that his dinner, viz. a roasted side of lamb and two hens, and the table-cloth was just ready to be laid."—"No," replied the Chevalier, "would you have me sit down to victuals when my enemy is so near me."—*The Young Chevalier*, p. 6.—"Exhausted with hunger," says Johnstone, "and worn out with the excessive fatigue of the three last nights, as soon as we reached Culloden, I turned off as fast as I could to Inverness, where, eager to recruit my strength by a little sleep, I tore off my clothes, half asleep all the while; but when I had already one leg in the bed, and was on the point of stretching myself between the sheets, what was my surprise, to hear the drum beat to arms, and the trumpets of the picquet of Fitzjames sounding the call to boot and saddle, which struck me like a clap of thunder. I hurried on my clothes, my eyes half shut, and mounting a horse, I instantly repaired to our army on the eminence on which we had remained three days, and from which we saw the English army at the distance of about two miles from us."—*Memoirs*, p. 133.]

sions,[1] permitted them to take any steps for their preservation. All, however, which looked either like foresight or common sense, seemed to be abandoned on this occasion, under the physical exhaustion of fatigue and famine. The army remained on the upper part of the open moor, having their flank covered on the right by the park-walls which we have mentioned, their only protection from cavalry, and, as it proved, a very slight one.

About two hours after the Prince had again reached Culloden, that is, about seven or eight o'clock, a patrol of horse brought in notice that a party of the Duke of Cumberland's cavalry was within two miles, and the whole of his army not above four miles distant. Upon this alarm, the Prince and the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray and Lord John Drummond, mounted their horses, and ordered the drums to beat, and the pipes to play their respective gatherings. This sudden summons to arms caused much hurry and confusion amongst men half dead with fatigue, and roused from the sleep of which they had so much need.[2] The chiefs and officers did what was pos-

[1] This might have been remedied, in so far as the simple wants of a Highland army were concerned, if a part of the troops had been employed on the night of the 15th April to bring meal from Inverness, and cattle from the neighbourhood.

[2] ["] Upon our return to Culloden," says M'Donald, "though the Prince had given orders for bringing meat and drink for us to the field, which our men not expecting, through their great want of sleep, meat, and drink, many slipt off to take some refreshment in Inverness, Culloden, and the neighbourhood, and others to three or four miles distance, where they had friends and acquaintances; and the said refreshment so lulled them asleep,

sible to get them together; but, as they were dispersed in every direction, as far as Inverness itself, nearly two thousand of the Highlanders who were at the review of the preceding day, were absent from the battle of the 16th.

It would have been yet time to retreat by the right of their line, to cross the water of Nairne, and to draw up upon ground inaccessible to the Duke of Cumberland's army, when they might, after sunset, have renewed, if it was thought advisable, the attempt to surprise his camp; for it is believed that the Duke was not, till some time afterwards, made aware of their purpose of the previous night. No motion, however, was made to this effect. The Chevalier talked confidently of a battle and a victory;[1] and those who did not share his hopes were prepared to die, if they did not expect to conquer.

that designing only to take one hour's rest or two, they were afterwards surprised and killed in their beds. By this means we wanted in the action at least one third of our best men, and of those who did engage, many had hurried back from Inverness, &c. upon the alarm of the enemy's approach, both gentlemen and others, as I did myself, having taken only one drink of ale to supply all my need."—LOCKHART *Papers*, vol. ii. p. 509.]

[1] ["I shall make one plain and natural supposition," says Lord George Murray. "Had we after this (retreat from Kilravock) retired to a strong ground, which was *our* opinion, and we might have done it when the enemy were even in sight;—had we fought upon such ground and proved successful, which I verily believe we had very good chance for, would then this measure of a retreat from Kilravock have been found fault with? or had we been so advantageously situated upon the south side of the water of Nairne, that the Duke of Cumberland would not have ventured to have attacked us (which might have been the case) and that we had drawn him up afterwards to passes in the mountains, harassed him, cut off some of his convoys, and at last defeated him, would then

The Duke of Cumberland's army now appeared about two miles off, advancing straight in front of the Prince's line of battle. His Royal Highness's force consisted of fifteen battalions of foot, viz. Pulteney's, 500 ; The Royals, 500 ; Cholmondely's, 500 ; Price's, 500 ; Scots Fusileers, 500 ; Dejean's, 500 ; Burrel's, 500 ; Battereau's, 500 ; Blakeny's, 500 ; Howard's, 500 ; Fleming's, 500 ; Sackville's, 500 ; Sempill's, 500 ; Conway's, 500 ; Wolfe's, 500 ; and 600 Campbells ; which, with Lord Mark Ker's dragoons, 300, Cobham's, 300, and Kingston's horse, 300, made 8100 foot, and 900 horse. The day of the battle they were drawn up in two lines, seven battalions in the first, and eight in the second line, supported by the two squadrons of horse on the right, and four squadrons of dragoons on the left. The Campbells were on the left with the dragoons. There were two pieces of cannon betwixt every battalion in the first line, three on the right, and three on the left of the second. The army was commanded in chief by the Duke of Cumberland, and under him by lieutenant-generals Earl of Albemarle, Hawley, and Bland, major-general Huske, brigadiers Lord Sempill, Cholmondely, and Mordaunt.

the retreat from Kilravock have been well spoken of? Why what I have now mentioned was not performed, let them answer who were determined against a hill campaign, as they called it. What I can aver is, that myself and most of the clans, at least all those I spoke with, were for this operation, and his Royal Highness could have supported the fatigue as well as any person in the army. It is true Sir Thomas Sheridan, &c. could not have undergone it; so we were obliged to be undone for their ease."—*Letter*, HOME's *Appendix*, No. 42.]

Had the whole Highland army been collected, there would have been very little, if any difference in numbers between the contending parties, each of which amounted to about 9000 men; but we have already shown that the Prince was deprived of about 2000 of his troops, who had never come up, and the stragglers who left his standard between the time of the review and the battle amounted to at least 2000 more; so that, upon the great and decisive battle of Culloden, only 5000 of the insurgent army were opposed to 9000 of the King's troops. The men who were absent, also, were chiefly Highlanders, who formed the peculiar strength of the Chevalier's army.

There was no appearance of discouragement on either side; the troops on both sides huzza'd repeatedly as they came within sight of each other, and it seemed as if the Highlanders had lost all sense of fatigue at sight of the enemy. The MacDonalds alone had a sullen and discontented look, arising from their having taken offence at the post which had been assigned them.

As the lines approached each other, the artillery opened their fire, by which the Duke of Cumberland's army suffered very little, and that of the Highlanders a great deal; for the English guns, being well served, made lanes through the ranks of the enemy, while the French artillery scarcely killed a man. To remain steady and inactive under this galling fire, would have been a trial to the best disciplined troops, and it is no wonder that the Highlanders showed great impatience under an

annoyance peculiarly irksome to their character. Some threw themselves down to escape the artillery, some called out to advance, and a very few broke their ranks and fled. The cannonade lasted for about an hour; at length the clans became so impatient, that Lord George Murray was about to give the order to advance, when the Highlanders, from the centre and right wing, rushed without orders furiously down, after their usual manner of attacking sword in hand. Being received with a heavy fire, both of cannonade and grape-shot, they became so much confused, that they got huddled together in their onset, without any interval or distinction of clans or regiments. Notwithstanding this disorder, the fury of their charge broke through Monro's and Burrel's regiments, which formed the left of the Duke of Cumberland's line. But that General had anticipated the possibility of such an event, and had strengthened his second line, so as to form a steady support in case any part of his first should give way. The Highlanders, partially victorious, continued to advance with fury, and although much disordered by their own success, and partly disarmed by having thrown away their guns on the very first charge, they rushed on Sempill's regiment in the second line with unabated fury. That steady corps was drawn up three deep, the first rank kneeling, and the third standing upright. They reserved their fire until the fugitives of Burrel's and Monro's broken regiments had escaped round the flanks, and through the intervals of the second line. By this time the Highlanders were

within a yard of the bayonet point, when Sempill's battalion poured in their fire with so much accuracy, that it brought down a great many of the assailants, and forced the rest to turn back. A few pressed on, but, unable to break through Sempill's regiment, were bayoneted by the first rank. The attack of the Highlanders was the less efficient, that on this occasion most of them had laid aside their targets, expecting a march rather than a battle. While the right of the Highland line sustained their national character, though not with their usual success, the MacDonalds on the left seemed uncertain whether they would attack or not.[1] It was in vain the Duke of Perth called out to them, "Claymore!" telling the murmurers of this haughty tribe, "That if they behaved with their usual valour, they would convert the left into the right, and that he would in future call himself MacDonald." It was equally in vain that the gallant Keppoch charged with a few of his near relations, while his clan, a thing before unheard of, remained stationary. The chief was near the front of the enemy, and was exclaiming with feelings which cannot be appreciated, "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me!" At this instant, he received several shots, which closed his earthly account, leaving him only time

[1] ["While these changes were making, Colonel Belford observing the body of horse with Charles, ordered two pieces of cannon to be pointed at them; several discharges were made; and some balls broke ground among the horses' legs. Charles had his face bespattered with mud, and one of his servants, who stood behind the squadron with a led horse in his hand, was killed."—HOME.]

to advise his favourite nephew to shift for himself. The three regiments of MacDonalds were by this time aware of the rout of their right wing, and retreated in good order upon the second line. A body of cavalry, from the right of the King's army, was commanded to attack them on their retreat, but was checked by a fire from the French picquets, who advanced to support the MacDonalds. But at the same moment another decisive advantage was gained by the Duke's army over the Highland right wing. A body of horse, making 600 cavalry, with three companies of Argyleshire Highlanders, had been detached to take possession of the park walls, repeatedly mentioned as covering the right of the Highlanders. The three companies of infantry had pulled down the east wall of the enclosure, and put to the sword about a hundred of the insurgents, to whom the defence had been assigned; they then demolished the western wall, which permitted the dragoons, by whom they were accompanied, to ride through the enclosure, and get out upon the open moor, to the westward, and form, so as to threaten the rear and flank of the Prince's second line. Gordon of Abbachie, with his Lowland Aberdeenshire regiment, was ordered to fire upon these cavalry, which he did with some effect. The Campbells then lined the north wall of the enclosure so often mentioned, and commenced a fire upon the right flank of the Highlanders' second line. That line, increased by the MacDonalds, who retired upon it, still showed a great number of men keeping their ground, many

of whom had not fired a shot. Lord Elcho rode up to the Prince, and eagerly exhorted him to put himself at the head of those troops who yet remained, make a last exertion to recover the day, and at least die like one worthy of having contended for a crown. Receiving a doubtful or hesitating answer, Lord Elcho turned from him with a bitter execration, and declared he would never see his face again.[1] On the other hand, more than one of the Prince's officers declared, and attested Heaven and their own eyes as witnesses, that the unfortunate Adventurer was forced from the field by Sir Thomas Sheridan, and others of the Irish officers who were about his person.[2]

That Lord Elcho and others, who lost rank and fortune in this disastrous adventure, were desirous that the Chevalier should have fought it out to the very last, can easily be imagined; nor is it difficult to conceive why many of the public were of the same opinion, since a fatal tragedy can hardly conclude so effectively as with the death of the hero. But there are many reasons besides a selfish desire

[1] This vow he kept to his dying day, avoiding every place where he might have met the prince, for whose sake he had lost his rank, his estate, and his native country. His relentless anger was not, perhaps, just, but it must he allowed to be natural.

[2] [" The Cornet who carried the standard of the second troop of horse-guards, has left a paper, signed with his name, in which he says, that the entreaties of Sir Thomas Sheridan and his other friends would have been in vain, if General Sullivan had not laid hold of the bridle of Charles's horse and turned him about. To witness this, says the Cornet, I summon mine eyes."—HOME, vol. iii. p. 225.]

of safety, which may dictate to a defeated chieftain the task of preserving himself for a better day. This is particularly the case with those in the rank of Kings and Princes, who, assured by the unanimous opinion of those around them that their safety is of the last importance to the world, cannot easily resist the flattering and peculiar reasons which may be assigned in support of the natural principle of self-preservation, common to them with all mankind.

Besides, although the Chevalier, if determined on seeking it, might certainly have found death on the field where he lost all hopes of empire, there does not appear a possibility that his most desperate exertions could have altered the fortune of the day. The second line, united with a part of the first, stood, it is true, for some short time after the disaster of the left wing, but they were surrounded with enemies. In their front was the Duke of Cumberland, dressing and renewing the ranks of his first line, which had been engaged, bringing up to their support his second, which was yet entire, and on the point of leading both to a new attack in front. On the flank of the second line of the Chevalier's army were the Campbells, lining the northern wall of the enclosure. In the rear of the whole Highland army, was a body of horse, which could be greatly increased in number by the same access through the park wall which had been opened by the Campbells. The Highlanders of the Prince's army, in fact, were sullen, dejected, and dispirited, dissatisfied with their offi-

cers and generals, and not in perfect good humour with themselves. It was no wonder that, after remaining a few minutes in this situation, they should at last leave the field to the enemy, and go off in quest of safety wherever it was to be found. A part of the second line left the field with tolerable regularity, with their pipes playing and banners displayed. General Stapleton also, and the French auxiliaries, when they saw the day lost, retreated in a soldier-like manner to Inverness, where they surrendered to the Duke of Cumberland on honourable terms. Many of the Highland army fled in the direction of Inverness, but the greater part towards Badenoch and the Highlands. Some of these never stopped till they had reached their own distant homes; and the alarm was so great, that one very gallant gentleman told your Grandfather, that he himself had partaken in the night march, and that, though he had tasted nothing for twenty-four hours, he ran near twenty miles ere he took leisure to sit down and eat a biscuit which had been served out to him at the moment the battle was to begin, and which he had put into his sporran, or purse, to eat when it should be ended.

The Duke of Cumberland proceeded with caution. He did not permit his first line to advance on the repulsed Highlanders till he had restored their ranks to perfect order, nor to pursue till the dispersion of the Highland army seemed complete. When that was certain, Kingston's horse, and the dragoons from each wing of the Duke's army, were detached in pursuit, and did great execution. King-

ston's horse followed the chase along the Inverness road. They did not charge such of the enemy, whether French or Highlanders, as kept in a body, but dogged and watched them closely on their retreat, moving more or less speedily as they moved, and halting once or twice when they halted. On the stragglers they made great havoc, till within a mile of Inverness.

It was in general remarked, that the English horse, whose reputation had been blemished in previous actions with the Highlanders, took a cruel pleasure in slaughtering the fugitives, giving quarter to none, except a few who were reserved for public execution, and treating those who were disabled, with cruelty unknown in modern war. Even the day after the battle, there were instances of parties of wounded men being dragged from the thickets and huts in which they had found refuge, for the purpose of being drawn up and despatched by platoon-firing; while those who did not die under this fusilade, were knocked on the head by the soldiers with the stocks of their muskets. In a word, the savageness of the regulars on this occasion formed such a contrast to the more gentle conduct of the insurgents, as to remind men of the old Latin proverb, that the most cruel enemy is a coward who has obtained success.[1] It was early found necessary to make some averment which

[1] [Crudelis semper timidus, si vicerit unquam. "By this time our horse and dragoons had closed inupon them from both wings, and then followed a general carnage. The moor was covered with blood; and our men, what with killing the enemy,

might seem to justify this unheard-of cruelty; and, accordingly, a story was circulated, concerning an order said to have been issued by Lord George Murray, commanding the Highlanders to give no quarter if victorious. But not one of the insurgent party ever saw such an order; nor did any of them hear of it, till after the battle.

In this decisive action, the victors did not lose much above 300 men, in killed and wounded. Lord Robert Ker, captain of grenadiers, was slain at the head of his company.

The loss of the vanquished army was upwards of 1000 men. The Highlanders on the right wing, who charged sword in hand, suffered most severely. These were the MacLeans, and MacLauchlans, the MacIntoshes, the Frasers, the Stewarts, and the Camerons. The chief of MacLauchlan was slain in the action, together with MacLean of Drimnin, MacGillivray of Drumnaglass, several of

dahbling their feet in the blood, and splashing it about one another, *looked like so many butchers.*"—*Letter, Scots Mag. April*, 1746. "The road from Culloden to Inverness," says Johnstone, "was every where strewed with dead bodies. The Duke of Cumberland had the cruelty to allow our wounded to remain amongst the dead on the field of battlo, stript of their clothes, from Wednesday, the day of our unfortunate engagement, till three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all those who were still in life; and a great many who had resisted the effects of the continual rains, were then despatched. He ordered a barn which contained many of the wounded Highlanders, to be set on fire; and having stationed soldiers round it, they with fixed bayonets drove back the unfortunate men who attempted to save themselves into the flames, burning them alive in this horrible manner, as if they had not been fellow-creatures."—*Memoirs*, p. 147.]

the Frasers, and other persons of distinction. Lochiel was wounded, but borne from the field by his two henchmen. In short, the blow was equally severe and decisive, and the more so, that the heaviest of the loss fell on the high chiefs and gentlemen, who were the soul of the Highland army.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Claims of the Jacobite Prisoners to Clemency—Severity of the Duke of Cumberland—Ravages committed by his Troops—his Return to London, and Cessation of Cruelties in the Highlands—Escape of Prince Charles—his Remarkable Wanderings, in various Disguises—his Embarkation at Lochnanuagh, and Arrival at Morlaix, in Brittany, on the 29th of September, 1746.

[1746.]

It was not to be expected that the defeat of Culloden should pass over, without fatal consequences to those who had been principally concerned in the insurrection. A handful of men had disturbed the tranquillity of a peaceful people, who were demanding no change of their condition, had inflicted a deep wound upon the national strength, and what is seldom forgotten in the moment when revenge becomes possible, had inspired universal terror. It was to be expected, therefore, that those who had been most active in such rebellious and violent proceedings, should be called to answer with their lives for the bloodshed and disorder to which they had given occasion. They themselves well knew at what bloody risk they had played the deadly game of insurrection, and expected no less forfeit than

their lives. But as all concerned in the rebellion had, in strictness, forfeited their lives to the law, it became fitting that Justice should so select her victims, as might, if possible, reconcile her claims with the feelings of humanity, instead of outraging them by a general and undistinguishing effusion of blood. Treason upon political accounts, though one of the highest crimes that can be committed against a state, does not necessarily infer any thing like the detestation which attends offences of much less general guilt and danger. He who engages in conspiracy or rebellion, is very often, as an individual, not only free from reproach, but highly estimable, in his private character; such men, for example, as Lord Pitsligo, or Cameron of Lochiel, might be said to commit the crime for which they were obnoxious to the law, from the purest, though, at the same time, the most mistaken motives—motives which they had sucked in with their mother's milk, and which urged them to take up arms by all the ties of duty and allegiance. The sense of such men's purity of principles and intention, though not to be admitted in defence, ought, both morally and politically, to have limited the proceedings against them within the narrowest bounds consistent with the ends of public justice, and the purpose of intimidating others from such desperate courses.

If so much could be said in favour of extending clemency even to several of the leaders of the insurrection, how much more might have been added in behalf of their simple and ignorant followers, who came out in ignorance of the laws of the

civilized part of the nation, but in compliance with the unalienable tie by which they and their fathers had esteemed themselves bound to obey their chief.[1] It might have been thought, that generosity would have overlooked such poor prey, and that justice would not have considered them as proper objects of punishment. Or, if a victorious general of subordinate rank had been desirous to display his own zeal in behalf of the reigning family at the expense of humanity, by an indiscriminate chastisement of the vanquished foe, of whatever degree of intellect and fortune, better things might have been expected from a Son of Britain—a Royal Prince, who, most of all, might have remembered, that the objects whom the fate of war had placed at his disposal, were the misguided subjects of his own royal house, and who might gracefully have pleaded their cause at the foot of a father's throne which his own victory had secured.

Unfortunately for the Duke of Cumberland's fame, he saw his duty in a different light. This Prince bore deservedly the character of a blunt, upright, sensible man, friendly and good-humoured in the ordinary intercourse of life. He was a brave

[1] This idea of patriarchal obedience was so absolute, that when some Lowland gentlemen were extolling with wonder the devotion of a clansman, who had sacrificed his own life to preserve that of his chief, a Highlander who was present coldly observed, that he saw nothing wonderful in the matter—he only did his duty; had he acted otherwise, he would have been a poltroon and a traitor. To punish men who were bred in such principles, for following their chiefs into war, seems as unjust as it would be to hang a dog for the crime of following his master.

soldier, and acquainted with the duties of war; but, both before and after the battle of Culloden, his campaigns were unfortunate; nor does it appear from his proceedings upon that occasion, that he merited better success. He had learned war in the rough school of Germany, where the severest infliction upon the inhabitants was never withheld, if it was supposed necessary, either to obtain an advantage, or to preserve one already gained.

His Royal Highness understood, as well as any commander in Europe, the necessity, in the general case, of restraining that military license, which, to use the words of a revered veteran, renders an army formidable to its friends alone. In the march from Perth, an officer was brought to a court-martial, and lost his commission, by the Duke's perfect approbation, because he had suffered a party under his command to plunder the house of Gask, belonging to Mr Oliphant, then in arms, and with the Prince's army. This strict exercise of discipline renders us less prepared to expect the violences which followed the battle of Culloden. But unhappily the license which it was thought fit to check while the contest lasted, was freely indulged in when resistance was no more. The fugitives and wounded were necessarily the first to experience the consequences of this departure from the ordinary rules of war.

We have mentioned the merciless execution which was done upon the fugitives and on the wounded who remained on the field of battle. The first might be necessary to strike terror into

an enemy so resolute and so capable of rallying as the Highlanders; the second might be the effect of the brutal rage of common soldiers flushed by victory, to which they had not been of late accustomed, and triumphant over an enemy before whom many of them had fled; but the excesses which followed, must, we fear, be imputed to the callous disposition of the Commander-in-chief himself,[1] under whose eye, and by whose command, a fearful train of ravages and executions took place.

The Duke proceeded, in military phrase, to improve his victory, by "laying waste" what was termed "the country of the enemy;" and his measures were taken slowly, that they might be attended with more certain success. Proclamations had been sent forth for the insurgent Highlanders to come in and surrender their arms, with which very few complied. Several of the chiefs, indeed, had made an agreement among themselves to meet together and defend their country; but although a considerable sum of money, designed for the Chevalier's use, reached Lochiel, and others his stanch adherents, the list of the slain and disabled chiefs had been so extensive, and the terror and dismay attending the dispersion so great, as to render the adoption of any general measures of defence altogether impossible.

The Duke of Cumberland—so much may be said in his justification—entered what was certainly still a hostile, but an unresisting country, and,

[1] [See on this subject Sir W. Scott's article on the Culloden papers, *ante*, vol. xx. p. 87.]

fixing his own headquarters in a camp near Fort Augustus, extended his military ravages, by strong parties of soldiery, into the various glens which had been for ages the abode of the disaffected clans. The soldiers had orders to exercise towards the unfortunate natives the utmost extremities of war.

They shot, therefore, the male inhabitants who fled at their approach; they plundered the houses of the chieftains; they burnt the cabins of the peasants; they were guilty of every kind of outrage towards women, old age, and infancy; and where the soldier fell short of these extremities, it was his own mildness of temper, or that of some officer of gentler mood, which restrained the license of his hand. There can be no pleasure in narrating more particularly such scenes as this devastation gave rise to. When the men were slain, the houses burnt, and the herds and flocks driven off, the women and children perished from famine in many instances, or followed the track of the plunderers, begging for the blood and offal of their own cattle, slain for the soldier's use, as the miserable means of supporting a wretched life.[1] Cer-

[1] ["Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.
* * * *
Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!
The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;

tainly, such instances lead us to join in the observation of Monluc, that those engaged in war have much occasion for the mercy of the Deity, since they are, in the exercise of their profession, led to become guilty of so much violence towards their fellow-creatures. One remarkable narrative of this melancholy time is worth telling you; and I willingly consign to silence many others, which could only tend to recall hostile feelings better left to slumber.

A gamekeeper of MacDonald of Glengarry, returning from the forest to his home, found it had been visited by a party of the English troops, who had laid waste and burnt his house, and subjected his wife to the most infamous usage. The unfortunate husband vowed revenge. The principal author of the injury, who commanded the party, was described to him by the circumstance of his riding upon a grey horse. The detachment had to pass by the side of Loch Arkaig, through the wild rocks of Lochaber; lurking in a thicket, the MacDonald, a marksman by profession, took aim at the person whom he saw mounted on the grey horse, and shot him dead. His revenge, however, was disappointed; the person who had perpetrated

> Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
> She views the shades of night descend;
> And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
> Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.
> While the warm blood bedews my veins,
> And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
> Resentment of my country's fate
> Within my filial breast shall beat."
>
> SMOLLETT'S *Tears of Scotland.*]

the crime happened to have committed his horse to the charge of a groom, or individual of inferior rank, who suffered the penalty of the officer's outrage. The avenger, having learned his mistake, again waylaid the line of march, and once more seeing an officer ride upon the fatal grey horse, between the advanced guard and the main body of the troops, he again took aim, and his bullet again proved fatal—but he had a second time mistaken his victim. The person whom he shot was not the author of the injury, but a gentleman generally esteemed in the Highlands, Captain George Monro of Culcairn (the same who escaped so remarkably at Glenshiel, by the fidelity of his foster brother). Upon learning this second mistake, the MacDonald broke his gun, and renounced further prosecution of his revenge. "It was not the will of Heaven," he said, "that the man who had injured him should perish by his hands; and he would spill no more innocent blood in the attempt."

During the prosecution of these severities, no man experienced more keen regret than President Forbes, whose active zeal had made such an important stand in favour of Government, and who, by determining the wavering purpose of Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, and the Laird of MacLeod, must be considered as having contributed so materially to the suppression of the rebellion. It is said, that in venturing to quote to the Commander-in-chief the law of the country, he was repulsed, with the reply, "That a brigade should give

laws." He was deeply affected by the miseries which civil war had brought upon his country; nor had he any reason to congratulate himself individually, on having obtained personal favour by the part he had acted. It is certain that at his death his estate was embarrassed by debts contracted in behalf of Government, during 1745–6. All we can say on the subject is, that justice was not so profuse in its rewards on this remarkable occasion as in its punishments.[1]

Other persons, who had given sufficient proof of their loyalty in the course of the rebellion, fell, nevertheless, into disgrace with the Commander-in-chief, for expressing the slightest sympathy with the distress of the vanquished, or uttering any censure of the severities inflicted on them. The late Lord Forbes, than whom a man more loyal to the King's government was not to be found, had served in the field of Preston, and done all that an officer could do to prevent the flight of the cavalry; notwithstanding this, he found that his preferment in the military profession was so much impeded as to render his retirement advisable. The only reason which could be assigned was, that this nobleman, the Premier Baron of Scotland, had ventured to interfere with the course of ravage practised upon the offending districts.

A story is told, that after the battle of Culloden, the Grants of Glenmoriston, who had been in the

1 [See a passage concerning the ungrateful treatment of President Forbes in the article on the Culloden Papers, *ante*, vol. xx. p. 85.]

rebellion, came into Inverness to surrender themselves to the chief of their own name. They were armed cap-a-pee. "Who are these men?" said the Duke of Cumberland. He was informed by the Laird of Grant that they were the Grants of Glenmoriston. "And to whom have they surrendered?"—"To me," answered their chief; "and to no man in Britain, but me, would they have submitted."—"No?" replied the Duke, after a pause; "I will let them know that they are the King's subjects, and must likewise submit to me." He ordered the Grants of Glenmoriston to be instantly surrounded and disarmed; which might be a very proper check to the spirit of clanship. But when we learn that they were shipped off for the colonies, we cannot wonder that the example of submission afforded small encouragement to such surrenders as this.

On most occasions these proceedings by martial law would have attracted animadversion in England, whoever were the sufferers. But the truth is, that the English nourished a very false idea respecting the political opinions of the Scots, and were much disposed to conceive that the whole inhabitants of that kingdom were at heart their enemies; or at least to entertain violent suspicions against such as expressed the least sympathy with the sufferings of a Jacobite, or supposed that his punishment might, by possibility, be more severe than the crime deserved. There was something of consolation in such an opinion, in so far as it seemed a justification for the extent of the alarm of which, by this time, the English people had be-

come ashamed, since it sounded more respectable to have feared the whole force of Scotland, than that of a few Highland clans, much inferior in number to those of their own nation who embraced the side of the Government. Nor would it be just to blame the English alone for these severities. It must be confessed, that Scottish officers were found willing to escape from the suspicion of Jacobitism, so fatal to preferment, at the expense of becoming the agents of the cruelties practised on their unfortunate countrymen. At length, and slowly, the military operations began to be relaxed. After residing at Fort Augustus from the 24th of May till the 18th of July, the Duke of Cumberland returned towards Edinburgh.

That town had, in the mean time, witnessed a procession of fourteen of the rebel standards, borne by as many chimney-sweepers, to be publicly burnt by the hands of the common hangman. A Jacobite might have observed, like a captive who received a blow after he was bound, that there was little gallantry in this insult. The Duke was received with all the honours due to conquest, and all the incorporated bodies of the capital, from the guild brethren to the butchers,[1] desired his acceptance of the freedom of their craft or corporation. From Edinburgh his Royal Highness proceeded to London, to reap the full harvest of honours and rewards, which would not have been less richly deserved, if he had mingled more clemency with a certain degree of severity.

After this period the military executions, slaugh-

[1] [" The *Butcher* Cumberland."—BYRON's *Don Juan*.]

ters, and ravages, were in a great measure put an end to. The license of the soldiery was curbed; courts of civil justice asserted the wholesome superiority of the law over violence; the aggressions of the parties of soldiery were punished with damages in the usual course of justice; and the ordinary rules of civilized society were in a great measure replaced. We now dismiss the consideration of the calamitous consequences brought on the country by general military execution, and proceed to consider the fate of those chiefs whose insurrection had been the cause of so much evil.

The first in rank, in misfortune, and in the temerity which led to the civil war, was, unquestionably, Charles Edward himself. A reward of L.30,000 was offered for the discovery and seizure of this last scion of a royal line. It was imagined, that in a country so poor as the Highlands, lawless in a sense, so far as the law of property was concerned, and where the people were supposed to be almost proverbially rapacious, a much smaller reward would have insured the capture of the Pretender to the throne. His escape, however, so long delayed, and effected through so many difficulties, has been often commemorated as a brilliant instance of fidelity. I shall only here touch upon its general outlines, leaving you to acquire farther details from other authors.[1]

[1] Mr John Home, in his History of the Rebellion, and Mr James Boswell, in his Tour to the Western Isles, have given each a minute account of the Prince's escape, more correct than those formerly published under the name of Ascanius, Young

During the battle of Culloden, Charles had his share of the dangers of the field. The cannon, specially directed against his standard, made some havoc among his guards, and killed one of his servants who held a led horse near to his person. The Prince himself was covered with the earth thrown up by the balls. He repeatedly endeavoured to rally his troops, and in the opinion of most who saw him, did the duties of a brave and good commander. When he retreated from the field, he was attended by a large body of horse, from whom, being perhaps under some doubt of their fidelity, he disengaged himself, by dismissing them on various errands, but particularly with instructions to warn the fugitives that they were to rendezvous at Ruthven, in Badenoch; for such had been the reckless resolution to fight, and such perhaps the confidence in victory, that no place of rendezvous had been announced to the army in case of defeat. Having dismissed the greater part of his horsemen, Charles retained around his person only a few of the Irish officers, who had been his constant followers, and whose faith he considered as less doubtful than that of the Scots, perhaps because they were themselves more loud in asserting it. He directed his flight to Gortuleg, where he understood Lord Lovat was residing. Perhaps he expected to find counsel in the renowned sagacity of this celebrated nobleman; perhaps he expected

Juba, &c. They have been embodied in Mr Robert Chambers's History of the Rebellion in 1745–6, a work which contains a great quantity of curious information, both historical and traditional, respecting the rebellion.

assistance from his power; for the Master of Lovat, and Cluny Macpherson, Lovat's son-in-law, were neither of them in the action of Culloden, but both in the act of bringing up strong reinforcements to the Prince's army, and on the march thither when the battle was lost.

Charles and Lovat met, for the first and last time, in mutual terror and embarrassment. The Prince exclaimed upon the distresses of Scotland; Lord Lovat had a more immediate sense of his own downfall.[1] Having speedily found that neither counsel nor aid was to be obtained at Lovat's hands, the Prince only partook of some slight refreshment, and rode on. He thought Gortuleg dangerous, as too near the victorious army; perhaps also he suspected the faith of its principal inmate. Invergarry, the castle of the Laird of Glengarry, was the next halt, where the chance success of a fisherman who had caught a brace of salmon, afforded him a repast. The mansion-house suffered severely for the temporary reception of the Prince, being wasted and destroyed by the

[1] ["A lady, who, then a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat's family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants, at Castle Dounie. The wild and desolate vale, on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eye-lid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration, which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies, or even demons."—SCOTT, *ante*, vol. xx. pp. 83.]

English soldiery with unusual rigour.[1] From Invergarry the fugitive Prince penetrated into the West Highlands, and took up his abode in a village called Glenbeisdale, very near the place where he had first landed. By this time he had totally renounced the further prosecution of his enterprise, his sanguine hopes being totally extinguished in the despair which attended his defeat. Charles despatched a message to those chiefs and soldiers who should rendezvous at Ruthven in obedience to his order, to acquaint them that, entertaining deep gratitude for their faithful attention and gallant conduct on all occasions, he was now under the necessity of recommending to them to look after their own safety, as he was compelled by circumstances to retire to France, from whence he hoped soon to return with succours.

Although not above one thousand men had attended at the appointed rendezvous, a great many of these thought that there was still hopes of continuing the enterprise, and were disposed to remonstrate with the Prince on his resolution of abandoning it. Lord George Murray was of this opinion, and declared that, as for provisions, if he was intrusted with any direction, they should not want as long as there were cattle in the Highlands, or

[1] Two large chestnut-trees were blown up with gunpowder; one was destroyed totally, the other survived the explosion, one half continuing to flourish though the other was torn off. Glengarry's plate fell into the hands of the soldiery; part of it was melted into a cup, long in the possession of Sir Adolphus Oughton, commander-in-chief in Scotland, bearing the motto, *Ex præda prædatoris.*

meal in the Lowlands. John Hay was despatched to wait upon the Prince, and entreat him even yet to resume his post at the head of his army.

It must be owned that these were the thoughts of desperate men; the enterprise had been despaired of by all sensible persons ever since the retreat from Stirling, if not since that from Derby. It was not to be supposed that an army with little hope of supplies or reinforcement, and composed of clans each independent of the others, and deprived of a great many of the best and boldest chiefs, while others, like Lochiel, were disabled by wounds, should adhere to an alliance in which there was no common object; and it is much more likely, that, divided as they were by jealousies, they would have broken up as on former occasions, by each clan endeavouring to make its separate peace.

When John Hay, therefore, came to Charles at Glenbeisdale, to convey Lord George Murray's expostulation and request, he received from the Prince a letter in answer, declaring, in stronger and plainer words, his determined intention to depart for France, from which he hoped soon to return with a powerful reinforcement. Each behaved according to his character. The stubborn resolution of Lord George Murray demonstrated the haughty obstinacy of his rough and indomitable character, which had long looked on the worst as an event likely to arrive, and was now ready to brave it; while the Prince, whose sanguine hopes could not be taught to anticipate a defeat, now regarded it with justice as an irretrievable evil.

From this time Charles must be regarded as providing for his own escape, and totally detached from the army which he lately commanded. With this view he embarked for the Long Island, on the coast of which he hoped to find a French vessel. Contrary winds, storms, disappointments of several sorts, attended with hardships to which he could be little accustomed, drove him from place to place in that island and its vicinity, till he gained South Uist, where he was received by Clanranald, who, one of the first who joined the unfortunate Prince, was faithful to him in his distresses.[1] Here, for security's sake, Charles was lodged in a forester's hut of the most miserable kind, called Corradale, about the centre of the wild mountain so named.

But every lurking place was now closely sought after, and the islands in particular were strictly searched, for the purpose of securing the fugitive Prince, suspected of being concealed in their recesses. General Campbell sailed as far as the island of St Kilda, which might well pass for the extremity of the habitable world. The simple inhabitants had but a very general idea of the war which had disturbed all Britain, except that it had arisen from

[1] ["Clanranald's father, who had lived in the Long Island during the whole progress of the war, came immediately, bringing with him some Spanish wines, provisions, shoes, and stockings. He found the youth who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hog-stye, and much more filthy; his face haggard with disease, hunger, and exposure to the weather; and his shirt, to use the expressive language of Dougal Graham, as dingy as a dish-clout."—CHAMBERS, vol. ii. p. 153.]

some difference between their master, the Laird of MacLeod, and a female on the continent—probably some vague idea about the Queen of Hungary's concern in the war.

General Campbell, returning from Kilda, landed upon South Uist, with the purpose of searching the Long Island from south to north, and he found the MacDonalds of Skye, and MacLeod of MacLeod, as also a strong detachment of regular troops, engaged in the same service. While these forces, in number two thousand men, searched with eagerness the interior of the island, its shores were surrounded with small vessels of war, cutters, armed boats, and the like. It seemed as if the Prince's escape from a search so vigorously prosecuted was altogether impossible; but the high spirit of a noble-minded female rescued him, when probably every other means must have failed.

This person was the celebrated Flora MacDonald; she was related to the Clanranald family, and was on a visit to that chief's house at Ormaclade, in South Uist, during the emergency we speak of. Her stepfather was one of Sir Alexander MacDonald's clan, an enemy to the Prince of course, and in the immediate command of the militia of the name of MacDonald, who were then in South Uist.

Notwithstanding her stepfather's hostility, Flora MacDonald readily engaged in a plan for rescuing the unfortunate Wanderer. With this purpose she procured from her stepfather a passport for herself, a man servant, and a female servant, who was

termed Betty Burke—the part of Betty Burke being to be acted by the Chevalier in woman's attire.[1] In this disguise, after being repeatedly in danger of being taken, Charles at length reached Kilbride, in the Isle of Skye; but they were still in the country of Sir Alexander MacDonald, and, devoted as that chief was to the service of the Government, the Prince was as much in danger as ever. Here the spirit and presence of mind of Miss Flora MacDonald were again displayed in the behalf of the object, so strangely thrown under the protection of one of her sex and age. She resolved to confide the secret to Lady Margaret MacDonald, the wife of Sir Alexander, and trust to female compassion, and the secret reserve of Jacobitism which lurked in the heart of most Highland women.

The resolution to confide in Lady Margaret was particularly hardy, for Sir Alexander MacDonald, the husband of the lady to be trusted with the important secret, was, as you will recollect, originally believed to be engaged to join the Prince on his arrival, but had declined doing so, under the plea, that the stipulated support from France was not forthcoming; he was afterwards induced to levy his

[1] ["Lady Clanranald dressed up the Prince in his new habit, not without some mirth and raillery passing amidst all their distress and perplexity, and a mixture of tears and smiles. The dress was on purpose coarse, and even homely, suited to the station of the wearer, viz. a calico gown, with a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a mantle of dun camelet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood joined to it."—LOCKHART *Papers*, vol. ii. p. 545.]

clan on the side of Government. His men had been at first added to Lord Loudon's army, in Inverness-shire, and now formed part of those troops from which the Chevalier had with difficulty just made his escape.

Flora MacDonald found herself under the necessity of communicating the fatal secret of her disguised attendant to the lady of a person thus situated. Lady Margaret MacDonald was much alarmed. Her husband was absent, and as the best mode for the unfortunate Prince's preservation, her house being filled with officers of the militia, she committed him to the charge of MacDonald of Kingsburgh, a man of courage and intelligence, who acted as factor or steward for her husband. Flora MacDonald accordingly conducted Charles to MacDonald of Kingsburgh's house; and he was fortunate enough to escape detection on the road, though the ungainly and awkward appearance of a man dressed in female apparel attracted suspicion on more than one occasion.[1]

[1] ["Mrs MacDonald's girl could not help observing the extraordinary appearance of the female with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and exclaimed that she 'had never seen such a tall impudent jaud in her life! See,' she continued, addressing Flora, 'what lang strides she taks, and how her coats wamble about her! I daur say she's an Irishwoman, or else a man in woman's clothes.' Flora confirmed her in the former supposition, and soon after parted with her fellow-travellers.—In crossing a stream, Charles held up his petticoats indelicately high—on another occasion he permitted them to float on the water. Kingsburgh again represented that this mode was as likely as the other to attract disagreeable observation. His conductor further observed, that instead of returning the obeisance of the country

From Kingsburgh the Wanderer retired to Rasa, where he suffered great distress, that island having been plundered on account of the laird's accession to the rebellion. During this period of his wanderings he personated the servant of his guide, and the country of the Laird of MacKinnon became his temporary refuge; but notwithstanding the efforts of the chief in his favour, that portion of Skye could afford him neither a place of repose or safety, so that he was compelled once more to take refuge on the mainland, and was by his own desire put ashore on Loch Nevis.

Here also he encountered imminent danger, and narrowly escaped being taken. There were a number of troops engaged in traversing this district, which being the country of Lochiel, Keppoch, Glengarry, and other Jacobite chiefs, was the very cradle of the rebellion. Thus the Wanderer and his guides soon found themselves included within a line of sentinels, who, crossing each other upon their posts, cut them off from proceeding into the interior of the province. After remaining two days cooped up within this hostile circle, without daring to light a fire, or to dress any provisions, they at length escaped the impending danger by creeping down a narrow and dark defile, which divided the posts of two sentinels.

Proceeding in this precarious manner, his clothes

people by a curtsy, his royal Highness made a bow, &c. &c. 'Your enemies,' remarked Kingsburgh, 'call you a pretender; but if you be, I can tell you are the worst at your trade I ever saw.'"—CHAMBERS, vol. ii. p. 165, 166.]

reduced to tatters, often without food, fire, or shelter, the unfortunate Prince, upheld only by the hope of hearing of a French vessel on the coast, at length reached the mountains of Strathglass, and with Glenaladale, who was then in attendance upon him, was compelled to seek refuge in a cavern where seven robbers had taken up their abode—(by robbers you are not in the present case to understand thieves, but rather outlaws, who dared not show themselves, on account of their accession to the rebellion)—and lived upon such sheep and cattle as fell into their hands. These men readily afforded refuge to the Wanderer, and recognising the Prince, for whom they had repeatedly ventured their lives, in the miserable suppliant before them, they vowed unalterable devotion to his cause. Among the flower of obedient and attached subjects, never did a Prince receive more ready, faithful, and effectual assistance, than he did from those who were foes to the world and its laws. Desirous of rendering him all the assistance in their power, the hardy freebooters undertook to procure him a change of dress, clean linen, refreshments, and intelligence.[1] They proceeded in a manner

[1] ["When Charles came near," says Home, quoting the narrative of Hugh Chisholm, "they knew him and fell upon their knees. Charles was then in great distress. He had a bonnet on his head, a wretched yellow wig, and a clouted handkerchief about his neck. He had a coat of coarse dark-coloured cloth, a Stirling tartan waistcoat much worn, a pretty good belted plaid, tartan hose, and Highland brogues tied with thongs, so much worn, that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt (and he had not another) was of the colour of saffron."—Vol. iii. p. 243.]

which exhibited a mingled character of ferocity and simplicity. Two of the gang way-laid and killed the servant of an officer, who was going to Fort Augustus with his master's baggage. The portmanteau which he carried fell into the robbers' hands, and supplied the articles of dress which they wanted for the Chevalier's use. One of them, suitably disguised, ventured into Fort Augustus, and obtained valuable information concerning the movements of the troops; and desirous to fulfil his purpose in every particular, he brought back, in the singleness of his heart, as a choice regale to the unhappy Prince, a pennyworth of gingerbread!

With these men Charles Edward remained for about three weeks, and it was with the utmost difficulty they would permit him to leave them. "Stay with us," said the generous robbers; "the mountains of gold which the Government have set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country and live on the price of his dishonour; but to us there exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own—we can live nowhere but in this country, where, were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death."

A singular instance of enthusiastic devotion happened about this time (August 2d), which served to aid the Prince's escape. A son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, one Roderick MacKenzie, late an officer in the Prince's army, happened to be lurking in the braes of Glenmoriston. He

was about the same size as the Prince, and was reckoned like him both in person and features. A party of soldiers set upon the young man in his hiding-place; he defended himself gallantly; and, anxious to render his death useful to the cause which he must no longer serve in life, he said in his mortal agony, "Ah, villains! you have slain your Prince!" His generous design succeeded. MacKenzie's head was cut off, passed for that of Charles Edward, and was sent as such up to London.[1] It was some time ere the mistake was discovered, during which the rumour prevailed that Charles was slain; in consequence of which the search after him was very much relaxed. Owing to this favourable circumstance, Charles became anxious to see his adherents, Lochiel and Cluny

[1] ["The depositions of several persons in London, who affirmed that this was the head of Prince Charles, had the good effect of rendering the English less vigilant, and less active in their pursuits. Before that event, they had formed a chain from Inverary to Inverness, and the Prince had frequently escaped with great risk, having been obliged to cross the chain between their detachments. Mr Morrison, his valet-de-chambre, was then in the prison of Carlisle, condemned to death; and the Government despatched a messenger to suspend the execution of the sentence, and bring him to London, to declare upon oath, whether this really were the head of Prince Charles; but Mr Morrison having been attacked on the road with a violent fever accompanied with delirium, remained in bed at the messenger's house, where he continued a prisoner for fifteen days after his arrival in London; and when he began to recover, the head was in such a putrid state, that it was judged unnecessary to examine him, as it was no longer possible to distinguish any of the features."—JOHNSTONE, p. 155.]

MacPherson, who were understood to be lurking in Badenoch with some other fugitives; and in order to join these companions of his councils and dangers, he took leave of the faithful outlaws, retaining, however, two of them, to be his guard and guides.[1]

[1] I am ashamed to tell, that one of these poor men, who had showed such inflexible fidelity, was afterwards hanged at Inverness for stealing a cow. Another, by name Hugh Chisholm, resided at Edinburgh, and was well known to your Grandfather, then a young man at College, who subscribed with others to a small annuity, which was sufficient to render him comfortable. He retired to his native country, and died in Strathglass some time subsequent to 1812. He was a noble commanding figure, of six feet and upwards, had a very stately demeanour, and always wore the Highland garb. The author often questioned him about this remarkable period of his life. He always spoke as a highminded man, who thought he had done no more than his duty, but was happy that it had fallen to his individual lot to discharge it. Of the death of the officer's servant, he spoke with great composure. "It was too much honour for the like of him," he said, "to die for the relief of a Prince." Hugh had some peculiar customs and notions. He kept his right hand usually in his bosom, as if worthy of more care than the rest of his person, because Charles Edward had shaken hands with him when they separated. When he received his little dole (I am ashamed of the small amount, but I had not much to give), which he always did with the dignity of one collectiog tribute rather than receiving alms, he extended his *left* hand with great courtesy, making an excuse for not offering the other, "that it was sick." But the true reason was, that he would not contaminate with a meaner touch the hand that had been grasped by his rightful Prioce. If pressed on this topic, or offered money to employ the right hand, he would answer with passion, that if your hand were full of gold, and he might be owner of it all for touchiog it with his right hand, he would not comply with your request. He remained till the last day of his life a believer in the restoration of the Stewart family in the person of Charles Edward, as the Jews confide in the advent

After many difficulties he effected a junction with his faithful adherents, Cluny and Lochiel, though not without great risk and danger on both sides. They took up for a time their residence in a hut called the cage, curiously constructed in a deep thicket on the side of a mountain called Benalder, under which name is included a great forest or chase, the property of Cluny. Here they lived in tolerable security, and enjoyed a rude plenty, which the Prince had not hitherto known during his wandering.

About the 18th of September, Charles received intelligence that two French frigates had arrived at Lochnanuagh, to carry him and other fugitives of his party to France. Lochiel embarked along with him on the 20th, as did near one hundred others of the relics of his party, whom the tidings had brought to the spot where the vessel lay. Cluny MacPherson remained behind, and continued to skulk in his own country for several years, being the agent by means of whom Charles Edward long endeavoured to keep up a correspondence with his faithful Highlanders. A letter is in my possession, by which the Prince expressed

of the Messiah; nor could he ever be convinced of the death of his favourite Prince. A scheme, he believed, was formed, by which every fifth man in the Highlands was to rise—if that number was insufficient, every third man was to be called—"If that be not enough," said the old man, raising himself and waving his hand, "we will all gather and go together." Such delusions amused his last years; but when I knew him, he was quite sane in his intellects.

his sense of the many services which he had received from this gentleman and his clan. I give it as a curiosity in the note below.[1]

The Prince landed near Morlaix, in Brittany, on the 29th of September. His short but brilliant expedition had attracted the attention and admiration of Europe, from his debarkation in Boradale, about the 26th of August, 1745, until the day of his landing in France, a period of thirteen months and a few days, five months of which had been engaged in the most precarious, perilous, and fatiguing series of flight, concealment, and escape, that has ever been narrated in history or romance. During his wanderings, the secret of the Adventurer's concealment was intrusted to hundreds of every sex, age, and condition; but no individual was found, in a high or low situation, or robbers even who procured their food at the risk of their lives, who thought for an instant of obtaining opulence at the expense of treachery to the proscribed and miserable fugitive. Such disinterested conduct

[1] "MR MACPHERSON OF CLUNIE,

"As we are sensible of your and clan's fidelity and integrity to us dureing our adventures in Scotland and England, in the year 1745 and 1746, in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great losses both in your interest and person, I therefore promise, when it shall please God to put it in my power, to make a gretfull return, sutable to your suferings.

(Signed) "CHARLES, P. R.

"Diralagich in Glencamyier of Locharkaig,
18th Sept. 1746."

It is dated two days before Charles left Scotland.

will reflect honour[1] on the Highlands of Scotland while their mountains shall continue to exist.

[1] [When General Stewart was printing his "Sketches of the Highlanders," he asked Sir Walter Scott to suggest a motto for the titlepage—and he pointed out those lines of Shakspeare—

"'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearned; honour untaught,
Civility not seen from others; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed."]

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Lord George Murray—Pardon of Murray of Broughton, on his becoming Evidence for the prosecutions—Trial of the Earls of Kilmarnock, Cromarty, and Lord Balmerino —Reprieve of Cromarty—Execution of Kilmarnock and Balmerino—Trial and Execution of Lord Lovat—Executions on Kennington Common, at Brampton, Penrith, York, and Carlisle—Act of Indemnity, but with a long List of Exceptions—Short Imprisonment of Flora MacDonald—Long Period during which Prosecutions of the Jacobites were kept on Foot.

We must now detail the consequences of the civil war to the Prince's most important adherents. Several had been taken prisoners on the field of battle, and many more had been seized in the various excursions made through the country of the rebels by the parties of soldiery. The gaols both in England and Scotland had been filled with these unfortunate persons, upon whom a severe doom was now to be inflicted. That such was legally incurred, cannot be denied; and, on the other hand, it will hardly be now contradicted, that it was administered with an indiscriminate severity, which counteracted the effects intended, by inspiring horror instead of awe.

The distinguished persons of the party were with

good reason considered as most accountable for its proceedings. It was they who must have obtained power and wealth had the attempt succeeded, and they were justly held most responsible when they failed in their attempt at accomplishing a revolution.

Lord George Murray, who acted so prominent a part in the insurrection, effected his escape to the continent,[1] and died at Medenblinck in Holland, in 1760.

The Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, and Lords Balmerino and Lovat, in Scotland, with Mr Charles Ratcliffe, in England (brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, attainted and executed in 1715), were the persons most distinguished by birth and title whom the Government had within their power. The Marquis of Tullibardine had also been made prisoner, but death, by a disease under which he had long languished, relieved his captivity in the Tower, and removed him from all earthly trial or punishment.[2] There could have been no difficulty in obtaining evidence against Kilmarnock, Cromar-

[1] ["He arrived, 21st March, 1747, at Rome, where he was received with great distinction by the Pretender, who fitted up an apartment for him in his palace, and introduced him to the Pope." —WOOD, vol. i. p. 152.]

[2] ["He died 9th July, 1746, in the 58th year of his age, and was privately interred in the chapel of the Tower. In his last moments he declared, that although he had been as much as any man attached to the cause of the Pretender, if he might now advise his countrymen, it should be never more to enter into rebellious measures, for after having failed in their late attempt, they might be sure never to succeed in any other."—WOOD, vol. i. p. 150.]

ty, and Balmerino, all three of whom had acted openly in the rebellion at the head of an armed force; but in Lovat's case, who had not been personally in arms, it was absolutely necessary that evidence should be brought of his accession to the secret councils of the conspiracy, which it was also desirable should be made known to the British public.

The Government were therefore desirous to get at the grounds, if possible, on which the conspiracy had been originally formed, and to obtain knowledge of such Jacobites of power and consequence in England, as had been participant of the councils which had occasioned such an explosion in North Britain.

A disclosure so complete could only be attained by means of an accomplice deep in the secret intrigues of the insurgents. It was, therefore, necessary to discover among the late counsellors of the Chevalier, some individual who loved life better than honour and fidelity to a ruined cause; and such a person was unhappily found in John Murray of Broughton, secretary to Charles Edward. This unfortunate gentleman, as we have already seen, was intimately acquainted with the circumstances in which the rebellion had originated, had been most active in advancing the Chevalier's interest, both in civil and military affairs; and though he considerably embroiled his master's affairs, by fanning the discord between the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, and stimulating the Chevalier's dislike to the latter nobleman; yet it would

be overloading the memory of the unfortunate, to suppose that his conduct arose from any other motive than a desire to advance the objects of his own ambition, without a thought of betraying his master's interest. After the battle of Culloden, Murray fled to the Highlands, but, unable to endure the hardships which he incurred in these regions, he returned to his native country, and took refuge with a relation,[1] whose seat is in the mountains at the head of Tweeddale. He was here discovered and made prisoner.

Being assailed by threats and promises, this unhappy gentleman was induced, by promise of a free pardon, to confess to Ministers the full detail of the original conspiracy in 1740, and the various modifications which it underwent subsequent to that period, until the landing of Prince Charles in the Hebrides. It has never been doubted that his details must have involved the names of many persons, both in England and Scotland, who did not take up arms in the insurrection of 1745, although, as the law of England requires two witnesses to every act of high treason, none such could have been brought to trial upon Murray's single evidence. He himself urged, in extenuation of his conduct, that although he preserved his own life, by bringing forward his evidence against such men as Government could have convicted without his assistance, yet he carefully concealed many facts, which, if disclosed, would either have borne more hard upon such complotters before the

[1] [His brother-in-law, Mr Hunter of Polmood.]

fact, or would have implicated others, against whom Government had no other information. It is not necessary to examine this species of logic; as, on the one hand, it is unlikely that Government would have been trifled with in this manner by a person in Murray's situation; and, on the other, it does not appear that the moral guilt of an approver, or King's evidence, is diminished, because he discharges with infidelity the base bargain he has entered into.[1]

The Government, thus made fully acquainted, by Mr Murray's means, with the original plan and extent of the conspiracy, proceeded to bring to trial those leading culprits by whom it had been carried on in arms.

The two Earls, of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, with Lord Balmerino, were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, towards the end of July, 1746, upon a charge of high treason, to which the two Earls pleaded guilty, and adhered to that plea. Lord Balmerino, when asked to plead, declared, that he had been indicted as the Lord Balmerino "of the city of Carlisle," a title which did not belong to him, and that he even had not been at Carlisle on the day when he was charged by the indictment. He was answered, that the words, "late of Carlisle," were not made part of his title, but only an

[1] ["Thus may you drag your heavy chain along,
Some minutes more inglorious life prolong.
And when the fates shall cut a coward's breath,
Weary of being, yet afraid of death,
If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,
JUDAS and MURRAY both may go to Heaven!"
Jacobite Relics, vol. ii. p. 374.]

addition of place, which law required by way of description, of a person indicted like his lordship. Lord Balmerino then pleaded not guilty. Several witnesses appeared, who proved that the accused party had been seen clothed in the uniform of the rebel guards, heading and commanding them, and acting in every respect as a chief of the rebellion. Lord Balmerino only alleged, that he had not been at the taking of Carlisle on the day mentioned in the indictment. This, he said, was an idea of his own adoption, and as he was now satisfied that it was not founded on law, he was sorry that he had given their lordships the trouble of hearing it. The three peers were then pronounced guilty, by the voice of the House of Lords.

On the noblemen being brought up for sentence, on the 30th July, Lord Kilmarnock again confessed his offence, and pleaded guilty, urging that his father had bred him up in the strictest revolution principles, and pleading that he himself had imprinted the same so effectually on the mind of his own eldest son, that Lord Boyd bore, at the very time, a commission in the royal service, and had been in arms for King George at the battle of Culloden, when he himself fought on the other side. He pleaded likewise, that he had, in the course of the insurrection, protected the persons and property of loyal subjects; and that he had surrendered after the battle of Culloden of his own accord, although he might have made his escape. Although this confession of offences was made at a time when its sincerity might be doubted, the grace

and dignity of Lord Kilmarnock's appearance, together with the resignation and mildness of his address, melted all the spectators to tears; and so fantastic are human feelings, that a lady of fashion present, who had never seen his lordship before, contracted an extravagant passion for his person, which, in a less serious affair, would have been little less than a ludicrous frenzy.[1]

Lord Cromarty also implored his Majesty's clemency, and declined to justify his crime. He threw his life and fortune on the compassion of the high court, and pleaded for mercy in the name of his innocent wife,—his eldest son, who was a mere boy,—and eight helpless children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they knew his guilt.

Lord Balmerino being called upon to speak, why judgment of death should not pass upon him, at first objected to the act of Parliament under which he was tried; but withdrew his plea in arrest of judgment upon further consideration. Sentence of death was pronounced according to the terrible behest of the law, in cases of high treason.

The conduct of Balmerino was a striking and admirable contrast to that of the other two noblemen. He never either disowned or concealed his political principles. He stated, that he had, indeed,

[1] ["Kilmarnock was a nobleman of fine personal accomplishments; he had been educated in revolution principles, and engaged in the rebellion, partly from the desperate situation of his fortune, and partly from resentment to the Government for his being deprived of a pension which he had for some time enjoyed."—SMOLLETT.]

held an independent company of foot from Queen Anne, which he accounted an act of treason against his lawful Prince; but that he had atoned for this by joining in the insurrection in 1715; and willingly, and with his full heart, drew his sword in 1745, though his age might have excused him from taking arms.[1] He, therefore, neither asked, nor seems to have wished, for either acquittal or pardon, and the bold and gallant manner in which he prepared for death, attracted the admiration of all who witnessed it.

It was understood that one of the two Earls who had submitted themselves to the clemency of the sovereign, was about to be spared. The friends of

[1] [" Arthur Elphingstone, Lord Balmerino, never enjoyed the estate, it having devolved to him only in the beginning of January, 1746, by the death of his brother. He had the command of a company of foot in Lord Shannon's regiment, in Queen Anne's time; but on the accession of George I. resigned his commission and joined the Earl of Mar, under whom he served at Sheriffmuir. He escaped from Scotland and entered into the French service, in which he continued till the death of his younger brother Alexander, in 1733. When this happened, his father, anxious to have him settled at home, made such strong application to Government in his behalf, that he obtained a free pardon, of which he sent notice to his son, then at Berne, in Switzerland. Not a little surprised at this unexpected piece of intelligence, he thought it his duty, before determining whether or not to accept of the pardon, to state the whole circumstances of the case to the Pretender, who, in an answer written with his own hand, gave him permission to return to Scotland, and withal mentioned that he had issued orders to his bankers at Paris, to supply him with money for his travelling expenses. He thereupon returned home after having been near twenty years an exile, and was received with great joy by his aged father."—Wood, vol. ii. p. 188.]

both solicited anxiously which should obtain preference on the occasion. The circumstance of his large family, and the situation of his lady, it is believed, influenced the decision which was made in Lord Cromarty's favour.[1] When the Countess of Cromarty was delivered of the child which she had borne in her womb, while the horrible doubt of her husband's fate was impending, it was found to be marked on the neck with an impression resembling a broad axe; a striking instance of one of those mysteries of nature which are beyond the knowledge of philosophy.

While King George the Second was perplexed and overwhelmed with personal applications for mercy, in behalf of Lords Cromarty and Kilmarnock, he is said to have exclaimed, with natural feeling, "Heaven help me, will no one say a word in behalf of Lord Balmerino? he, though a rebel, is at least an honest one!"[2] The spirit of the time

[1] ["Great interest was made on behalf of the Earl of Cromarty. His lady went about, the day after sentence, with petitions to the Lords of the Cabinet Council; and on Sunday, August 3d, she was at Kensington in mourning; and falling down on her knees to the King as he was going to chapel, took hold of the hem of his garment, held out a petition, and swooned away. His Majesty raised her up with his own hand, took her petition from her and gave it to the Duke of Grafton who was behind; desiring Lady Stair, who accompanied Lady Cromarty, to carry her to an apartment where she might be taken proper care of."—*Scots Mag. Aug.* 1746.]

[2] ["As for Balmerino, a letter from London of Aug. 7, bears, that he never asked his life; that the day after sentence, hearing that the two Earls had made application for mercy, he said, by way of sneer, that 'as they had so great interest at Court, they might have squeezed his name in with their own,' that a

was, however, adverse to this generous sentiment; nor would it have been consistent to have spared a criminal, who boldly avowed and vindicated his political offences, while exercising the severity of the law towards others, who expressed penitence for their guilt. The Earl of Cromarty being, as we have said, reprieved, the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino remained under sentence, with an intimation that they must prepare for death. The King, however, commuted the mode of execution into decapitation.

The behaviour of both noblemen, during the short interval they had now to live, was of a piece with their conduct on the trial. Lord Kilmarnock was composed, though penitent, and prepared himself with decency for the terrible exit. Balmerino, on the contrary, with a bold military frankness, seemed disposed to meet death on the scaffold with the same defiance as in a field of battle. His lady was with him at the moment the death-warrant arrived. They were at dinner: Lady Balmerino fainted at the awful tidings. "Do you not see," said her husband to the officer who had intimated the news, "you have spoiled my lady's dinner with your foolish warrant?"

On the 18th of August, 1746, the prisoners were

gentleman who went to speak with him on business, excusing himself for intruding on the few hours his Lordship had left, Balmerino replied, 'No intrusion at all, sir; for I have done nothing to make my conscience uneasy. I shall die with a true heart and undaunted; for I think no man fit to live that is not fit to die; nor am I any ways concerned at what I have done.'"—*Scots Mag. Aug.* 1746.]

delivered over by the Governor of the Tower to the custody of the Sheriffs; on which occasion, the officers closed the words of form by the emphatic prayer, "God save King George!" Kilmarnock answered with a deep "Amen."[1] Lord Balmerino replied, in a loud and firm tone, "God save King James!"

Having been transported in a carriage to an apartment on Tower-hill provided for the purpose, the companions in suffering were allowed a momentary interview, in which Balmerino seemed chiefly anxious to vindicate the Prince from the report, that there had been orders issued at the battle of Culloden to give no quarter. Kilmarnock confessed he had heard of such an order, signed George Murray, but it was only after he was made prisoner. They parted with mutual affection. "I would," said Lord Balmerino, "that I could pay this debt for us both." Lord Kilmarnock acknowledged his kindness. The Earl had the sad precedence in the execution. When he reached the spot, and beheld the fatal scaffold covered with black cloth; the executioner with his axe and his assistants; the sawdust which was soon to be drenched with his blood; the coffin prepared to receive the limbs which were yet warm with life; above all, the immense display of human countenances which surrounded the scaffold like a

[1] [Among the individuals, in number seventy-seven, executed for their share in the insurrection of 1745–6, the Earl of Kilmarnock was the only one that confessed guilt, or expressed repentance.]

sea, all eyes being bent on the sad object of the preparation, his natural feelings broke forth in a whisper to the friend on whose arm he leaned, "Home, this is terrible!"[1] No sign of indecent timidity, however, affected his behaviour; he prayed for the reigning King and family; knelt calmly to the block, and submitted to the fatal blow.

Lord Balmerino was next summoned to enter on the fatal scene. "I suppose," he said, "my Lord Kilmarnock is now no more; I will not detain you longer, for I desire not to protract my life." His Lordship then, taking a glass of wine, desired the bystanders to drink "*ain degrae ta haiven*," that is, an ascent to Heaven. He took the axe out of the hand of the executioner, and run his finger along the edge, while a momentary thrill went through the spectators, at seeing so daring a man in the possession of such a weapon. Balmerino did not, however, meditate such desperate folly as would have been implied in an attempt at resistance; he returned the axe to the executioner, and bid him strike boldly, "for in that," he said, "my friend, will consist thy mercy."

[1] ["This expression," says the Rev. Mr Forster, who attended the Earl on the scaffold, "so suitable to the awful occasion, must, to all who know the human heart, appear to be nothing else than the language of nature, and was far from being a mark of unmanly fear, being pronounced with a steady countenance, and firmness of voice, indications of a mind unbroken and not disconcerted. His whole behaviour was so humble and resigned, that not only his friends, but every spectator was deeply moved; even the executioner burst into tears, and was obliged to use artificial spirits to support and strengthen him."]

"There may be some," he said, "who think my behaviour bold. Remember what I tell you," addressing a bystander, "it arises from a confidence in God and a clear conscience."[1]

With the same intrepid countenance, Balmerino knelt to the block, prayed for King James and his family, entreated forgiveness of his own sins, petitioned for the welfare of his friends, and pardon to his enemies. These brief prayers finished, he gave the signal to the executioner; but the man was so surprised at the undaunted intrepidity of his victim, that he struck the first blow irresolutely, and it required two to despatch the bloody work.

The conclusion of Lord Lovat's eventful and mysterious career was the next important act of this eventful tragedy. That old conspirator, after

[1] ["When his lordship mounted the scaffold," says Ford, "he did it with so undaunted a step as surprised every spectator that was unacquainted with the greatness of his soul. He appeared there in the very same regimentals he wore at the battle of Culloden, a blue coat turned up with red, with brass buttons and a tie wig; and so far was he from having the least concern himself at the fear of death, that he frequently reproved his friends that were about him for showing any. He walked round the scaffold, bowed to the people, called up the warder, and gave him some money; asked which was his hearse, and ordered the man to drive near, read the inscription upon his coffin—[ARTHURUS DOMINUS DE BALMERINO, DECOLLATUS 18th AUGUSTI 1746, ÆTAT. SUÆ 58, with a Baron's coronet over it, and six others over the handles]; said it was right, and with seeming pleasure looked on the block, which he called his '*pillow of rest.*' Then presenting the executioner with three guineas, said, 'Friend, I never had much money, this is all I have; I wish I had more for your sake, and am sorry that I can add nothing else to it but my coat and waistcoat,' which his Lordship instantly took off and placed on his coffin for the executioner."]

making his escape from his vassal's house of Gortuleg, had fled to the Highlands, where he was afterwards taken in one of the Western Islands, by a detachment from the garrison of Fort William, who had disembarked from on board a bomb vessel, called the Furnace.[1] The old man was brought to the Tower of London. On this occasion, using the words of the Latin poet,[2] he expressed himself prepared either to resort to his old stratagems, or to meet death like a man, if he should find it inevitable. Lovat's trial, which came on before the House of Lords on the 9th, and was finished on the 19th day of March, was very long and extremely curious. On the former occasions it had not been necessary to produce the evidence of Secretary Murray; but on the present, as Lovat had not been personally engaged in the insurrection, it was indispensable to prove his accession to the previous conspiracy. This was accomplished in the fullest manner; indeed he said of himself, probably with great truth, that he had been engaged in every insurrection in favour of the family of James the Seventh, since he was fifteen years old; and he might have added, he had betrayed some of them to the opposite party. His guilt, thinly covered by a long train of fraud, evasion, and deceit, was clearly manifested, though he dis-

[1] [The detachment was engaged in making descents upon the coasts of Knoidart and Arisaig. In one of these descents they got intelligence of Lord Lovat, and after three days' search, found him in a hollow tree.]

[2] Seu versare dolos, seu certæ occumbere morti.

played very considerable skill and legal knowledge in his defence. Being found guilty by the House of Lords, the sentence of high treason was pronounced upon the old man in the usual horrible terms. He heard it with indifference, and replied, "I bid your Lordships an everlasting farewell! Sure I am, we shall never all meet again in the same place."

During the interval between the sentence and its execution, this singular personage employed himself at first in solicitations for life, expressed pretty much in the style of a fawning letter, which, when he was first taken prisoner, he had written to the Duke of Cumberland, pleading his high favour with George the First, and how he had carried his royal highness about when a child, in the parks of Kensington and Hampton-Court. Finding these meannesses were in vain, he resolved to imitate in his death the animal he most resembled in his life, and die like the Fox, without indulging his enemies by the utterance of a sigh or groan. It is remarkable, my dear boy, how the audacity of this daring man rendered him an object of wonder and awe at his death, although the whole course of his life had been spent in a manner calculated to excite very different feelings. Lovat had also, indeed, the advantage of the compassion due to extreme old age, still nourishing a dauntless spirit, even when a life beyond the usual date of humanity was about to be cut short by a public execution. Many circumstances are told of him in prison, from which we may infer, that the careless spirit of levity was indulged by him to the last

moment. On the evening before his execution, his warder expressed himself sorry that the morrow should be such a bad day with his Lordship. "Bad!" replied his lordship; "for what? do you think I am afraid of an axe? It is a debt we must all pay, and better in this way than by a lingering disease."

When ascending the scaffold (in which he requested the assistance of two warders), he looked round on the multitude, and seeing so many people, said with a sneer, "God save us, why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head from a man who cannot get up three steps without two assistants?" On the scaffold he repeated the line of Horace—

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

It was more in his true character, that when a scaffold fell, and he was informed that many persons had been killed and maimed, he replied in the words of the Scottish adage—"The more mischief the better sport!" He submitted to the fatal blow with unabated courage, and left a strong example of the truth of the observation, that it is easier to die well than to live well. The British government did not escape blame, for having selected as an example of punishment, an old man on the very verge of life. Yet, of all the victims to justice, no one either deserved or received less compassion than Lovat.

While the blood of the nobility concerned in the insurrection of 1745 was flowing thus plentifully, the criminals of minor importance had no

cause to think that justice was aristocratic in her selection of victims. The persons who earliest fell into the hands of the Government, were the officers of the Manchester regiment, left, as we have seen, in Carlisle after the retreat from Derby. Of these the colonel and eight other persons who had held commissions, were tried and condemned in London. Eight others were found guilty at the same time, but were reprieved. Those who were destined for execution, underwent the doom of law in its most horrible shape, upon Kennington Common; where they avowed their political principles, and died firmly.

A melancholy and romantic incident took place amid the terrors of the executions. A young lady, of good family and handsome fortune, who had been contracted in marriage to James Dawson, one of the sufferers, had taken the desperate resolution of attending on the horrid ceremonial. She beheld her lover, after having been suspended for a few minutes, but not till death (for such was the barbarous sentence), cut down, embowelled, and mangled by the knife of the executioner. All this she supported with apparent fortitude; but when she saw the last scene finished, by throwing Dawson's heart into the fire, she drew her head within the carriage, repeated his name, and expired on the spot. This melancholy circumstance was made by Mr Shenstone the theme of a tragic ballad.[1]

[1] ["And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer;
For tho' it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.
* * * * * *

The mob of London had hooted these unfortunate gentlemen as they passed to and from their trial, but they witnessed their last sufferings with decency. Three Scottish officers of the party taken at Carlisle, were next condemned and executed in the same manner as the former; others were tried in the like manner, and five were ordered for execution; among these, Sir John Wedderburn, Baronet, was the most distinguished.

At Carlisle no less than 385 prisoners had been assembled, with the purpose of trying a select number of them at that place, where their guilt had been chiefly manifested. From this mass, 119 were selected for indictment and trial at the principal towns in the north. At York, the Grand Jury found bills against 75 insurgents. Upon this occasion, the chaplain of the High Sheriff of Yorkshire preached before the judges on the very significant text (Numbers, xxv. 5), "And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, slay ye every one his man that were joined unto Baalpeor."

At York and Carlisle seventy persons upon the whole received sentence of death; some were acquitted on the plea of having been forced into the rebellion by their chiefs. This recognises a principle which might have been carried much far-

"The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expired.
Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my KITTY sheds is due:
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true." &c.—SHENSTONE.]

ther; when it is considered how much by education and principle these wretched kerne were at the disposal of their leaders, a similar apology ought, in justice, to have been admitted as an excuse to a much larger extent. The law, which makes allowance for the influence of a husband over a wife, or a father over a son, even when it involves them in guilt, ought unquestionably to have had the same consideration for the clansmen, who were trained up in the most absolute ideas of obedience to their chief, and politically exerted no judgment of their own.

Nine persons were executed at Carlisle on the 18th of October. The list contained one or two names of distinction; as Buchanan of Arnpryor, the chief of his name; MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, one of the first who received the Prince on his landing; MacDonald of Teindreich, who began the war by attacking Captain Scott's detachment when marching to Fort Augustus, and John MacNaughton, a person of little note, unless in so far as he was said, but it is believed erroneously, to have been the individual by whose hand Colonel Gardiner fell at Preston. Six criminals suffered at Brampton; seven were executed at Penrith, and twenty-two at the city of York; eleven more were afterwards executed at Carlisle; nearly eighty in all were sacrificed to the terrors which the insurrection had inspired.

These unfortunate sufferers were of different ages, rank, and habits, both of body and mind; they agreed, however, in their behaviour upon the

scaffold. They prayed for the exiled family, expressed their devotion to the cause in which they died, and particularly their admiration of the princely leader whom they had followed, till their attachment conducted them to this dreadful fate. It may be justly questioned, whether the lives of these men, supposing every one of them to have been an apostle of Jacobitism, could have done so much to prolong their doctrines, as the horror and loathing inspired by so many bloody punishments. And when to these are added the merciless slaughter upon the fugitives at Culloden, and the devastation committed in the Highland districts, it might have been expected that the sword of justice would have been weary with executions.

There were still, however, some individuals, upon whom, for personal reasons, vengeance was still desired. One of these was Charles Ratcliffe, brother to the Earl of Derwentwater. This gentleman had been partaker in the Earl's treason of 1715, and had been condemned for that crime, but escaped from Newgate. In the latter end of the year 1745 or beginning of 1746, he was taken on board a French ship of war, with other officers. The vessel was loaded with arms and warlike stores, bound for the coast of Scotland, for the use of the insurgents. Ratcliffe's case was, therefore, a simple one. He was brought before the King's Bench, where evidence was adduced to show that he was the same Charles Ratcliffe who had been condemned for the earlier rebellion, and who had then made his escape. Upon this being found

proved by a jury, he was condemned to die, although, appealing to his French commission, he pleaded that he was not a subject of Britain, and denied himself to be the Charles Ratcliffe to whom the indictment and conviction referred, alleging he was Charles Earl of Derwentwater.

On the 8th of December, Ratcliffe appeared on the scaffold, where he was admitted, in respect of his birth, to the sad honours of the axe and block. He was richly dressed, and behaved with a mixture of grace and firmness which procured him universal sympathy.[1] Lovat, whose tragedy I have already given, was, in point of time, the last person who suffered death for political causes in 1747.

An act of Indemnity was passed in June 1747, granting a pardon to all persons who had committed treason,[2] but with an awful list of exceptions, amounting to about eighty names. I may here mention the fate of some of those persons who had displayed so much fidelity to Charles during the

[1] ["He was dressed in scarlet, laced with black velvet trimmed with gold; a gold-laced waistcoat, white silk stockings, and a white feather in his hat. On the scaffold he took leave of his friends with great serenity and calmness of mind; and after speaking a few words, and giving a parcel of gold, which he called ten guineas, to the executioner, knelt down to prayers, all the company on the scaffold kneeling with him. In about two minutes he spread his hands, which was the signal, and the executioner struck off his head at three blows. The first, cut all except a bit of skin, which was cut at two chips more. On searching his pockets, the executioner found half a guinea, a silver crucifix, and his beads. Instead of ten guineas, he had got eleven and a half out of Ratcliffe's hand."—*Scots Mag.* 1746.]

[2] 20th George II. 1747.

time of his escape. The Laird of MacKinnon, MacDonald of Kingsburgh, and others, ascertained to have been active in aiding the Prince's escape, were brought to London, and imprisoned for some time. Flora MacDonald, the heroine of this extraordinary drama, was also, for a time, detained in the Tower. As I have recorded several of the severities of Government, I ought to add, that nothing save a short imprisonment attended the generous interference of those individuals in behalf of the unfortunate Adventurer, during his dangers and distresses. After being liberated from the Tower, Flora MacDonald found refuge, or rather a scene of triumph, in the house of Lady Primrose, a determined Jacobite, where the Prince's Highland guardian was visited by all persons of rank who entertained any bias to that unhappy cause. Neither did the English Jacobites limit their expressions of respect and admiration to empty compliments. Many who, perhaps, secretly regretted they had not given more effectual instances of their faith to the exiled family, were desirous to make some amends, by loading with kind attentions and valuable presents, the heroine who had played such a dauntless part in the drama. These donations supplied to the gallant Highlandwoman a fortune of nearly L.1500. She bestowed this dowery, together with her hand, upon MacDonald of Kingsburgh, who had been her assistant in the action which procured her so much fame. The applause due to her noble conduct, was not rendered by Jacobites alone; many of the Royal Family, and

particularly the good-natured and generous Prince Frederick of Wales,[1] felt and expressed what was due to the worth of Flora MacDonald, though exerted for the safety of so dangerous a rival. The simplicity and dignity of her character was expressed in her remark, that she never thought she had done any thing wonderful till she heard the world wondering at it. She afterwards went to America with her husband Kingsburgh, but both returned, in consequence of the civil war, and died in their native isle of Skye.[2]

[1] Frederick, grandfather of King George the Fourth. His Royal Highness gave a proof of this generous and liberal mode of thinking, when the Princess his wife informed him that Lady Margaret MacDonald, concerned with Flora in saving the Chevalier, had been presented to her Royal Highness, adding, with some concern, that she did not know her to be the person implicated in the escape of Charles Edward. "And would you not have done the like, madam," replied the high-minded Prince, "had the unfortunate man appeared before you in such calamitous circumstances? I know—I am sure—you would."

[2] [In his journey to the Western Islands, 1773, Dr Johnson says, "We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr MacDonald, and his lady Flora MacDonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence;" and in a letter to Mrs Thrale he adds, "here I had the honour of saluting the far-famed Miss Flora MacDonald. She must then (1746) have been a very young lady; she is now not old; of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. 'If thou likest her opinions thou wilt praise her virtue.' At Kingsburgh we were liberally feasted, and I slept in the same bed in which the prince reposed in his distress; the sheets which he used were never put to any meaner offices, but were wrapped up by the lady of the

I should make these volumes thrice as long as they ought to be, were I to tell you the stories which I have heard (sometimes from the lips of those who were themselves the sufferers) concerning the strange concealments and escapes which the Jacobites were reduced to for the safety of their lives after their cause was ruined. The severity of legal prosecution was not speedily relaxed, although the proceedings under martial law were put a stop to. Lord Pitsligo, who lurked on his own estate, and displayed a model of patience under unusual sufferings, continued to be an object of occasional search long after the 1746; and was in some degree under concealment till his death in 1762, at the age of eighty-five. Some other criminals peculiarly obnoxious to Government were not liberated from prison until the accession of George the Third.[1]

house, and at last, according to her desire, were laid round her in her grave—these are not Whigs."—Flora MacDonald died at Skye, 4th March, 1790. *Scots Mag.*]

[1] Farquharson of Monaltry, Lieutenant-colonel of one of Lord Lewis Gordon's Aberdeenshire battalions, was the last person who remained in confinement for the affair of 1745.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Daring Character of Prince Charles's Enterprise—The Consequences that must have attended its Success—Causes which Contributed to Charles's temporary Success—False Lustre which Romance throws around the System of Clanship—Abuses to which that System led—Proscription of the Highland Garb—Abolition of Hereditary Jurisdictions, and of Feudal Tenures.

We have hitherto only detailed the penal procedure taken against the principal actors in the rebellion 1745. Before proceeding to narrate the legislative measures which Parliament thought proper to adopt to prevent the recurrence of such a calamity, it may be necessary, in this place, to take a review of the character of the insurrection, and the result which it actually did or might have produced.

Looking at the whole in a general point of view, there can be no doubt that it presents a dazzling picture to the imagination, being a romance of real life equal in splendour and interest to any which could be devised by fiction. A primitive people, residing in a remote quarter of the empire, and themselves but a small portion of the Scottish Highlanders, fearlessly attempted to place the British Crown on the head of the last scion of those

ancient kings, whose descent was traced to their own mountains. This gigantic task they undertook in favour of a youth of twenty-five, who landed on their shore without support of any kind, and threw himself on their generosity—they assembled an army in his behalf—their speech, their tactics, their arms, were alike unknown to their countrymen and to the English,—holding themselves free from the obligations imposed by common law or positive statute, they were yet governed by rules of their own, derived from a general sense of honour, extending from the chief to the lowest of his tribe.[1] With men unaccustomed to arms, the amount of the most efficient part of which never exceeded 2000, they defeated two disciplined armies

[1] A remarkable instance of this occurred when the Highland army advanced to Kirkliston, in their march on Edinburgh, 1745. It was recollected that the house of Newliston, lying near the camp of the Highlanders, had been built by the Secretary, Lord Stair, who was so deeply implicated in the massacre of Glencoe; it was also remembered, that the grandson of the murdered Glencoe was in the Highland camp, at the head of his clan regiment; it was, therefore, to be apprehended, that they would commit some violence on the house of Newliston, and as this would be highly prejudicial to the reputation of the Chevalier's army, it was proposed to place a guard for the purpose of preventing it. Glencoe heard this proposal, and demanded an audience of the Prince. "It is right," he said, "that a guard should be placed upon the house of Newliston, but that guard must be furnished by the MacDonalds of Glencoe; if they are not thought worthy of this trust, they cannot be fit to bear arms in your Royal Highness's cause, and I must, of course, withdraw them from your standard." The claim of the high-spirited chief was necessarily admitted, and the MacDonalds of Glencoe mounted guard on the house of Newliston; nor was there the least article deranged or destroyed.

commanded by officers of experience and reputation, penetrated deep into England, approached within a hundred miles of the capital, and made the crown tremble on the king's head; retreated with the like success, when they appeared on the point of being intercepted between three hostile armies; checked effectually the attack of a superior body detached in pursuit of them; reached the North in safety, and were only suppressed by a concurrence of disadvantages which it was impossible for human nature to surmount. All this has much that is splendid to the imagination, nor is it possible to regard without admiration, the little band of determined men by whom such actions were achieved, or the interesting young Prince by whom their energies were directed. It is therefore natural that the civil strife of 1745 should have been long the chosen theme of the poet, the musician, and the novelist, and each has in turn found it possessed of an interest highly suitable to his purpose.

In a work founded on history, we must look more closely into the circumstances of the rebellion, and deprive it of some part of the show which pleases the fancy, in order to judge of it by the sound rules of reason. The best mode of doing this, is to suppose that Charles had accomplished his romantic adventure, and seated himself in temporary security in the palace of St James's; when common sense must admit that nothing could have been expected from such a counter-revolution, excepting new strife and fiercer civil wars. The opinion and conduct of the whole British empire,

with very few exceptions, had shown their disinclination to have this man to rule over them; nor were all the clans in his army numerous enough to furnish more than two battalions of guards to have defended his throne, had they been able to place him upon it. It was not to be supposed that England, so opulent, so populous, so high-spirited, could be held under a galling yoke by a few men of unknown language and manners, who could only be regarded as a sort of strelitzes or janissaries, and detested in that capacity. By far the greater part of Scotland itself was attached to the House of Hanover, and the principles which placed them on the throne; and its inhabitants were votaries of the Presbyterian religion, a form of church government which it had been long the object of the Stewart family to destroy. From that quarter, therefore, Charles, in his supposed state of perilous exaltation, could have drawn no support, but must have looked for opposition. The interference of a French force, had such taken place, could only have increased the danger of the restored dynasty, by rousing against them the ancient feelings of national hatred and emulation; nor is it likely that they could have offered successful resistance to the general opposition which such unpopular aid would have accumulated around them.

Neither is it probable that Charles Edward, educated as he had been in foreign courts, and in the antiquated principles of passive obedience and arbitrary power, would have endeavoured to conciliate the affections of the great mass of his subjects, by

disavowing those sentiments of despotic government which had cost his grandfather so dear. Even while his enterprise was in progress, there existed a great schism in his camp, between Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, and others, who, though engaged with the Prince and favouring his pretensions to the throne, conceived themselves entitled, as their lives and fortunes were depending on the issue, to remonstrate against measures of which they did not always approve. Charles Edward naturally, but fatally for himself and his family, preferred and followed the counsels of those who made it a point to coincide with him in opinion; so that had the strength of this army been adequate to place him upon the throne, he must nevertheless have speedily been precipitated into civil war, the seeds of which existed even among his own followers, since they did not agree among themselves on what principles he was to govern, whether as a despotic or constitutional monarch.

From all this it would appear, that however severe upon the Highlanders and their country at the moment when it happened, the defeat of Prince Charles at Culloden could alone have ended the internal divisions of Great Britain; and that any victory which he might have obtained, would only have added to the protraction of civil strife, and the continuance and increase of national calamity.

Neither were the actions of the Highlanders under Prince Charles, though sufficiently glorious for their arms, altogether so wonderful as to be

regarded as miraculous. Without detracting from their undoubted bravery, it must be said that the Chevalier was fortunate in meeting with two such antagonists as Cope and Hawley, neither of whom appears to have dreamed of maintaining a second line or effectual reserve, though rendered so necessary by the violence and precipitance of the Highland attack, which must always have thrown a certain degree of disorder into those troops who were first exposed to its fury, but at the same time have brought confusion among the assailants themselves. The two regiments of dragoons who fought, or rather fled, at Preston, having previously lost their character by a succession of panics, must be also looked upon as affording to the Highlanders an advantage unusual to those who encounter an English army. Of the general plan of insurrection, it may be safely said to have been a rash scheme, devised by a very young man, who felt his hopes from France to be rendered absolutely desperate; and by piqueing the honour of Lochiel and his friends, wrought them to such a height of feeling as to induce them to engage in what their common sense assured them was positive ruin.

We may also observe, that though the small number of this Prince's forces was in a great measure the cause of his ultimate defeat, yet the same circumstance contributed to his partial success.

This may appear paradoxical, but you are to remember, that the imperfections of an undisciplined army increase in proportion to its numbers, as an ill-constructed machine becomes more unmanage-

able in proportion to its size. The powerful army of clans commanded by Mar in the year 1715, could not have acted with the same speed and decision as the comparatively small body which was arrayed under Charles. And if, on the latter occasion, the Prince wanted the aid of such large forces as were brought to Perth in 1715 by the Marquis of Huntly and the Earls of Breadalbane and Seaforth, his councils were also unembarrassed by the respect and deference claimed by these dignitaries, and by the discords which often arose between them, either amongst themselves, or with the Commander-in-chief. It is also worthy of remark, that without derogating from the desire to maintain discipline, which was certainly entertained by the Highland chiefs during the enterprise, the small number of the Prince's army must also have occasioned among themselves a consciousness of weakness, and they were perhaps the more disposed to attend to orders and abstain from all unnecessary violence, because they saw from the beginning that their safety depended on mutual concord, and on preserving or acquiring the good opinion of the country.

Upon the whole, it was perhaps fortunate for the history of Highland clanship, that in point of effective and recognised influence, the system may be considered as having closed with the gallant and generous display of its character which took place in 1745. We have said already that the patriarchal spirit was gradually decaying, and that the system had been insensibly innovated upon in each succes-

sive generation. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, it probably would not have existed, if the chiefs had not sedulously nursed and kept it alive, to maintain in their persons that peculiar military power, which most of them expected to render the means of distinguishing themselves in the civil war that was yearly expected. If the country had remained in profound peace, the chiefs, like the Lowland barons, would have been induced to exchange the command of their clansmen, whose services they had no prospect of requiring, for other advantages, which increased rents, and improved possessions, would have procured them. The slow but certain operation of those changes would have finally dissolved, though perhaps at a later period, the connexion between the clan and the chief, and under circumstances, perhaps, less creditable to the latter. It is therefore better, even for the fame of the Highlands, that the spirit of the patriarchal system, like the light of a dying lamp, should have collected itself into one bright flash before its final extinction ; and in the short period of a few months, should have exhibited itself in a purer and more brilliant character than it had displayed during the course of ages.

It must also be remarked, that the period at which the patriarchial system was totally broken up, was that at which it presented the most interesting appearance. The Highland chiefs of the eighteenth century, at least those who were persons of consideration, were so much influenced by the general civilisation of Britain, as to be not

only averse to the abuse of power over their clansmen, but disposed, as well as from policy as from higher motives, to restrain their followers from predatory habits, and, discouraging what was rude and fierce, to cultivate what was honourable and noble in their character. It is probable the patriarchal system was never exercised, generally speaking, in a mode so beneficial to humanity, as at the time when it was remotely affected by the causes, which must ultimately have dissolved it. In this respect, it resembled the wood of certain trees, which never afford such beautiful materials for the cabinet-maker, as when they have felt the touch of decay.

For these and other reasons, the view which we cast upon the system of clanship, as it existed in the time of the last generation, is like looking back upon a Highland prospect, enlivened by the tints of a beautiful summer evening. On such an occasion, the distant hills, lakes, woods, and precipices, are touched by the brilliancy of the atmosphere with a glow of beauty, which is not properly their own, and it requires an exertion to recall to our mind the desolate, barren, and wild character, which properly belong to the objects we look upon. For the same reason, it requires an effort of the understanding to remind us, that the system of society under which the Highland clans were governed, although having much in it which awakens both the heart and the fancy, was hostile to liberty, and to the progress both of religious and moral improvement, by placing the happiness, and indeed the

whole existence, of tribes at the disposal of individuals, whose power of administration was influenced by no restraint saving their own pleasure. Like other men, the heads of the clans were liable to be seduced into the misuse of unlimited authority; and you have only to recall what I have said in these pages of Lovat and others, to be aware what a curse and a plague a violent or crafty chief might prove to his own clan, to the general government, to the peace of his neighbours, and indeed to the whole country in which he lived. The possession of such power by a few men made it always possible for them to erect the standard of civil war in a country otherwise disposed to peace; and their own bravery and that of their retainers, only rendered the case more dangerous, the provocation more easily taken, and their powers of attack or resistance more bloody and desperate. Even in peace, the power of ravaging the estates of a neighbour or of the Lowlands, by letting loose upon them troops of banditti, kennelled like blood-hounds in some obscure valley, till their services were required, was giving to every petty chieftain the means of spreading robbery and desolation through the country at his pleasure.

With whatever sympathy, therefore, we may regard the immediate sufferers, with whatever general regret we may look upon the extinction, by violence, of a state of society which was so much connected with honour, fidelity, and the tenets of romantic chivalry, it is impossible, in

sober sense, to wish that it should have continued, or to say that, in political wisdom, the government of Great Britain ought to have tolerated its longer existence.

The motives, however, of the legislature, in destroying the character of the patriarchal system adopted in the Highlands, were more pressing than those arising out of general expedience and utility. The measures struck less at what was inexpedient in general principles, than at the constant source of repeated rebellions against the Royal Family; and we cannot wonder, that being now completely masters of the disaffected districts by the fate of war, they aimed at totally eradicating all marks of distinction between the Highlander and Lowlander, and reducing the mountains to the quiet and peaceful state which the Lowlands of Scotland had presented for many years.

The system of disarming the Highlands had been repeatedly resorted to upon former occasions but the object had been only partially attained. It was now resolved, not only to deprive the Highlanders of their arms, but of the ancient garb of their country; a picturesque habit, the custom of wearing which was peculiarly associated with the use of warlike weapons. The sword, the dirk, the pistol, were all as complete parts of the Highland dress as the plaid and the bonnet, and the habit of using the latter was sure to remind the wearer of the want of the former. It was proposed to destroy this association of ideas, by rendering the use of the

Highland garb, in any of its peculiar forms, highly penal.[1]

Many objections, indeed some which appealed to compassion, and others founded upon utility, were urged against this interdiction of an ancient national costume. It was represented that the form of the dress, light, warm, and convenient for the use of those who were accustomed to it, was essentially necessary to men who had to perform long journeys through a wild and desolate country; or discharge the labours of the shepherd or herdsmen among extensive mountains and deserts, which must necessarily be applied to pasture. The proscription also of a national garb, to which the people had been long accustomed, and were necessarily much attached, was complained of as a stretch of arbitrary power, especially as the law was declared to extend to large districts and tracts of country, the inhabitants of which had not only refrained from aiding the rebellion, but had given ready and effectual assistance in its suppression.

Notwithstanding these reasons, and notwithstanding the representation of the loyal chiefs that it was unjust to deprive them of the swords which

[1] This was a very harsh regulation, affecting the feelings and the habits of many who had no accession to the rebellion, or who had taken arms to resist it. Yet there was a knowledge of mankind in the prohibition, since it divested the Highlanders of a dress which was closely associated with their habits of clanship and of war. In like manner, I am informed, that in some provinces of Italy the peculiar dress of the banditti is prohibited to be worn even at masquerades, as it is found to excite by association a liking to the freebooting trade.

they had used in the Government's defence, it was judged necessary to proceed with the proposed measure, as one which, rigidly enforced by the proposed severity of Government, promised completely to break the martial spirit of the Highlanders, so far as it had been found inconsistent with the peace and safety of the country at large. A law was accordingly passed, forbidding the use of what is called tartan, in all its various checkers and modifications, under penalties which, at that time, might be necessary to overcome the reluctance of the Highlanders to part with their national dress, but which certainly now appear disproportioned to the offence. The wearing any part of what is called the Highland garb, that is, the plaid, philabeg, trews, shoulder-belt, or any other distinctive part of the dress, or the use of any garment composed of tartan, or parti-coloured cloth, made the offender liable, for the first offence, to six months' imprisonment; and for the second, to transportation to the colonies. At the same time, the wearing or even possession of arms subjected a Highlander to serve as a common soldier, if he should prove unable to pay a fine of fifteen pounds. A second offence was to be punished with transportation for seven years. The statute is 20th George II. chap 51.

Whatever may be thought of these two statutes, not only restraining the use of arms under the highest penalties, but proscribing the dress of a whole nation, no objection can be made to another Act of Parliament, passed in the year 1748, for abolishing the last effectual remnant of the feudal

system, viz., the hereditary jurisdictions throughout Scotland. These last remains of the feudal system I have repeatedly alluded to, as contrary alike to common sense, and to the free and impartial administration of justice. In fact, they vested the power of deciding all ordinary actions at law in the persons of great landholders, neither educated to the legal profession, nor in the habit of separating their own interests and passions from the causes which they were to decide as judges. The statute appointed sums of money to be paid as a compensation to the possessors of those judicial rights, whose existence was inimical to the progress of a free country. The administration of justice was vested in professional persons, called Sheriffs-depute (so called as deputed by the Crown, in contradistinction to the Sheriffs principal, formerly enjoying jurisdiction as attached to their patrimony). Such a Sheriff-depute was named for each county, to discharge the judicial duties formerly exercised by hereditary judges.

This last Act was not intended for the Highlands alone, its influence being extended throughout Scotland. By the Act of 20th King Geo. II. cap. 5, all tenures by wardholding, that is, where the vassal held lands for the performance of military service, were declared unlawful, and those which existed were changed into holdings for feu, or for blanch tenures,—that is to say, either for payment of an annual sum of money, or some honorary acknowledgment of vassalage,—so that it became impossible for any superior or overlord, in future,

to impose upon his vassals the fatal service of following him to battle, or to discharge the oppressive duties of what were called hunting, hosting, watching, and warding. Thus, although the feudal forms of investiture were retained, all the essential influence of the superior or overlord over the vassal or tenant, and especially the right which he had to bring him into the field of battle, in consequence of his own quarrels, was in future abrogated and disallowed. The consequence of these great alterations we reserve for the next chapter.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Allowance granted by France to Charles's Followers—Removal of the Prince from France—Miss Walkinshaw—Charles's Visit to London—Jacobite Intrigues—Death of Prince Charles—and of his Brother, Cardinal Duke of York—Changes effected in the Highlands by the Measures adopted in consequence of the Rebellion—Decay of the System of Clanship—the Jacobites become reconciled to the House of Hanover—Restoration of the Forfeited Estates—The Highland Garb again permitted to be worn—Introduction of Store-Farming—Improvement in the Commerce of Scotland.

Before giving a farther account of the effect produced on Scotland and its inhabitants by the Disarming Act, the Jurisdiction Act, and other alterations adopted into the law of Scotland, in consequence of the insurrection of 1745, we may take some notice of the melancholy conclusion of Charles Edward's career, which had commenced with so much brilliancy. There are many persons like this unfortunate Prince, who, having failed in an effort boldly made and prosecuted with vigour, seem afterwards to have been dogged by misfortune, and deprived, by the premature decay of the faculties they once exhibited, of the power of keeping up the reputation gained at the beginning of their career.

On his first arrival in France, with all the eclat of his victories and his sufferings, the Chevalier was very favourably received at Court, and obtained considerable advantages for some of his followers. Lochiel and Lord Ogilvie were made lieutenant-colonels in the French service, with means of appointing to commissions some of the most distinguished of the exiles who had participated in their fate. The Court of France also granted 40,000 livres a-year for the support of such Scottish fugitives as were not provided for in their military service.

This allowance, however liberal on the part of France, was totally insufficient for the maintenance of so many persons, accustomed not only to the necessaries but comforts of life; and it is not to be wondered at, that many, reduced to exile and indigence in his cause, murmured, though perhaps with injustice, against the Prince, whose power of alleviating their distresses they might conclude to be greater than it really was.

An incident which followed, evinced the same intractability of temper which seems to have characterised this young man in his attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors. When the French Government, in the winter of 1748, were disposed to accede to a peace with England, it was an indispensable stipulation, that the young Pretender, as he was styled, should not be permitted to reside within the French territories. The King and ministers of France felt the necessity of acceding to this condition if they would obtain peace; but they

were desirous to do so with all the attention possible to the interest and feelings of Charles Edward. With this purpose, they suggested to him that he should retreat to Friburg, in Switzerland, where they proposed to assure him an asylum, with a company of guards, a large pension, and the nominal rank and title of Prince of Wales.

It is not easy to say with what possible views Charles rejected these offers, or from what motive, saving the impulse of momentary spleen, he positively refused to leave France. He was in a kingdom, however, where little ceremony was then used upon such occasions. One evening as he went to the opera, he was seized by a party of the French guards, bound hand and foot, and conveyed first to the state prison of Vincennes, and from thence to the town of Avignon, which belonged to the Pope, where he was set at liberty, never to enter France again.[1]

To this unnecessary disgrace Charles appears to have subjected himself from feelings of obstinacy alone; and of course a line of conduct so irrational was little qualified to recommend him as a pleasant guest to other states.

He went first to Venice with a single attendant; but upon a warning from the Senate, he returned to Flanders.

Here, about the year 1751, he admitted into his family a female, called Miss Walkinshaw. The

[1] [For a particular account of the proceedings with regard to Charles, his ultimate arrest and banishment from France, see the Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. pp. 569–586.]

person whom he thus received into his intimacy had connexions, of which his friends and adherents in Britain were extremely jealous. It was said that her sister was a housekeeper at Leicester House, then inhabited by the Prince of Wales; and such was the general suspicion of her betraying her lover, that the persons of distinction in England who continued to adhere to the Jacobite interest, sent a special deputy, called Macnamara, to request, in the name of the whole party, that this lady might be removed from the Chevalier's residence, and sent into a convent, at least for a season. The Prince decidedly put a negative upon this proposal,—"Not," he said, "that he entertained any particular affection or even regard for Miss Walkinshaw, but because he would not be dictated to by his subjects in matters respecting his own habits or family." When Macnamara was finally repulsed, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he retired,—"By what crime, sir, can your family have drawn down the vengeance of Heaven, since it has visited every branch of them through so many ages?"

This haughty reply to a request, reasonable and respectful in itself, was the signal for almost all the Jacobite party in England to break up and dissolve itself; they were probably by this time only watching for an opportunity of deserting with honour a cause which was become hopeless.[1]

[1] ["When Macnamara returned to London, and reported the Prince's answer to the gentlemen who had employed him, they were astonished and confounded. However, they soon resolved

Before this general defection, some intrigues had been set on foot in behalf of Charles, but always without much consideration, and by persons of incompetent judgment. Thus the Duchess of Buckingham, a woman of an ambitious but flighty disposition, took it upon her at one time to figure as a patroness of the House of Stewart, and made several journeys from England to Paris and also to Rome, with the affectation of making herself the heroine of a Jacobite revolution. This intrigue, it is needless to say, could have no serious object or termination.

In 1750, the Jacobite intrigues continued to go on, and the Prince himself visited London in that year. Dr King, then at the head of the Church of England Jacobites, received him in his house. He assures us, that the scheme which Charles had formed was impracticable, and that he was soon prevailed upon to return to the continent.[1] Dr

on the measures which they were to pursue for the future, and determined no longer to serve a man who could not be persuaded to serve himself, and chose rather to endanger the lives of his best and most faithful friends, than part with an harlot, whom, as he often declared, he neither loved nor esteemed."—KING.—" From this anecdote," says Sir Walter Scott, " the general truth of which is indubitable, the principal fault of Charles Edward's temper is sufficiently obvious. It was a high sense of his own importance, and an obstinate adherence to what he had once determined on—qualities which, if he had succeeded in his bold attempt, gave the nation little room to hope that he would have been found free from the love of prerogative and desire of arbitrary power, which characterised his unhappy grandfather."—*Introduction to Redgauntlet.*]

[1] [" September 1750—I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I

King at this time draws aharsh picture of the unfortunate Prince; he represents him as cold, interested, and avaricious, which is one frequent indication of a selfish character. This author's evidence, however, must be taken with some modification, since the Doctor wrote his anecdotes at a time when, after having long professed to be at the head of the nonjuring party, he had finally withdrawn from it, joined the Government, and paid his duty at court. He is therefore not likely to have formed an impartial judgment, or to have drawn a faithful picture, of the Prince whose cause he had deserted. In 1752, the embers of Jacobitism threw out one or two sparks. Patrick, Lord Elibank, conducted at this time what remained of

waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room and presented me to——" [the Chevalier, doubtless.] "If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was impracticable; hut although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had heen made, nor was any thing ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived; and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came."—KING's *Anecdotes of his own Times*.—Sir Walter Scott adds, "Dr King was in 1750 a keen Jacobite, as may be inferred from the visit made by him to the Prince under such circumstances, and from his being one of that unfortunate person's chosen correspondents. He as well as other men of sense and observation began to despair of making their fortune in the party which they had chosen. It was indeed sufficiently dangerous; for during the short visit just described one of Dr King's servants remarked the stranger's likeness to Prince Charles, whom he recognised from the common busts."—*Introduction to Redgauntlet.*]

a Jacobite interest in Scotland; he was a man of great wit, shrewdness, and sagacity; but like others who are conscious of great talent, often both in his conduct and conversation chose the most disadvantageous side of the question, in order to make a more marked display of his abilities.

The Honourable Alexander Murray, one of Lord Elibank's brothers, a very daring man, had devised a desperate scheme for seizing upon the Palace of St James's and the person of the King, by means of sixty determined men. There was a second branch of the conspiracy which should have exploded in Scotland, where there were no longer either men or means to accomplish an insurrection. MacDonell of Lochgarry, and Dr Archibald Cameron, brother to Lochiel, were the agents employed in this northern part of the plot. The latter fell into the hands of the Government, being taken upon the banks of Loch Katrine, and sent prisoner to London. Dr Cameron was brought to trial upon the Bill of Attainder, passed against him on account of his concern in the Rebellion 1745, and upon that charge he was arraigned, condemned, and put to death at Tyburn, June 1753. His execution for this old offence, after the date of hostilities had been so long past, threw much reproach upon the Government, and even upon the personal character of George the Second, as sullen, relentless, and unforgiving. These aspersions were the more credited, that Dr Cameron was a man of a mild and gentle disposition, had taken no military share in the Rebellion, and had uniformly exercised his skill

as a medical man in behalf of the wounded of both armies. Yet since, as is now well known, he returned to Scotland with the purpose of again awakening the flames of rebellion, it must be owned, that whatever his private character might be, he only encountered the fate which his enterprise merited and justified.[1]

The Honourable Alexander Murray ventured to London about the same period, where a proclamation was speedily issued for his arrest. Having discovered that the persons on whose assistance he had relied for the execution of his scheme had lost courage, he renounced the enterprise. Other wild or inefficient intrigues were carried on in behalf of Charles down to about 1760; but they have all the character of being formed by mere projectors, desirous of obtaining money from the exiled Prince, without any reasonable prospect, perhaps without any serious purpose, of rendering him effectual service.

A few years later than the period last mentioned, a person seems to have been desirous to obtain Charles's commission to form some interest for him among the North American colonists, who had then commenced their quarrels with the mother country. It was proposed by the adventurer alluded to, to make a party for the Prince among the insurgents in a country which contained many Highlanders. But that scheme also was entirely

[1] [See the Introduction to Redgauntlet, and Boswell's Life of Johnson, Edition 1835, vol. i. pp. 162–3.]

without solid foundation, for the Scottish colonists in general joined the party of King George.

Amidst these vain intrigues, excited by new hopes, which were always succeeded by fresh disappointment, Charles, who had supported so much real distress and fatigue with fortitude and firmness, gave way both in mind and body. His domestic uneasiness was increased by an unhappy union with Louisa of Stohlberg, a German princess, which produced happiness to neither party, and some discredit to both. Latterly, after long retaining the title of Prince of Wales, he laid it aside, because, after his father's death in 1766, the courts of Europe would not recognise him as King of Great Britain. He afterwards lived incognito, under the title of Count D'Albany.[1] Finally, he

[1] ["Family discord came to add its sting to those of disappointed ambition; and, though a humiliating circumstance, it is generally acknowledged, that Charles Edward, the adventurous, the gallant, and the handsome, the leader of a race of pristine valour, whose romantic qualities may be said to have died along with him, had in his latter days, yielded to those humiliating habits of intoxication, in which the meanest mortals seek to drown the recollection of their disappointments and miseries. Under such circumstances, the unhappy Prince lost the friendship even of those faithful followers who had most devoted themselves to his misfortunes, and was surrounded, with some honourable exceptions, by men of a lower description, regardless of the character which he was himself no longer able to protect. It is a fact consistent with the author's knowledge, that persons totally unentitled to, and unfitted for such a distinction, were presented to the unfortunate Prince in moments unfit for presentation of any kind. Amid these clouds was at length extinguished the torch which once shook itself over Britain with such terrific glare, and at last sunk in its own ashes, scarce remembered, and scarce noted."—SCOTT, *Introduction to Redgauntlet.*]

died at Rome upon the 31st of January, 1788, in his 68th year, and was royally interred in the cathedral church of Frescati, of which his brother was bishop.

The merits of this unhappy Prince appear to have consisted in a degree of dauntless resolution and enterprise, bordering upon temerity; the power of supporting fatigues and misfortunes, and extremity of every kind, with firmness and magnanimity; and a natural courtesy of manner highly gratifying to his followers, which he could exchange for reserve at his pleasure. Nor, when his campaign in Scotland is considered, can he be denied respectable talents in military affairs. Some of his partisans of higher rank conceived he evinced less gratitude for their services than he ought to have rendered them; but by far the greater part of those who approached his person were unable to mention him without tears of sorrow, to which your Grandfather has been frequently a witness.

His faults or errors arose from a course of tuition totally unfit for the situation to which he conceived himself born. His education, intrusted to narrow-minded priests and soldiers of fortune, had been singularly limited and imperfect; so that, instead of being taught to disown or greatly modify the tenets which had made his fathers exiles from their throne and country, he was instructed to cling to those errors as sacred maxims, to which he was bound in honour and conscience to adhere. He left a natural daughter, called Countess of Albany, who died only a few years since.

The last direct male heir of the line of Stewart, on the death of Charles, was his younger brother, Henry Benedict, whom the Pope had created a cardinal. This Prince took no other step for asserting his claim to the British kingdoms, than by striking a beautiful medal, in which he is represented in his cardinal's robes, with the crown, sceptre, and regalia, in the background, bearing the motto, *Voluntate dei non desiderio populi*, implying a tacit relinquishment of the claims to which, by birth, he might have pretended. He was a Prince of a mild and beneficent character, and generally beloved. After the innovations of the French Revolution had destroyed, or greatly diminished, the revenues he derived from the church, he subsisted, singular to tell, on an annuity of L.4000 a-year assigned to him by the generosity of the late King George the Third, and continued by that of his royal successor. In requital of their bounty, and as if acknowledging the House of Hanover to be the legitimate successors of his claims to the crown of Britain, this, the last of the Stewarts, bequeathed to his present Majesty all the crown jewels, some of them of great value, which King James the Second had carried along with him on his retreat to the Continent in 1688, together with a mass of papers, tending to throw much light on British history. He died at Rome, June 1807, in the 83d year of his age.

Having now finished my account of the House of Stewart, extinguished in the person of its last direct male heir, I return to notice the general effects

produced in Scotland, by the laws adopted for the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions, and prohibition of the Highland dress and arms. On the first point, no dissatisfaction was expressed, and little was probably felt, excepting by a few landed proprietors, who might conceive their dignity diminished by their power over their tenants being abridged and limited. But it was different with the Disarming Act, which was resented by the Highlanders as a deadly insult, and which seemed for a considerable time rather to increase than allay the discontent, which it was the desire of the Government to appease.[1]

Indeed, when the state of the Highlands is considered, we cannot be surprised, that for the space of ten years at least, it should have been wilder than it was before the insurrection. The country was filled with desperate men, whom their educa-

[1] ["If the policy of the disarming act appears somewhat problematical, what must we think of the subsequent measure of 1747, to compel the Highlanders to lay aside their national dress? It is impossible to read this latter act, without considering it rather as an ignorant wantonness of power, than the proceeding of a wise and beneficent legislature. To be compelled to wear a new dress has always been found painful."—JOHNSON.—"So the Highlanders found," says General Stewart, "and it certainly was not consistent with the boasted freedom of our country to inflict on a whole people the severest punishment, short of death, for wearing a particular dress. Had the whole race been decimated, more violent grief, indignation, and shame could not have been excited among them, than by being deprived of this long inherited costume. This was an encroachment on the feelings of a people, whose ancient and manly garb had been worn from a period reaching back beyond all history, or even tradition."—*Sketches*, vol. i. p. 117.]

tion to the use of arms, as well as the recent scenes of civil war, had familiarized to rapine and violence, and the check, such as it was, which the authority of the chiefs extended over malefactors, was entirely dissolved by the downfall of their power. Accordingly, the criminal records of that period are full of atrocities of various kinds, perpetrated in the Highlands, which give a strange idea of the disorderly state of the country.

Tradition also delights to enumerate, among the sons of vulgar rapine, the names of Sergeant Mor Cameron[1] and others, depredators of milder mood,

[1] ["This man had been a sergeant in the French service, and came over to Scotland in the year 1745. From his large size he was called Sergeant Mor. Having no settled abode, and dreading the consequence of his service in France, and his after engagement in the rebellion, he formed a party of outlaws among the mountains between the counties of Perth, Inverness, and Argyle. While he plundered the cattle of those considered his enemies, he protected the property of his friends, and frequently made people on the Lowland borders purchase his forbearance by the payment of *black mail*. Many stories are told of him. On one occasion he met with an officer from the garrison on the mountains of Lochaber. The officer told him that he suspected he had lost his way, and with a large sum of money, and much afraid of falling in with Sergeant Mor, requested the stranger would accompany him on his road. The other agreed; and as they walked on, they talked much of the sergeant and his feats, the officer using much freedom with his name, calling him robber, murderer——'Stop there,' interrupted his companion, 'he does indeed take the cattle of the Whigs and Sassenachs, but neither he nor his cearnachs ever shed innocent blood, except once,' added he, 'that I was unfortunate at Braemar, when a man was killed, but I immediately ordered the creach (the spoil) to be abandoned, and left to the owners, retreating as fast as we could after such a misfortune.'—'You!' says the officer, 'what had you to do with the affair?'—'I am John Du Cameron—I am the

and whose fame might rank with that of Robin Hood and his merry archers, as friends and benefactors to the poor, though plunderers of the rich. The sword of justice was employed in weeding them out; and if frequent examples of punishment did not correct the old depredators, it warned the young from following their footsteps. But the race of *Forty-five* men, as they were called, who supplied this generation of heroes, became in time old, and accustomed to peaceful habits.

Government also had, by the Act of Attainder, which forfeited the lands of those engaged in the rebellion, acquired very large estates in the Highlands, which had previously belonged to the Jacobite chiefs. More wise than their predecessors in 1715, instead of bringing this property to sale, they retained it under the management of a Board of Commissioners, by whom, after the necessary expenses were defrayed, the surplus revenue was applied to the improvement of Scottish arts and manufactures, and especially to the amelioration of the Highlands. The example of agriculture and suc-

Sergeant Mor; there is the road to Inverness; you and your money are safe. Tell your governor to send in future a more wary messenger. Tell him also, that though an outlaw, and forced to live upon the public, I am a soldier as well as himself, and would despise taking his gold from a defenceless man who confided in me.' The officer never forgot the adventure, which he frequently related. Cameron was afterwards betrayed by a treacherous friend to a party under the command of Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Hector) Munro, and executed at Perth in 1753. According to Highland prediction, in all such cases, the fortunes of the betrayer ever afterwards held a backward course."—STEWART'S *Sketches*, vol. ii. App. H.]

cessful industry, which was set on foot under the patronage of these commissioners, was imitated by those Highlanders, who, excluded from the rough trade of arms, began to turn a late and unwilling eye to such pursuits. The character of the natives, as well as the face of the country, underwent a gradual change; the ideas of clanship, which long clung to the heart of a Scottish Highlander, gradually gave way under the absence of many chiefs, and the impoverishment of others. The genius of the Earl of Chatham, about the same time also, opened a fresh career to the martial spirit of the Highlanders, by levying regiments for the service of Government in Canada, where they behaved themselves in a distinguished manner; while, in the mean time, the absence of the most inflammable part of a superabundant population greatly diminished the risk of fresh disturbances. Many persons also, who had served in their youth in the campaigns of Prince Charles, now entered this new levy, and drew the sword for the reigning monarch, whose generosity readily opened every rank of military service to his ancient enemies. I will give you one instance among many:

The commission of a field officer, in one of these new regiments, being about to be bestowed on a gentleman of Athole, a courtier who had some desire to change the destination of the appointment, told his late Majesty [George III.] of some bold and desperate actions which the candidate for military preferment had performed on the side of Charles Edward, during the insurrection of 1745.

"Has this gentleman really fought so well against me?" said the good-natured and well-judging monarch; "then, believe me, he will fight as well in my cause." So the commission kept its original destination.

Such instances of generosity, on the part of the Sovereign, could not but make proselytes among a warm-hearted people like the Jacobites, with whom George the Third became personally popular at an early period of his reign. With an amiable inconsistency, many of those who had fought against the grandfather would have spent the last drop of their blood for the grandchild, and those who even yet refused to abjure the right of the Pretender, showed themselves ready to lay down their lives for the reigning monarch.

While a good understanding was gradually increasing between the Highlanders and the Government, which they had opposed so long and with so much obstinacy, the management of the forfeited estates in the Highlands was so conducted as to afford the cultivators a happy and easy existence; and though old men might turn back with fondness to the recollection of their younger days, when every Highlander walked the heath with his weapons rattling around him, the preference must, upon the whole, have been given to a period, in which a man's right needed nothing else to secure it than the equal defence of the law. In process of time, it was conceived by Government that the period of punishment by forfeiture ought, in equity as well as policy, to be brought to a close, and that the

descendants of the original insurgents of the year 1745, holding different tenets from their unfortunate ancestors, might be safely restored to the enjoyment of their patrimonial fortunes. By an Act of Grace accordingly, dated 24th George III. chap. 37, the estates forfeited for treason, in the year 1745, were restored to the descendants of those by whom they had been forfeited. A long train of honourable names was thus restored to Scottish history, and a debt of gratitude imposed upon their representatives to the memory of the then reigning monarch. To complete this Act of Grace, the present King [George IV.] has, in addition to the forfeited property returned by his father, restored, in blood, such persons descended of attainted individuals as would have been heirs to Peerages, had it not been for the attainder ;—a step well chosen to mark the favour entertained by his Majesty for his Scottish subjects, and his desire to obliterate all recollection that discord had ever existed between his royal house and any of their ancestors.[1]

[1] [" While the life of Charles Edward was gradually wasting in disappointed solitude, the number of those who had shared his misfortunes and dangers had shrunk into a small handful of veterans, the heroes of a tale which had been told. Most Scottish readers who can count the number of sixty years, must recollect many respected acquaintances of their youth, who, as the established phrase gently worded it, had been *out in the Forty-five*. It may be said, that their political principles and plans no longer either gained proselytes or attracted terror,—those who held them, had ceased to be the subjects either of fear or opposition. Jacobites were looked upon in society as men who had proved their sincerity by sacrificing their interest to their princi-

Another feature of the same lenient and healing measures, was the restoring the complete liberty of wearing the Highland dress, without incurring penalty or prosecution, by 22d George III. chap. 63. This boon was accepted with great apparent joy by the natives of the Highlands; but an effectual change of customs having been introduced during the years in which it was proscribed, and the existing generation having become accustomed to the Lowland dress, the ancient garb is seldom to be seen, excepting when assumed upon festive occasions.

A change of a different kind is very deeply connected with the principles of political economy, but I can here do little more than name it. Clanship, I have said, was abolished, or subsisted only as the shadow of a shade; the generality of Highland proprietors, therefore, were unwilling to support, upon their own estates, in the capacity of poor kindred, a number of men whom they no longer had the means of employing in military service. They were desirous, like a nation in profound peace, to discharge the soldiers for whom they had no longer use, and who, indeed, could no longer legally remain under their authority. The country was, therefore, exposed to all the inconveniences of an over population, while the proprietors were, by the same circumstance, encumbered by the number

ples; and in well-regulated companies it was held a piece of ill-breeding to injure their feelings, or ridicule the compromises by which they endeavoured to keep themselves abreast of the current of the day."—*Introduction to Redgauntlet.*]

of persons whom, under the old system, they would have been glad to have enrolled in their clan-following.

Another circumstance greatly increased the multitude of Highlanders, whom this new state of things threw out of employment.

The mountainous region of the north of Scotland contained large tracts of moorland, which was anciently employed, chiefly, if not entirely, for the rearing of black cattle. It was, however, found at a later period, that these extensive pastures might, with much better advantage, be engaged in the feeding of sheep; but to this latter mode of employing them, the Highlanders are by nature and education decidedly averse and ill qualified, being as unfit for the cares of a shepherd, as they are eminently well acquainted with those of the rearer of cattle. The consequence was, that as the Highlands began to be opened to inhabitants from the Lowlands, the sheep farmers of the south-land mountains made offers of large rents to the proprietors of these store-farms, with which the Highland tenant was unable to enter into competition; and the latter, deprived at once of their lands and their occupation, left the country in numbers, and emigrated to North America and other foreign settlements.

The author can well recollect the indignation with which these agricultural innovations were regarded by the ancient Highlanders. He remembers hearing a chief of the old school say, in sorrow

and indignation, the words following: "When I was a young man, the point upon which every Highland gentleman rested his importance, was the number of MEN whom his estate could support; the question next rested on the amount of his stock of BLACK CATTLE; it is now come to respect the number of *sheep;* and I suppose our posterity will enquire how many *rats* or *mice* an estate will produce."

It must be allowed that, in a general point of view, this change was a necessary consequence of the great alteration in the system of manners, and that therefore it was an inevitable evil. It is no less true, that the humanity of individual proprietors bestowed much trouble and expense in providing means to enable those inhabitants who were necessarily ejected from their ancient pastures and possessions, to obtain new occupation in the fisheries, and other modes of employment, to which their energies might be profitably turned. Upon the great estate of Sutherland in particular, the Marquis of Stafford incurred an outlay of more than L.100,000 in providing various modes of employment for Highland tenants, who might be unfit to engage in the new system of improved farming, while two years' free possession of their old farms without rent, in order to furnish funds for their voyage, was allowed to those who might prefer emigration.

But many other Highland proprietors neither possessed the means nor the disposition to await with patience the result of such experiments, and

the necessary emigration of their followers was attended with circumstances of great hardship.[1]

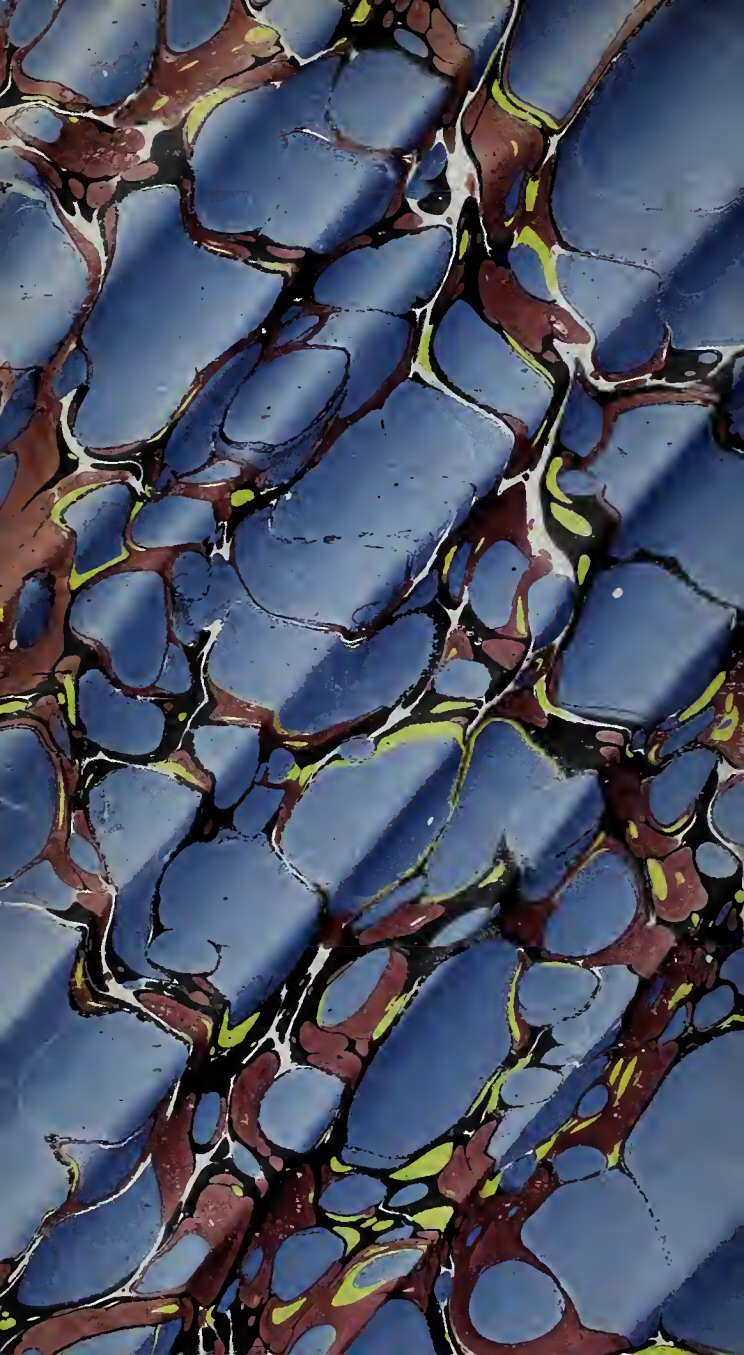
It is, however, a change which has taken place, and has had its crisis. The modern Highlanders, trained from their youth to the improved mode of agriculture, may be expected to maintain their place in their native country, without experiencing the oppressive rivalry of the south country farmers, which a change of times has done much to put a stop to. The late introduction of steam navigation, by facilitating the communications with the best markets, presents an important stimulus to the encouragement of industry, in a country almost every where indented by creeks and salt water lakes, suitable to the access of steam vessels. We may therefore hope, in terms of the Highland Society's motto, that a race, always renowned in arms,

[1] [Sir Walter Scott, in 1816, says—" In many instances, Highland proprietors have laboured with laudable and humane precaution to render the change introduced by a new mode of cultivation gentle and gradual, and to provide, as far as possible, employment and protection for those families who were thereby dispossessed of their ancient habitations. But in other, and in but too many instances, the glens of the Highlands have been drained, not of their superfluity of population, but of the whole mass of the inhabitants, dispossessed by an unrelenting avarice, which will be one day found to have been as shortsighted as it is unjust and selfish. Mean while, the Highlands may become the fairy ground for romance and poetry, or subject of experiment for the professors of speculation, political and economical.—But if the hour of need should come—and it may not, perhaps, be far distant—the pibroch may sound through the deserted region, but the summons will remain unanswered. The children who have left her will re-echo from a distant shore the sounds with which they took leave of their own—*Ha til, ha til, ha til, mi tulidh!*—' We return—we return—we return—no more!' "—*Ante*, vol. xx. p. 93.]

will henceforward be equally distinguished by industry.

With the Highlands we have now done, nor are their inhabitants now much distinguished from those of the rest of Scotland, except in the use of the Gaelic language, and that they still retain some vestiges of their ancient feelings and manners.

Neither has any thing occurred in Scotland at large to furnish matter for the continuation of these narratives. She has, since 1746, regularly felt her share in the elevation or abasement of the rest of the empire. The civil war, a cruelly severe, yet a most effectual remedy, had destroyed the seeds of disunion which existed in the bosom of Scotland; her commerce gradually increased, and, though checked for a time by the American war, revived after the peace of 1780, with a brilliancy of success hitherto unexampled. The useful arts, agriculture, navigation, and all the aids which natural philosophy affords to industry, came in the train of commerce. The shocks which the country has sustained since the peace of 1815, have arisen out of causes general to the imperial kingdoms, and not peculiar to Scotland. It may be added also, that she has not borne more than her own share of the burden, and may look forward with confidence to be relieved from it as early as any of the sister kingdoms.

END OF VOLUME TWENTY-SIXTH.

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